

HENRY DARGER -

" THE VIVIAN

GIRLS

IN CHICAGO "

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VOLUME

FOUR

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There's queer things lately about the Reseman "crazy" house, and she and Angelina Richee are going to risk anything to investigate, and even that she's been herself acting mighty queer too."

"That's nothing Bernad. The girls around here of that age, lots of them know a lot of stuff about that "crazy spook house" too. Those gosh darn devils in there make me tired!"

"But this isn't the every day fool stuff that those fool boys sheer pull off. There's something queer there and Gammie's determined to know. You remember the day after the game when we saw her and Angelina Richee near

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Madison street?"

"Sure I do"

"Well I found out that she went to a picture show that afternoon"

"Where's the harm in that?"

"There's no harm at all in it so far as going into a show goes, but she didn't go in to see the pictures, in fact she didn't look at the pictures at all"

She went with a strange man who I found out is a Chief of Detectives in New York, and she went without any of us knowing it, and she's been doing that before."

"I don't see anything terrible or anything wrong in that period. You've got the jitters for nothing, she

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can take care of herself. Why I go to the movies without my mother's leave and she does not object."

"Well perhaps your good mother doesn't care. We don't object to what she does either but I'm afraid she's running into needless peril."

George reflected a minute.

"She does and she doesn't period. It's this way my mother has seven children and I'm the oldest. She's nursing a baby now."

She has to cook, clean the house, to dress the children and about a hundred more things like that.

At night poor mother dead tired - say period.

I'll put it to you how
can she care, even if she
wants to care. Dad is home
at night but he can't help
much. Her dead tried too.

My oldest sister Nancy who
is mine can help a little
but it isn't much. I offer
to help but mo says
it's my duty to help
help you against the
banshee house."

"It's pretty hard
George how can she
stand it. I can and
will help to make
life easier for them"

"It never struck
me how hard it was
until last spring
a week or two after
the baby came, after
the arrest of my crim-
inal Uncle and Aunt,
there was a fine
lady visitor came to
our house. She asked

all about every one
of us, and poked her
nose into everything
in our flat. Then
she told her mother
how to train her
children properly,
and how to do this
she must always know
where every child
is at any minute
of the day and night,
and what each is doing.

She told mother
how to care for our
teeth, and how to
dress for school, and
how to feed us"

"Good stuff said
Bernad"

When she said
she had five child-
ren all about grown
up and they were re-
markably good child-
ren because she had
never neglected them.

She went on and said that it was no wonder there were so many bad children because their mothers were so careless in watching over them, and leading bad lives themselves.

Now what makes me remember all this Bernad is what my mother said after that fine lady with the fine rings on her fingers left:

"What did she say George?"

"Why she scared me. There was a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the room and mother who had stopped washing clothes to listen to the lady ran over to it and said something like this

"Holy Mother of God, the great lady has brought up five children the right way. I have

seven children all coming close together and she wants me to do what she did. But the rich lady has a maid and a cook and another girl servant, and she has some one to do the washing and ironing. She had time and money. Oh Holy Mother tell me how I can do it and wash and cook and clean at the same time!

Then mother began to cry, and I felt very sorry for her. I always offer to do something but she says no.

"What's the answer?" asked the sympathetic Bernad.

"Teach me. All I know is that poor mother can't do it. But we kids do not run round wild. We are home lovers. But who's to

blame for Mr Sesemann's troubles?

"Say" said Bernad brightly "Let's ask Colonel Bridewell about it. He's way up on this Haunted house stuff."

"But you see George among us it's different. My sisters and I have done everything we could to keep Mr Sesemann and detectives and priests and others have been able to keep track of us for our safety even when we got into the worst situations. But since Angelina been with her I'll she's not been able to do anything. and it's different with Gemmie than with you."

Gemmie knows that none of us wants her to place herself into unnecessary danger and she's often been

in grave peril."

"Yes" considered George "I see there is a difference. But what are you worrying about?"

"Angelina Riches been around and got Mother's permission to let Gemmie go somewhere to plan with Lind Bountiful against the demons in Mr Sesemann's house."

"That sounds all right." "I think again George I can't see Angelina Riches staying away from the location (for) of Mr Sesemann's house. It might be different if she'd be cautious and careful, but she is a little daredevil and ferocious, comical as she is in her ways."

"That's right" George agreed.

"Now suppose we make a sneak to

Mc- calls street and pass
Riches headquarters. And
keep our eyes open. Be-
lieve me Angeline Riches
has something up her
sleeve"

"All right Pernod?"

The pals made their
way down blasted to
Jackson turning past the
Skinner school they
pursued their way east-
ward to Illinois street.

A few children were
playing on the walks.
among them Martin
Earl Merrick, who to the
envy of several boys of
tenderer years was
playing good musical
tunes from a harmon-
ica.

"H'alloa Earl" said Pernod.
"Sisten to this" said
Earl resuming his per-
formance and play-
ing "red white and

blue.

"To fine beautiful"
broke in Pernod; "but
we are in a hurry. How
are Angeline Riches and
my sister Jennie getting
on in this investigat-
ion?"

"They've just gone off
down the street westward"
said Earl.

"What?" cried both boys
in a breath.

"Yes they have. You ought
to see how little Miss
Riches was dressed. They
are both fixed up as
if they're going to do
something strange"

"Yes" supplemented
a boy of ten. You just
ought to see them. They've
got their own paint
on"

Pernod and George ex-
changed glances.
"Come on lets go said Pernod."

nod, "But where, Sets think the thing out George. Is ten to one they have gone to that Barnshee house or its location But which section 'Angeline Jennings still in town'?"

"Is she?"

"Yes indeed"

"Thank God. Jennie's crazy about her. It's a chance Jennie has gone to see her. If so I'm relieved What house is she at?"

"Say one boy said: They went to the Garnet moving picture show I heard them say so."

"The Garnet?"

"Yes"

"Good that's our way. I wonder if we'll get there in time?"

"Hardly"

"We can try any-how"

They reached it in half an hour by street

car. They paid their way into the show.

"Now George you go on the right side and I'll take the left Jennie always likes to sit up towards the front not further away from the curtain than the middle."

Perrod began by taking a seat in the rear.

When his eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness he looked about him with no results.

He went up a few rows of seats farther and again strained his eyes in the gloom.

"I'm sure she's not on this side of the house" he said and returned to the lobby. He almost ran into George.

"Nothing doing" said the latter "What about looking upstairs?"

"She never goes there" said Pennod "But wait a moment she and Angelina Richee may want to converse. They have no interest in pict are shown, but find them a private place to converse.

Maybe they've gone up there where they'll have more elbow room. We had better go out on up there and look."

Pennod presented himself to the manager who readily gave him and his companion permission to explore further.

"Look look" came in an excited whisper from George pointing at the row of seats on the extreme rear.

There was no mistake about it. The front rows were comfortably filled. Then came a large

empty space back of which were grouped a party of four two of whom were the girls they were seeking. For this group the photoplay absolutely had no interest.

"Who are those men?" asked Pennod aloud in his voice.

"Sets get over mearen" suggested George "where we can see them better."

"I am fully picking their way the boys were shortly within a few feet of the chattering group.

"Say" growled Pennod with a sinking sensation, its something they're planning not coming about in Seseam crazy house."

"Who's that man with Jennie?"

"He looks like a very tall fellow" said George never saw him before. He has the manner and appearance of a detective I think"

"I want to see him so I'll know him again George. It's pretty dark here. He's got a stern face and a moustache that's curled at the ends not rubber bands. What's his companion?"

As they strained their eyes to get better details the lights suddenly went up.

The time had come for the orchestra to vary the entertainment with special music. It was a band march that Pernod hated, a funeral march.

At once they took in the party. The young man seated with

Jennie was considerably older than one would judge from a casual glance. He probably was over thirty years of age. His black glossy hair parted in the middle was very impressive.

His eyes were large and dark, sharp and watchful as those of an owl, his forehead high and narrow, his features dark.

He was dressed to accentuate his youthfulness. He was rolling those eyes at Jennie and judging by the girls' face uttering unusual information.

Pernod continued to study the group. Angeline Richie was in excellent company.

Her companion was a slip of a boy who

could by no possibility be quite so timid as he looked, the little girl counted herself was perfectly at home with him. They seemed to be two souls without a single thought. 'at any rate' reflected the observant Pernod, he was too young to be a detective.

Not so with the other man. There was a foxiness about his features an expression of long experience in the art of his slick detective trade, the flush which in men under 40 years, usually indicates 'dreadful danger to rich criminals'.

Pernod did not sense this, but as he thought of what might be suspected by the man of the Reservoir

house caused Pernod to feel within himself a sort of horror, a loathing, a sense as of a great evil befalling the three if they rashly entered the crazy house by themselves.

Then the boy began to feel himself seized by a sort of fascination. He could not take his eyes off the fellow.

He felt as though he were rooted to the spot. Suddenly the spell was broken. The man as though Pernod's gaze, made itself felt upon him suddenly turned his head.

His eyes met Pernod's eyes, and with the steadiness of an owl in that momentary gaze. He grinned

then nudged Jennie, who turning saw her brother. Jennie's jaw dropped, her color faded she caught the man as though for protection.

"How" Pennod asked laboring at each word, "are you and Angelina Riches getting on, with your secret investigation?"

Saying these words not knowing himself why he had said them,

Pennod turned and motioning George made his way down stairs.

Half way down he heard the light tripping of feet following him. "Pennod, Pennod," came Jennie's voice.

He paused and turned. "Pennod" she cried again catching him by the arm - "you you dont understand?"

"I certainly dont" said Pennod in a dull voice.

"Whats it you dont understand" repeated Jennie, intensely. "And Pennod, you certainly are not going to tell our sisters?"

"O. of course I'm going to tell them your taking chances in facing unnecessary danger and something will happen to you. I'm afraid"

"But Pennod - all right tell them if you will. But only do me a favor one favor dont you Pennod, dear Pennod?"

There was agony in the little girls face and voice. Poor boy if he was one to nine years of age that Jennie was earnest was beyond doubt. He softened.

"What is it Gemmie?"

"Don't say anything to mother or our sisters until after supper - but before you tell them I will explain everything to you. Then you will understand. Then you will be fair, and I know Bernad that you don't want to be a unfair to me."

"All right Gemmie, of course I want to be fair and when are you coming home?"

"I'm a few minutes Bernad. Oh thank you so much"

There were tears in the little girl's beautiful eyes.

Yes thought the poor boy
"I am sure Gemmie can account for everything but I don't want her to do anything rash. The demons of Mrs. Sesemann's house are not afraid of her or my other poor sisters either"

"Say" said George

when they had gained the street "did you get on to Gemmie and that man? If they think they themselves can lay the banners of Sesemann's house I'll eat my head off I hope they were not born in the place called the house of foolishness."

"I didn't give much time to bother about that George I'm still thinking of that detective sitting besides my sister. If she forgets herself and goes in that crazy house alone with him it'll be very dreadful. Say I feel awfully rotten I never felt like this before"

"Look here Bernad you do look shaken up. Suppose we do run over and say a word to the Colonel?"

"I'd like to" said Bernad

But how are we going about it?

Dead easy. We can thank him for the base ball suit and the boxing gloves.

"That's right" said Bernad "and who knows but he may bring us good luck."

I feel like I was in a house, and the house was going to fall on me, and I could not get out. Say George do

you mind if I drop in for a moment at St Patrick's Church? I am scared, I want to pray and pray hard.

"I'll be very glad to pray with you I know how it is myself"

The boys entered St Patrick's and blessing themselves and genuflecting with unusual devotion knelt down to gether and folded their hands in prayer. The young Irish boy took out his beads.

Bernad gazed upon the indestructible and addressed himself to his God and Father whom each morning he received Holy Communion with his holy sisters.

Making no use of no vocal prayer he spoke to our Lord as was his wont in making his thanksgiving.

He told them of his vague fear. He spoke up for his mother and sisters. They had suffered so much, and Angelina was still ill. Another heavy cross might break her strength forever.

Could George unconsciously without intending, to be the means of sending such a cross, by risking

by herself alone with the detective the horrid dangers of Mr. Sessmanns crazy hour. Perhaps in a vague way he felt that it might be so that she probably would do so. How badly he was mistaken.

Then he addressed himself to the Mother of Christ begging her to intercede with her Holy Son. Last of all he turned to the Little Flower.

He had long loved that child saint the little Therese whose beatification was a long distance off yet. Just then his heart was unusually touched.

The little talk given by Violet the night before had strongly influenced the imagination.

Why the little Flower would be sure to

help. God would not refuse her. Had he not called her early from this life that she might spend her heaven in working for and helping others.

Was she not even now edifying all here and there and every where roses of Gods love? A shower of roses he pictured them falling a shower of roses. The thought of those roses clutched and held his pure and unspoiled imagination.

The minutes sped on, George having finished with his bead said the Signy of Soretto. Perrod remained kneeling motionless.

A shower of roses. Then out of the depths of contemplation

into which he had penetrated there suddenly came a wonderful burst of fragrance such as one would expect to inhale in a garden tended by Christ himself.

Pernod like the disciple at Emmaus felt his heart burning within him and out of the very heart of that fragrance came a voice, sweet, tender soft and winning.

"Watch Pernod watch"

The voice grew still the fragrance ceased. Pernod opened his eyes, started, crossed himself and turned towards George who was gazing at him with the roundest of eyes.

"What's the matter with you Pernod?" asked George on the steps of the church "do you know that you kneel without knowing

for about an hour and a half?"

"But? Maybe I was asleep"

Maybe you were. After I finished my bread and the sitting and all the prayers I could think of I looked to see what was the matter with you, and there you were kneeling as straight as an arrow and not leaning back on the bench, and your eyes were closed fast and your lips were not moving.

So said Pernod earnestly "I was asleep was I?"

"I guess you were but what I wanted to know is, does your face look like that when you are asleep?"

"Eh? oh maybe,"

"Colonel" said Bern
nod after he and George
had expressed their thanks
to him for the baseball
suits and catchers gloves.
"My pal George has some-
thing to ask. We can't
answer it either of us
its got to do with Mother
and we know you are
away up on that."

The colonel, a confirmed
and great beloved married
man with two children
of his own and one an
adopted child, listened to
this without batting an
eye.

Seeking the advice of
Mr. Brudenell.

Majorie in the greatest and
most dangerous crisis of her
life.

"Tell me all about it
George"

The Irish youth retail-
ed substantially the
conversation he and
Bernard had held con-
cerning the difficulty
which a good mother
encountered in bring-
ing (her) up her child-
ren, seven child-
ren, and at the same
time doing the cooking
serving washing iron-
ing and general
house work all by
herself.

"My mother has
tried it" he conclu-
ded and it can't be
done."

The colonel twisted
his cigar without

removing it from his mouth and he fled.

"Yes it can be done" he said impressively.

"Tell us how" asked Perrot.

"First of all boys, it's easier to bring up a large number of children, seven, or eight or nine, than it is to bring up one or two or three."

"That's funny" said George.

"But it's true, a lot of brothers and sisters without knowing educate one another. The smaller learn from the older. It takes brothers and sisters to tell one another the plain unvarnished truth."

"But I know it" chuckled Perrot.

"They rub off one another's edges" con-

tinued the Colonel, and best of all they're not spoiled as is often the case with a single child, by being made too much of.

The mother of a big bunch hasn't time to spoil them all her love has to be spread around.

The best kindergarten in the world is a good home with plenty of children.

"But I just thought Colonel" interrupted George. Plenty has been done about old Mrs. Resmann's house, but things are worst, the barabees are running wild, the Virians can't keep it. I know they can't. And all the priests and de-lectures, firemen and police are just

as dumbfounded as the rest, and mother firmly selects me to help Pernod and his sisters. What am I to do?"

The Colonel flicked the ashes from his cigar cast his eyes into the air, took three slow puffs and then suddenly pointing a finger at the boy, cried:

"Organize."

"What's that sir?"

"You're very clever are you not?"

"Yes sir."

"You are the oldest are you not?"

"Yes sir."

"And have you ever thought of trying to keep the little Virram kids out?"

"Why er-er yes sir - not till lately sir. I didn't do much because Tim discouraged. I've been thinking

about it though since you put Pernod wise in getting his sister Angeline an extra present."

"And didn't it work out fine Pernod asked the Colonel with much enthusiasm."

"I should say so sir. It was great."

"Now yet to go to organize is to get a bunch of people to work together. Your mother is head in the house and if she wants you to keep the little Virram, you must obey her and them. That therefore leaves you father to attend to business. You should come next

at your mother's advice find out what the little Virram

want, you can get the oldest one to give you her advice and directions. The two of you can help manage the situation some way. Of course it can be done. In fact it can go down to those who are willing to help among your brave Irish friends. And here's the big idea:

The Colonel paused and fixed his hearers' attention. "Get it into the heads of them all that it's a great thing to help Pernod and his sisters. If they love and respect the little virgins, and I believe they surely do, it's bound to bring results. What are you fiddling about Pernod? You look worried."

"I am sir in a way. George and I would like very much to

stay longer with you wouldn't we George?" "You bet" said George with fervor.

"What are you worrying about Pernod?"

"I'd like very much to tell you sir but I don't think I have any right. I promised not to tell my mother and sisters and if I can't tell them I can't see how I can tell any one else."

"Not tell your mother and sisters?" Pernod that doesn't sound good to me O boy of your age and of your kind should have no secrets from your mother and such good little sisters as you have."

"In this way sir, I promised not to tell them until after

after supper."

"Oh I see" said the Colonel. In that case I suppose its all right."

Had the Colonel knew the nature of Pernod's secret and the circumstances surrounding it he would have I said which would have been the truth."

"Stop worrying Pernod your sister is not that crazy or fool hardy I dont believe she has the nerve"

It was nearly four o'clock when Pernod greeted his sisters and especially Angeline now sitting up but as yet unable to attend to school or help her sisters and mother in their duties.

Violet, the great handed was proving to be an admirable

little girl and a most cheerful helper to her mother.

"Can I help in any way?" asked the boy.

"Pernod" said Violet. "You are becoming more thoughtful every day and in every way. Do you mind running over to the grocery?"

"Not at all" he answered thinking of the kindly Colonel and wondering about the visit he had made to the Church. Was George right?

Had he been asleep? anyhow. what would it mean what was he to watch?"

"Where are Daisy and Catherine?"

"They are over with the Mc-Kame children" said Violet.

"And Joice. Oh by George I clear forgot George and I were at the Sherman Hotel talking to the Colonel who is a very wise man. And I never thought to thank him for seeking help for Joice in our battle against the Sherman spiritual enemies."

"She's gone down to thank him herself". said Violet.

"And where is Jennie?" Pennod had been leading up to this question. His tone as he put it was despite himself restrained and unnatural.

"She came in a few minutes ago".

"How did she look?"

"All flustered up. She said she wished to rest for a while for she's tired from a lot of work. I'm not surprised she's been doing too much lately and she's

gone into the back room to lie down."

"All right Violet" said Pennod sensibly relieved. "Just a minute and I'll go to the grocery."

"Saying which Pennod walked boldly through the middle room to the rear the boy as he advanced thought that he heard a sound as if some one making a quick change of position behind him.

He wheeled suddenly but saw no one. The sire felt queer.

He continued on. When he entered he saw Jennie lying face downward on the bed.

"How are you feeling Jennie?"

"The little girl raised a flushed and agitated face.

"Awfully bad I can't

talk now but I'll see you after supper Pennod, and make you understand."

"All right" said her good brother "Sorry but I've got to tell them. You are running running too great a risk."

Running too great a risk? Risk for what?

"Of going to Mr. Sessernam's house alone with Angelina Richee and goose headed detective."

"Why Pennod, what a silly notion. I'm not even going to the premises of Mr. Sessernam's property, alone. I'm afraid, I wouldn't dare," she said. "So what is worrying you?"

"Yes"

"I'm not a silly goose" she said severely "I wouldn't think of such a crazy foolish thing if that's what's worrying you Pennod. We

three are hatching up some plans to help Father Bryan in his work for us."

And Pennod went to the Grocery after which he practiced for some time with George gave a few lessons in the art of delivering the ball to a promising youth of ten, and finally returned to the bosom of his family.

"How is Jennie?" he asked,

"I think" said Violet "that she is much better. Just a moment ago she came in and said that she intended to cook our supper for us. And then Pennod" she continued widening her eyes she came in and kissed me. What do you know about that?"

"She did?"

"Right on the mouth too. And then she goes over and hugs mother and us. Did she not, mother?"

"Yes Violet and - and she put so much love into it. But where's your friend Marjorie Master? We haven't seen her all afternoon."

"Oh" said Pernod, a new feeling of uneasiness coming with new force.

"I'll see if she's in her room and how she's getting on."

"No please Pernod leave her to herself" pleaded Violet. "She said she'd like to be alone until supper time. It's only half an hour anyway. You can wait, can't you?"

"Well I can't" answered Pernod turning pale

and hurrying into the room. It was empty. Marjorie was gone. Pernod's heart became as lead.

For a moment he was powerless to act. The worst had befallen.

Marjorie small as she was was always a reckless child. Suckily coming to himself he gazed about the room.

There was no evidence of disorder. No one had ransacked her belongings.

But what ever her purpose she must have climbed down the back window.

Pernod made his way to the window and with a speed under the circumstances truly remarkable climbed down the fire escape to the 60 street below.

The point with him

was to find out at once if possible whether she had gone. The place was deserted.

It was the supper hour the hour which draws all children unbidden into their homes.

"Oh oh" he almost blubbered "why did I not watch? We all know how reckless and foolish Maryorie is. Now I know something terrible is going to happen if she goes all alone to the crazy house unless

Pennod prayed hard prayed for light at the end he desperately invoked the intercession of the little flower.

At the end he crossed him and acting automatically ran towards Webster Ave, and then down. He stopped towards Garfield (now called Decker) "Oh oh" he cried "Here

comes Jack Evans. It was the time by the time of his own that Jack Evans was wont to return and stay with the little Virriams for another long period.

"Hallo Pennod" cried the big man in broken English with his big smile.

Even as he spoke the smile left him.

"Why my boy was ever happen? Was wrong?"

Pennod blubbered made a mighty struggle to put down his overwrought feeling, and answered also in English.

"Oh Evans foolish Maryorie Masters has disappeared from our house and I know almost for sure that she headed alone

for Mr. Seesman's house
unable to resist her curious-
ity.

"Do youse know zis for
certain?"

She has done it several
times despite our warning?

"Can youse describe waz
has happen when she
deed?"

Pernod could and did, as
he went on enumerat-
ing the points with diff-
erentiated the incidents,
with other misfortunes
at Mary's own house
there came upon Evans
face an air of the deep-
est concern.

"Deah Pernod, leet
us geet onto zis droog-
stoore whan ze peeple
weel not notice us.

How long seence she
weent?"

Just a few minutes
ago."

"Your mother and ze
seestars know'um not-
heeng?"

"Not unless they missed
her since I slipped down
the back way."

Evans's face and man-
ner were those of a man
of action as he said
this time in Abreannian.

"Now run Pernod
run, get to your mo-
ther's house as quick
as your legs can carry
you. Tell your mother
and sisters also that
you are with me that
you may be gone for
some time but not
to worry as I expect to
have you and Marjorie
out for a ride and
bring you home to
gether. Do you get the
idea?"

"Yes sir?"
Say it for me. Repeat it."

Period abnormally alert delivered the message.

"Good. When you've delivered it hurry off tell them I have not time to loose. Off you go, hurry"

And as Period hurried from the drugstore whose sole occupant at the moment was a sole clerk dozing over an evening paper Jack Evans shut himself in the telephone booth.

"Give me Canmail 2192 please."

"Canal 2192 yes sir came the answer."

"In this Angelina Riches."

Yes who is speaking?"

"Jack Evans" speaking
"I wish to talk to
Jennie Turner."

"I'll call her her"

"Thank you miss"

There was a real short pause. Then in

Abrahamman came - "Is that you Jack?"

"Hallo yes. That you Jennie. I'm Jack Evans Colonel Bride wells friend."

"Oh yes the guardian of the saintly princess. Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes its most important find out if you can whether a little red long-bobbed-haired girl dressed up for time o'clock fashion has hired a Taxi from the Taxi depot near your place in the last half hour. Her clothes are ultra fashionable. She looks like an Irish girl but she's Italian and Jennie for Gods sake hurry. Its most important. All right I'll hold the phone."

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Evans fidgeted groaned, and beat a furious tattoo with his feet.

A minute passed.

"Hallo" came the voice full of excitement but from the Taxis depot itself. I'm awfully sorry. In the last hour most of our Taxis were ordered by telephone. Only two parties called personally and there was no one with the description of any kind of little dago girl you mention taking a cab by herself. If I hear anything further I'll -

- wait a minute."

"Jack Evans waited impatiently

"Hallo" is that you Mr Evans came the voice again.

"Yes I see listening just now while I was talking to you

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one of our yellow Taxis drivers or chauffeurs came in. He reports that a while ago he saw one of the Taxis of the Checker Cab company at the corner of Alden and Jackson He was passing on or by with his fare and as he passed (not if) he saw the driver helping a little girl you described into the cab."

"Thank you very much so much Mr Francis. I will tell you more about her later"

Jack Evans presently took up the phone again and calling the hotel Sherman asked for the Colonel.

"Is that your Colonel?"

"Yes"

"Say I see see ze

awful state of mind. Zat
 leedle fool of ze reckless
 Reed, Mary die masters,
 the 'friend of the leedle'
 Uervans are gone to ze
 crazy haunting house of
 Meestan Seesmon by ze
 Taxes. Now Colonel youse
 know ze ways and cus-
 tom of ze big city
 of Chicago, and youse
 know ze sort of bleeding
 zat ees'?

"I certainly do" answered
 the Colonel, "this is awful.
 Is that kid crazy. She
 may surely go to a
 horrible death in that
 dangerous place that's
 a chance we've
 got to head this
 thing off at once Mr
 Evans."

"Please God yes!"
 Now listen you've got
 some some men
 local men you can

rely and call on who
 lay "banishes"

Plenty answered
 Evans. They ees Abbean
 nian ghost chasers"

"Very well Evans Set
 them like Seesman
 and surrounding territory,
 they'll know where to
 go. And I'll take the
 inner territory my-
 self say if I meet
 up with a banshee"

"See you do" inter-
 rupted Evans just
 keep your eye on
 zem and dont do
 no oddings unless some
 thing appears. Zat make
 them necessary
 send me word at
 wance and I'll be
 zare like ze flash
 you see Colonel
 ze cant makeum
 ze monkey beesmees
 wuz ze banishes.

and besides we no wantum
no publicity."

"That's the idea" responded
the Colonel "Poor foolish
Mary one. I can't believe it
Where are you at Evans?"

"I see at ze droogstone at
ze corner of Halsted and
Webster, called Postental,
and I weel stay heah un-
tell I geet news from
youse or some of mine
maeen."

Giving the phone num-
ber Evans rang off, and
using the telephone
book for he could read
English better than speak
it, speedily got into
communication with
four of his Abbean-
man henchmen up-
on whom he could
rely.

The meanwhile the Col-
onel so excited that
he let his cigar go

out called up the Taxicab
Station.

"I want I want a cab,
with a chauffeur who
can make the cab go.
Send him to the Hotel
Sherman at once. Tell
him that swiftmess on
his part means a
ten dollar gold piece
for him at least. For
God's sake hurry."

"All right Colonel at once.
Say what in the world—"

But the Colonel shut him
off hurried outside the
hotel and paced up and
down the lobby, his de-
bonair manner gone, and
great impatience in his
every movement.

But he had not long
to wait. A yellow cab
came whirling up
and before it had
come to a stop Colonel
Bridewell with the

agility of a youth of eighteen pushed into the cab, bawled the address and the name of Mr Sesernans residence on Jackson Boulevard which this Chauffeur a young Irish man with a sharp face no sooner heard than without coming to a full stop he put on a speed many miles beyond the limit allowed by the law of the city.

"Are you afraid?"

"Hell no" shouted the Chauffeur "Sesernans crazy house? I'd like to see the devil I'm afraid of. I'll take you there in a hurry."

The traffic officer at Halsted and Southport was minded to stop the Taxicab but the Colonel leaning out and catching his eye caused him to smile and wave the Chauffeur on.

The same pantomime was repeated at Milwaukee

ave. At Division there was danger of long delay. The traffic officer had just given the signal for vehicles to move from east to west.

This was too much for the philanthropist.

Jumping from the cab, he secured the officer's ear, and on his return the sign was given for traffic north and south.

They were off at once. The congested district seemed to be passed, but then on account of a severe fire on Halsted street north of Lake they had to detour down Chicago avenue, west, to Racine and down Racine to Jackson and the Colonel was speeding at a rate beyond anything in the experience of his long life.

While the chauffeur

having reached Dee street where traffic cops were not on duty was speeding on at a rate beyond anything ever allowed by law anywhere.

Pernod Vorian returned to the drugstore just as Jack Evans came out of the telephone booth.

"It's all right Evans" said Pernod "Mother says that as long as we are with you see, she's got an idea that Majorie is with us it does not matter how long we stay out."

"I'm glad" said Evans wiping the perspiration from his brow, cold as the weather was. "that she got that idea. And if poor little Angelina herself were to get a shock on her present weakened condition it might be a set back too much for even Dr Kelly to handle."

Pernod I've got things going your poor foolish friend Maryone went into a taxi at Aberdeen and Jackson just about the time I fancy you missed her. I've got 6 Abbreannian devil chasers surrounding the place now, and also the Colonel and Jennie Turner, Angelina Richee and Annie Rooney will add."

"Oh exclaimed Pernod smiling for the first time since the discovery of Maryone's foolish act - "I'm so glad you've got him."

"So am I, Pernod, my Abbreannians are picked men but the Colonel is worth all six. Now Pernod I'm waiting for news of her here and I may want you at any moment you're going to be my assistant possibly I may not

need your help but there's no knowing."

As Evans was speaking a taxi stopped in front of the pharmacy.

"Mr Jack Evans?" asked the Chauffeur bustling in.

"Here I see friend. Now all youse need to do see to wait ready when I come out, and give ze word to start off at ze top speed, all ze speed ze law allows and all the speed over zat that youse put heem over. Any cop try to stop us I flex heem. Eet may be any moment almost and again eet may be ze hour or so Eem any case be ready to start at once."

"All right sir."

"Now Perrod while we are waiting I want you to tell me all you know. You're no idea how distressed I am don't

judge Maryorie harshly. She is very weak in one or two respects but could she conquer her foolishness shed be a wonder. He thinks she's helping you and your sisters and yet only is running into grave danger. Tell me all Perrod."

The boy went over the recurrences of the past few months telling Evans the circumstances leading up to Maryorie's flight already set down in the story.

Half an hour passed. Jack Evans was by clever questioning to obtain further details when a ring from the booth brought him to his feet.

With a bound he caught the receiver.

"Hallo" he cried.
"What you Evans?"
"Yees eet see."

"Say can you beat it I got the party on my third guess!"

"Thank God"
"She's in the grounds fifty yards from the crazy Elm tree."

"The what?"

"The dangerous Elm tree. Any person experienced with Mr. Seremans property know it. She is slowly and most cautiously heading for the main entrance. She has not seen me I'll keep my eye on her untill—"

The Colonel was at first indignant at the not me meant to be discourtesy of his Abbeannian friend who rang off unceremoniously and catching Permod by the hand hastened into the cab, shouting as he entered the name of the place to the chauffeur. Fortunately this Taxi

driver also was fearless, though he looked his great astonishment at Evans orders.

"Do you mean you're going there?" he asked as he went on at full speed.

"Zat les so."

"You're crazy Mr Evans!"
"Not so crazy as ze tree who es gone elm zare by herself!"

It was a wild ride. Jack Evans head erect, brow bent, neither moved a spoke untill the Taxi cab came at a stop at the main gate entrance to the forbidden grounds.

An extra open garden stretched back of the building and in the snow covered garden dimly illuminated by the street lights

were grouped tall and small pine trees, a good section of the garden being thickly shrouded by a strange green glowing mist. From some unknown source but probably proceeding from the building as if from a loud pipe organ came the last strains of the Blue Danube waltz.

The Colonel was awaiting them.

"Come quick" he said. "I'm getting very nervous. She's already gone in slipped past that Elm tree which did not interfere with her and."

"Quick Bernod" said Evans "Get as near the main entrenchment as you can. I scream for her to come out!" Here Bernod interrupted the Colonel. "Use this specially blessed

Crucifix. The Banshees will fear that. Now Evans come follow me. We can enter beyond danger of the tree. Marjorie luckily is still in the hall below but the situation does not look good to me. If she's in the sort of danger I think she is, as likely as not the banshees will have her if we are not quick enough." "I see almost sure of it" said the other.

"Here this way, avoid the Elm tree. Here how it rattles. There's a group of small trees on that side mean it and I don't like their action either. If we move carefully Evans we can get into the place without being seen too quick by Marjorie. Then

we'll grab her and carry her out."

"Colonel you're a jewel."

"Intelligent people recognize that fact as soon as soon as they see me. Here we are."

"Oh I see" whispered Evans as turning his eye in the direction indicated by Colonel Bride wells gesture he saw Marjorie in the dangerous hall way.

She was standing at a small table with her back to the two men.

"Say can you beat it?" growled Colonel Bride wells to Jack Evans. I know not what next if she goes to the rooms up stairs she couldn't fall into "into worst danger."

"They watched her. She left the table and started for the stairs.

"Holy Moses" groaned the Colonel.

At this moment the possessed Organ in the music room that had gone into the verplains street Police Station struck up one of those musical offerings of the rag time band variety where melody was completely subordinated in noise, added by the bedlam of the Grand Piano and a strange loud violin sound but a thousand times louder and horribly sharp.

Marjorie had gone half way up, cautiously followed by the two men.

At the head of the stairs there slowly formed a horrid apparition. Coming round a

turn of the upper landing was something the men did not expect to see. At the sight brave as they were, abject terror came upon them, even Evans grew pale, his eyes horror stricken protruding from his head.

Marjorie quick to see the new this new horror stopped in alarm a slight scream of terror escaped her pallid lips.

Two gigantic ruddy hands started descending the steps towards her with a hissing sound.

During all times without any one knowing it Mr. Sessmann's house is alleged to be frequented by mysterious hands of fearful size that try to strangle any body who dares to venture alone in the house, on certain

nights of the year and certain Friday of every two or three months in the afternoon.

More than one person who had been venture some to do this is said to have been lately found dead with marks of strangulation on his or her throat, or insane through shock and fright.

Mr. Henry Johnson who claims to have seen them thus describes the hands:

"We were standing just outside the main entrance when suddenly there appeared in the gloom ahead of us an uncanny mist or ball shaped cloud red and lurid and with a

sickening smell coming from it in less than the time it takes to describe there materialized in the midst of it two great blood red hands with long tapering fingers and long nails curved and gleaming like the talons of a beast of prey and suggestive of great cruelty.

There was something so diabolically cruel about them that all the eye witnesses shrank back in alarm. The hands moved steadily towards the spectators the big fingers crooked as if preparing to seize some one of the party. I wonder if (there) these were not the hands that strangled little Pauline and the little orphan and

tore their bodies open? For some seconds every body stood staring at the hands too spell bound to stir. Then as the hands were about to pounce upon one of the spectators the spell was broken and he and his companions turned on their heels and fled.

It is evident so far that the Virvians have never yet encountered this dangerous phenomenon as it had not appeared while they were there. It had not strangled Pauline, as a rope from some mysterious source had been used for that purpose. But this was going to be a new danger they were going to probably face. The hands were a phenomenon, not demons.

nor their hands. Maryone was threatened by this dreaded phenomenon. She started to bolt down the stairs.

Pennod who had entered called frantically to her to come out but as she started down the phenomenon rose above Maryone with a hissing sound, passed over her head and descended in front of her.

She struck at it with her hat, it caught fire and she had to fling it down.

But screaming, she ran down the stairs and then up again in an unbelievably short time pursued relentlessly by the fierce fierce phenomenon.

Pennod glanced sharply up and down the hall, it was to

all seeming now deserted. Then he turned his eye on the nearest room of mystery and caught his breath. At the entry way of the room stood a man with the appearance of a foreigner in dress, a dark man with a shaggy untrimmed beard, a man who did not belong in Mr. Sersmann's house, but who to Pennod's eyes clearly seemed to be of an unearthly element whose headquarters should be where we don't want to go after death.

He was peering up and down the hall now standing fully upright, and turning his gaze up and down and around the big hall.

He saw no one. Pernod had prudently drawn back into a doorway of another room and finally satisfied that the coast was clear crept on stealthily and most noiselessly up the hall.

Pernod thought there was something mighty queer about his walk.

Pernod cautiously followed. The suspicious man was tiptoeing noiselessly and carefully up the stairway, with that same strange walk.

Pernod waited till he had ascended the last step leading to the second floor. He waited until the man walking along the hall up there turned upward on the flight leading to the third floor, the most dangerous

flood of all. Then he followed quick footed but equally noiseless.

Evans and Colonel Bridwell unconscious of all this was waiting outside the room into which Maryorie had fled.

For some reason or other they couldnt get the door open. strung as Evans was, Evans left hand was on the door knob, his right hand thrust into his hip pocket.

It was seven minutes to nine and the men he had called on the phone twenty minutes before the five men were to be on hand at nine sharp.

The very important

question with Evans was "Will those hands kill the kid. If I can't save her I'll be a failure. But by gosh" and as he thus mediated he clinched his jaws and threw out his chin "If they kill her they'll have to kill me first" and so ear close to the door, one hand on his hip pocket, the other on the knob, Evans waited impatiently.

There was a dead silence within hardly broken by the whispering of Evans and Colonel Bridewell, a dead silence in no wise disturbed by the strange man of the unkempt beard stepping softly up the stairway coming nearer and nearer

each moment to the two unconscious men, a strange dead silence that weighted heavily upon Pennod standing cautiously at the foot of the second landing and tempted sorely to yell at the top of his loud voice.

But he checked the desire for Pennod knew something to Evans's methods. Always there was to be no publicity.

The bearded man Pennod summoned - and rightfully was dreadfully queer and he did smell dreadfully foul.

Strange that he gave no alarm.

Possibly he too wanted to avoid publicity and there in the dim light thrown by a miserable smoky oil lamp sat -

uated on a unsecure bracket in a niche on the second floor Pernod with agonized eyes while chills went up and down his spine watched the man move up step after step. Three steps were left two steps.

Then the man paused. There were two steps more and beyond a distance of four feet from the landing to the spot where Evans and Colonel Bridwell listened intensely holding themselves in the same attitude and unconscious of the savage man almost upon him and of the boy who stood irresolute below.

Pernod could not make up his mind. But the question was settled with out this coming to a decision. The unearthly

looking man drew a knife and holding it glittering in the rays of the lamp, took another step. Without any motion of his own Pernod suddenly opened his eyes, mouth and sent forth the words - "Cheese it"

Quick as a flash Evans turned his one hand still on the knot quick as a flash there came forth his right hand holding a pistol and while the foreigner sprang upon him knife in air, down came the pistol on up lifted wrist, only to go through it like air to his amazement, but down clattered the knife just the same the stairs. And an Evans

turned the doorknob he kicked most viciously towards the would be assassin and that kick was enough to sent any man flying down without touching a step but Evans foot went through the fellow like air.

Evans as Pennod happened happened to know had made special studies on the question of wasted motions and energy.

In this crisis he showed that the study with him was not purely academic, it was a very practical thing indeed.

The kick through the spirit the turning of the knob the opening of the door his raised pistol at full cock towards the inside as he turned with the

kick and roared" leave the little girl alone were all events that followed one the other yet followed so clearly that they did seem to Pennod to be synchronous.

As Pennod thus wondered at the speed marvel above the strange bearded man vanished into thin air with an unearthly cry of:-

"Leave us alone Leave us alone"

Evans and Colonel Bride well were in a bad way for a moment.

He could hardly refrain from yelling to do so might surely hasten the threatening hands to clutch Mary Oies little throat with a fatal grip.

She was rushing about the room desperately trying to avoid them.

"What're you doing in here Pennad?" came a high clear voice from below.

Mr Patrick Mc-Cann father of two children had come up the stairs Patrick who rarely sought a fight in but never shunned one.

"Hands of fire trying to kill a little girl up there sir. A spirit sneaked up after Jack Evans and tried to stick a knife in him, but he wasn't quick enough and Evans planted a kick that made him disappear."

"Where's Evans?"

"He's up there trying to save the little girl."

"Hey Mr Evans," yelled Pat, "don't you worry I'll be up in a minute, there's a crowd outside the gate. I'm going out to get them."

He ran out and to the gate.

"Hurry boys" yelled Pat "come upstairs. Evans and I be one or two well are facing two fiery hands to save a little girl in there."

Twelve stalwarts out of the crowd lined up preparatory to coming in. They were about to enter the house when some one shouted -

"Look!"

Up the steps came running at full speed at least 13 men, two of them

priests the other plain
clothes' men as the look
on shortly learned. Up
they came and turning
sharply made towards the
house.

"Hurry" yelled Pat to the
foremost "Fiery hands."

They rushed up followed
by Pat. They rushed
into the room. Maryone
was in the grip of one of
the awful hands which
was fearfully strangling
her, and some what burn-
ing her neck.

Evans was vainly
striving to save her hor-
rified and rendered
desperate by her pro-
truding tongue beg-
ging eyes and frantic
struggles to save herself.

Evans with the
crucifix in his hand
rushed at the frightful

apparition. Perrod had
followed upstairs just
as the hand phenomenon
on unmaterialized its-
self and vanished.

Maryone dropped limp
to the floor gasping.

She was helped to a
chair and the poor child
who in these few min-
utes had gone through
the garnet of horror
and sank back, threw
her head upon her
knees and burst
into a passion of weep-
ing.

"Take her to Bob" said
Abel Evans in his
own language to one
of his men. "Now
Maryone come up
us. Zis is no blame
for youse."

Maryone obeyed
quite willingly. Evans

conveyed her past the dangerous Elm tree to the shelter of the lower ground grounds. All these events had happened in the space of time it takes a fast reader to read this.

The blare of the invisible brass, the pounding of invisible drums, the weird screams, sighs and moans and wailings of a multitude of saxophones had drowned but the few words spoken.

No one could understand these extraordinary proceedings.

However there were two exceptions.

Period having successfully brought about Manjous rescue from an unspeakable horror had quickly followed

his companion, and sheltered behind the safer trees had gaped into wonder and amazement at that crazy dumbfounded Elm tree in the most amazing phenomena of its existence.

Beside him though Period so intent was he upon the elm tree that he scarcely noted his presence - stood a tall strongly built man, clean shaven and as intent as Period himself upon the doings of the gigantic tree.

"My Heavens" he ejaculated as a big long branch caught another tree around the trunk of a tree that stood across the path "How that

crazy Elm tree does things.
Did you ever see any-
thing like it?

"What makes it do that?"
gasped Pennod carried away
by awe and curiosity.

"Is the most feared tree
in-"

The words he would
have spoken did on
his lips for the big branch
shook the other tree with
the strength and violence
of an earthquake shook
it with a vigor born of
unearthly fury the like
of which Pennod had
never seen.

It was an exhibition
of eerie strength and
supernatural fury
and ferocity. Would that
branch uproot that tree
and fling it toward
the rescuing (or) crowd?
It seemed incredible.

Then fearful features
formed on the trunk
of the Elm tree. The face
was a study. Sures stood
on its forehead, its lips
were tightly drawn, over
the features played a
a high diabolical anger
a lofty, wicked scorn,
a terrific injustice.

And this was the
face that confronted
Pennod, its eyes blaz-
ing like that of some
relentless unmerciful
all powerful, Santanic
judge, its eyes blazing
with an unjust and
an inspiring dia-
bolical anger.

The Colonel mean-
while seating himself
beside the little weep-
ing girl gazed on her
for a few seconds
with a great compassion.

He wiped his eyes presently then laying a fatherly hand on her hair and stroking it gently he said:

"Maryorie you have been saved from an awful danger."

Maryorie gave no sign.

"There are houses in this world" he went on, which are constructed nicely and look handsome from the outside, but they are filled with invisible ghouls. When good women, decent women like Bernice's mother and also his sisters see such houses they turn their heads heads away, or they go to the other side of the street.

You have been inside of such a house the worst thing in all God's creation. and Jack Evans has saved your life."

Maryorie raised her head. Her lips, pallid lips were trembling her eyes blurred with tears.

The Colonel in the most casual way took out his handkerchief and passed it over her face.

"Now Maryorie" he proceeded "try to control yourself. Oh hang it, that crazy Elm tree, is making too much noise. Come let us go out of hearing of its infernal screaming."

Maryorie arose obediently and put her hands in that of the good colonel. Her gesture was so helpless so pitiful.

She glanced into the elder face so wistfully so pater-

tically that the Colonel on the one hand was touched beyond words, on the other, was filled with a great wrath that houses filled with evil spirits should exist and use their infernally infamous wiles to the life long destruction of tender and unprotected innocence.

Then he thought of the fierce evil spirits from whose blasting hold Maryone had been rescued, and he said a word or two against them which is not found in any prayer-book.

The stopping of the infernal music occurred as Maryone arrived on the scene of the crazily acting tree.

The branch was still shaking as a terror came at the opposite tree when the eyes of the phantom face on the tree trunk caught sight of Maryone and the Colonel.

On the instant the tree set up a deafening uproar, the elm branch let go of the opposite tree, and swung towards them emitting a fierce wind like roar.

It swung too high and fortunately missed as they ran for safety. Then there was a new sound as of an earthquake coming.

"Spook" said Colonel Bridewell grumpily. "Spook" take a look at

the awful house you left just now." The house shook violently.

"Here Bates" ordered Evans "drive the curious crowds away on a phenomena will sweep them. You know what to do about that situation."

"Sure" grinned Bates admiringly.

"They'll go no doubt, and mind no publicity."

"No sir, but good Lord how that tree acts."

Then Bates followed his orders. Giving the tree one more look compounded of sheer wonder and whole soul nervousness.

Bates went to order the crowds back to the other side of the

street period, while this bit of conversation was going on walked up to poor Maryon, gazed into the face softened by humiliation, by sorrow and by a great awakening, and throwing his arms about her he cried

"Maryon, you're all right - you - you - just made a mistake that's all."

This old burst of love from her princely friend so foreign on Pennock's part, as to outward (mannish) manifestation touched Maryon's heart.

How grateful she was. But what his sisters do if they learned of this.

She had broken her pledge to them, not to go near that place alone. Though she loved them, and strongly desired their company she also was fearfully afraid of them. Maryrie added Evans, the blithe, the smiling, the debonair once more, "eef youse seen ze beeg' elm tree jost now shakin ze odder tree ze way heern deed, zat es a warning to youse, I resquid youse be cause I love youse so much."

"We all love you" added the Colonel.

There came at that instant a flash, an illuminating flash into the soul of the little girl. There was a love she saw

in that revealing flash, that there was life and dangerous evil in the house and there was a love that came of God and raised one from earth to Heaven.

"Oh" she said lowering her eyes "what a fool I have been," and softly she wept the tears that bring joy to the Court of Heaven.

Pernod radiant and exuberant came and shook hands with Patas they stood chuckling and comparing notes.

"Say bye" cried Evans. I bungle in affairs. Eet should have been done quietly now while are dont flect ze

Ze news pappers geet eet.
 I ain asking zin for
 ze good of ze Cowntree.
 "Anything you say goes
 Mr Evans" said Pat.

"Sure" said another.

"I thank youse lyes. Ieah
 Pat take this bill and to
 m brow treat every child
 on the street from ten down,
 to ice cream and cake. I
 wont stay later Come on
 Pernod."

Pernod took his hand.

"Lieutenant Casey" Pernod
 heard Pat say to the
 leader of the plain clothes
 men "In the name of
 goodness, who is the large
 strange man coming
 around here unknown
 who is called Sord
 Bountiful?"

"It is no secret though
 his work is just started"
 answered the Lieutenant.

Pernod hearing this
 slipped his hold from
 his hero's grasp and
 hurried back.

"Sord Bountiful" said
 the lieutenant is
 Paul Henry Mc Joseph
 "Yes" said Pat, with the
 note of inquiry.

"The police members
 of the Octopus are the
 most wonderful in
 the world He has them
 also in New York
 Chicago, San Francisco,
 Detroit, Duluth, Mill-
 wakee, and other big
 cities."

"Yes"

"and his members
 countless numbers of
 them are the best
 the boldest the most
 fearless of the police."

"Yes"

Paul Henry Mc-

Joseph is the best the boldest the most fearless of the whole band. He is the Octopus, son it is father can chase devils from any place, and can prove it too.

"Glory be to Halleluiah," yelled Pennod, and rushed to catch Evans hand. "My fears about Gemmie were foolish she was with the best the boldest the most fearless police officer in the world."

Mary and Pennod and Colonel B. ride well were seated in the cab quietly awaiting Jack Evans who had excused himself for a moment.

"I look at him" Pennod suddenly exclaimed, adding in the tone of one who was making an astonishing revelation, "Why my

Cousin Jack Evans is two men."

Just as he spoke and was looking at Evans now coming jauntily out of an inn two blocks away, his hand held by a boy of twelve, in one arm a girl of seven both of them victims of love at first sight, gazing at him with the liveliest affection, he added,

"Well I never"

"Don't go" they pleaded.

"Too bad" he answered bearing on them.

When I come this way again, I will like to see you again" and while the boys shook his hand the child seated on his mighty arm planted a kiss on his lips.

"To 2842 Weest Weester Street
 driver. Not so faust zis
 time Obey ze laws" he
 paused to wave his hand
 hand to the two children
 before the inn. "When
 ze time comes, I go to
 ze Heveen" he went on,
 with the little note of
 melancholy in his voice,
 which is the "sweet sorrow"
 at parting. "I humbly
 trust zat God well leet
 me eenen, was ze poet
 Francis Thompson calls
 ze nurseries of Heveen
 us ze bright leedle
 bys and gals like
 you and your seesters
 Peernood and like
 Maryone but not ze
 day older or ze day
 too young." Maryone flushed
 prettily.
 "I want to thank you

Mr Evans "
 "You ought to" put in
 the Colonel. "You will
 never know to night
 being the good little girl
 that you are what a horrible
 danger you were in when
 he came to your help."
 "By ze way" Maryone said
 Evans unwrapping a
 package revealing two
 two club sandwiches
 which he had purchased
 and handing one to Per-
 nod who seized it with
 respectful alacrity. "I
 es seered ze beeg Elm
 tree es more danger
 zan ever. I was seered
 ze odder tree would be
 pulled from the ground
 out by ze roots and
 flung among ze crowd.
 zat Elm meant to
 do zat. I know eet.
 I was surprise by ze

way, zat Elm handle ze odden tree."

Marjorie was silent, she knew not how to answer.

"Weel leet me tell youse zis I know heem, ze tree more I am even ze Veerveens or ze peeples or Meester Seesermon, I know all about heem. zat tree es, ze bad actor. And heem es of the vilest most dangerous spireets zat do what youse call heem — en possese ze tree. I know of ze same kind of tree esen Calverina.

Zat spireet es ze keelen ze morderes, but what es ze we I hate to think of heem. Ref zat tree even got youse heem goin keel youse. I know heem weel."

"Marjorie" said the Colonel who had been closely watching the

little girls face. "you were shocked by the strangling hand phenomena, and you feel in some way that you were ungrateful to Evans by forgetting to thank him. But I want to tell you something.

Theres not a girl of your age in Chicago (woud) who would have been shocked, and more, theres not one good little girl in a million who would not have been shocked.

But as to the men and its only men, who knows trees like that, theres not one in a million who would not say that had you been caught by the tree no one could save you. "his world" he continued looks mighty good to me but just

the same there are many places filled with unseen devils so vile its hard to understand how God allows them to be at large let alone exist.

"I say Evans" cried Pennod who somehow or other had contrived to eat the entire sandwich while the Colonel was speaking. "You say you know that tree?" Pennod spoke in English.

"Yes Pennod answered Evans, taking a second bite of his own.

"Well do you think he could really kill my sisters if they got caught by it?"

"Zat ees or ees not possible, 'be cause eet ees up to ze ancheels who possess zem" admitted Evans. "But zat could be badly hurted

or ill use by heern. I meet wuz zat tree once without youse ever knowen eet. I jost happen upon eet then, some sorta of ze affare lika zis wan only worst, worst, I was not on ze toime.

Zat tree heern two leedle byes, one girl and wan man. Ze girl was strangle, ze byes an ze man keeled by ze branch flunging zem against ze wall of ze house. I approach to try rescue zem and ze beeg branch of ze tree meet me on ze left shoulder, and seent me sprawl down ze pawth way for ze several hundred feet. I fortunate I was not hurt but

but een ze daze. Ze branches
of ze tree den do ze awful beeg
thrashing. A man came to
help me, but got heet by
ze odder branch, and after
zat speent seer months een
ze hospitail, and seeme zat
green I make ze beeg room
for zat tree at ze all."

"Vice tree" said the Colonel
sarcastically. "No doubt the
devil, who possesses the
tree is a College Professor."

"Not at ze all. No sir" eet
would be very unfare to
say zat heem was ze
product of ever ze school
of any kind. As ze
deweek meran went to
any school on ze outh.
Heem een ze product of
ze enforinal regions.

Ze weekid erd spireets,
but to return to our own
affairs. Marjorie what
aboud feeling Peermood

seestars aboud zis?"
"I'm afraid to I broke my
pledge to them."

"Youse are sceend?"

"Yes. It will be hard
Mr Evans. Awfully hard.
But I'll do what ever you
say."

"Most certainly the
little Virriano should
know at all costs" said
the Colonel. "I'm sure."

Jack Evans reflected
for a moment.

"Ideah een was I threnk
Marjorie Peermoods
seestars do not have
ze least suspicion
of anything zat has
happened, zay are ze
idea zat youse, and
I and Peermood are
out for ze noide."

"So we are" chuckled
Peermood.

"And aring ze wellly

velly good toirne"

"That's true too" said Pernod "even if I do feel a little hungry."

"Stop at ze near reestaurant" shouted Evans to the Chaffeur. "No I ave ze certoin reasons which I do not care to geene at ze present toirne which I thienk weel justify me een telling youse to tel tel modding tel I tel youse Maryorie. Zen I want youse to make ze full confession to zem."

"I will Mr Evans. And I would do it too if it were a harder toirne to do it and a thousand times harder."

I deserve a heavy penance. I should be whipped and instead I'm getting but love and kindness."

Here Maryorie fell to weeping softly.

"There is a way of really

working out ones forgiveness other than by severe penance" said the Colonel "and that way is love. Love begins at home it embraces the whole family and it ends with God"

The cab stopped at this moment and Jack Evans taking Pernod by the waist lifted him bodily out as if handling a piece of paper.

They were gone for over ten minutes. When they returned Pernod was the picture of serenely personified.

Once the cab had again started the youth stretched himself yawned and under the wondering gaze of the entire party fell into a blissful slumber.

Pennod had no scooper" explained Jack Evans and heem es ze best bye on zis outh eet took me teen mreen-utes joost now to eet ze odder sandwich but Pennod heem swallow three beeg wans, ze coop of coostard and ze plate of ice scream and two slices of ze apple turn over."

"So small and yet so capable" chuckled the Colonel.

It was not quite ten o'clock when the entire party entered the Vivian home.

After the usual greeting the Empress herself asked Maryone whether she had had a good time, but looked decidedly queer as she asked the question.

Marjorie who was scared to answer hung her head. To her relief

Periods sisters were abed. But Jack Evans was quick to come to the rescue.

"Your Highness" he said in his booming voice speaking in Abbemannian at the sound of which those present gave him their attention. "Our little adventures to night are something as yet in the nature of a secret."

But I'm going to ask you Highness and all of you here present to do me a favor. please dont talk abouts our little affair. That applies to you Pennod and to you Marjorie.

As to the rest of you please, please ask no questions in good turne your Highness Maryone will tell

your daughters everything
and only them. You know
already your Highness
but please don't tell them
yet. When the time comes
she will tell."

"Your wish shall be granted
and respected Lord Evans,
I'll answer for all" said the
mother but looking sharply
at Maryorie. "I won't say a
thing."

The Colonel and Jack
Evans both extremely
happy over the issue
presently departed.

"Mother" said Pernod
did we finish the novena?"

"No dear we thought
it better to wait for you
and Maryorie."

"I'm so glad" said
Pernod.

"What are you saying
Pernod?" Maryorie asked
who still could not

understand the Abbrean
mian language.

Pernod explained.

"I'm so glad" said Mar-
jorie, "I have so much
to be thankful for."

So have I" said Pernod.

"What is it now child-
ren?" asked the Empress
in English. Pernod

and Maryorie looked
at each other meaningly.

"Remember your promise
to Jack Evans' Mother."

"Oh I beg pardon" but
she looked sharply
(not angrily) at Maryorie
just the same. In her
heart she knew but
would say nothing. Yet
a policeman had told
her.

And the novena came
to a fervent ending.
All were filled with a
sense of gratitude.

none so much as Maryorie and Pennod both feeling that the little flower had been with them that evening in a very special manner indeed. Maryorie went to bed but from the effects of the dreadful adventure was afraid to go to sleep for fear the barons would ever come in that room for her.

For protection she used a whole bottle of Holy Water on her bed. After breakfast the next morning after they said their meals after grace after meals, Gemmie addressed her mother.

"Mother" she said - "I want to propose something."

"I'll bet I'll know"

put in Pennod.

"What is it dear?" asked

the mother gazing into Gemmie's face, so tender, so pathetic, so sweet. What? she asked herself could have happened to her little girl.

Gemmie like her sisters had become more and more as those we must all become like if we wish to enter the kingdom of Heaven, properly, and not in a coal bucket.

"To this mother the little flower, has done us so many favors during this Novena that I feel sure we'll soon improve our little house that therefore I think we ought to make another Novena in thanksgiving."

"Gemmie" said Violet

"you sure can talk sense.
I wish others were like
that too."

"you've said a mouthful"
added Pennod. "I knew that
was on your mind. If
you had not asked for it
I would."

"to the very thing to
do" said Joyce stroking
Gemmie's hair.

"and there's a special
reason for me" went on
Gemmie. "For the past
three or four days I've
been trying to get help
from a man who's a
son of a powerful
person in Boston who
I'm sure can help us
and Father Bryan clear
these men's house. I'm
joyful over it and if
I can really obtain
their help it will give
more pep and joy

to Angeline if he comes
to see us. I wish to see
the co-operation of all,
Pennod especially as
he's the best one in the
world."

Pennod hearing his
name mentioned felt
highly complimented.

"Sure Gemmie" he piped,
"and let's make this a
great big Novena twenty
days long at least."

"Very good children. I
am very happy this
morning and very grate-
ful I though the little
Flower God has filled
our house with bless-
ings. We have every-
thing that we need,
and money comes
to us from Abreannia
despite the war. Let
us begin then to
more twenty seven

days Perrod of Thanksgiving I really don't know whether it would be fair to expect the little flower to do anything more for us. But we must remember that little Maryone is a reckless child and we may tell the little flower that if Maryone is tempted to run into serious danger we should like to know for sure before she does."

"I suppose Mother" said Perrod that all will go to Holy Communion to morrow."

"Surely Perrod and Jim going too and let me tell you something Angelines strength has come back wonderfully to day."

"Indeed she told me that she feels much stronger now more than she ever did since she came back from French Guiana."

"Well then" said Perrod Jack Evans wants us all to pray for Maryone. He thinks that to morrow is going to be her big day of danger."

"I'll pray for her all day" cried Jennie "at least I'll not forget her from the time I get up till I go to bed."

"They all agreed to remember their little friend and heroine."

It was going on towards eight o'clock that evening. Jack Evans seated at his special window in a house across from the rear of Mr. Resemans' haunted house looking out on Blue Island Avenue. Through a slight opening in the window curtain intently watching the window in the Mr.

Sesemann house across the way with an (opera) Opera glass. Pennod standing beside him, had his admiring eyes fixed upon his hero. His sisters were home with their mother and Mrs Jerry.

"By gow" muttered Evans in Abbreannian "everything is turning out just as I figured. There's strange things going on there to night."

"Is - is - it good news Jack?" asked the boy prince.

"So far my boy, it is all I can desire. I'm not free to tell you as yet but I can say this much.

There are three more strange mysteries about the doings in that place over there, and I've been waiting for signs of them all these days. To night the situation is

complete. Please God I hope to tell you more in half an hour's time at the latest but for Heavens sake keep all your school kid friends away from Sesemann house at all costs, especially reckless Mari die - and Pennod I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure Jack"

"Take my place keep your eye on that window, use this Opera glass and let me know when I return whether any strange phenomena occur or not and whether if any strange forms comes in or goes out."

"Yes sir"

Another thing try to make out what will occur or what the strange phenomena are doing

for Jim going down stairs.
I need to send a phone
message that is very
important."

Entering the sitting room,
he was greeted by the
little Virriams, Jennie, Vio-
let, Grace and Daisy being
foremost who had just
come from home to see
him. They surrounded
him.

"Oh Jack" said Jennie "we
been praying for you
most all of the day."

"And we all went to
communion for you and
Marjorie for you this
morning" said Violet.

"And" added Daisy
"you and Marjorie have
a splendid special
intention in our new
noverna."

"New noverna?" queried Evans.
Yes we have just now

finished one to the Little
Flower and she obtained
so many wonderful
favors for us that we
are starting another one
to thank her."

Jack Evans considered
for a moment.
"By gosh may I come
on on this? May I
join you in this no-
verna?"

There was a joyful
show of assent and appro-
val.

"Say Pennod dear" cried
Daisy rushing into
the front room "Jack Evans
is going to make
the noverna with us.
What do you know
about that?"

Pennod his eye glued
to the tiny opening,
said "Good my little
Daisy flower, but don't

say it so loud the banshees will hear you in in Seesmann's 'crazy' house. I'm engaged in most important business and we don't want the devils to get wise."

"At what time do you say the prayers of the Novena Gemmie?" Evans asked.

"Generally at nine o'clock." "Nine o'clock? Another favor Gemmie. Would you mind saying the Novena prayers when I return, I'll be back in a minute or two there ought to be important things and I want the prayers of the Novena before the trouble (if) begins. If everything turns out all right then the other eight days of the Novena will be days of 'Thanksgiving' and the 17th will put us most

perfectly back and I promise you we'll all pray as they never did before before."

"Well by by, I'll be back in a few minutes."

They fell to discussing Jack Evans as he left their presence all but Gemmie who excusing herself hastened into the front room.

"Say Pernod what are you doing?" she whispered.

"Watching" came the whispered reply.

"Why not watch and pray?" Pernod "I'm getting about Evans a little nervous. He's not bit scared but he looks very solemn and he says that something very important is going to

happen. When he says a thing he means it. Permod
"I'd give my life for him."

"That's all right, so would
I. Gemmie likes the stuff."

"When he comes back
he's going to begin the
haverha with us Permod,
after that - after that -"

"Don't get excited Gemmie
dear. Evans can take
care of himself."

"Well I've come in here
to pray."

"I'm away" said
Permod who during his
conversation his eye
glued to the opening,
moved neither to the
right or left.

So Permod watched,
and Gemmie prayed
until Evans was
boomed from the sitting
room.

"So far so good" he

announced. "It's now
twenty five minutes to
nine. How long do the pray-
ers take?"

"Fifteen minutes?"

"Fifteen minutes? Fine
That will leave me free
at ten minutes before the
hour - Hey Permod come
in anything strange
or startling?"

There was strangely
colored lights and a strange
rattlesnake tail like
sound," answered Permod.

"There were six different
colors of lights, and some-
times all six were flick-
ering at the same
time and moving in
different directions and
I saw a strange assort-
ment of big green
eyes. What sort of lights
are they anyway?"

"The sort of lights Permod

that I don't want your sisters
to contact with. Come on now
for that novena."

"Just right" said Perrod
as he rose from his knees.

"Now don't forget me until
I come back" said Evans

"Go home now and be safe,"
saying which he hastened
into the front room took
one look through the open-
ing and uttered an ex-
clamation:-

"What's the matter Evans?"
asked Perrod.

"Something crazy has
happened" Evans while
stretching arms warning Perrod
was on his way from
the room.

Smiling a farewell
to them, he bolted
down the stairs.

Perrod who had
resumed his place
at the aperture then

watched him come
out on the street cross
it, and enter the rear
of Sese Marns Crazy house,
the third floor of which
he had so long wat-
ched.

Say Pernod' said Webber George the next day in the morning, as the two having served the Sunday Mass, received Holy Communion, and finished their Thanksgiving, were leaving St Vincent's Church, what do you think, I got my check for two thousand dollars last evening by special delivery "you did?"

"Yes and I turned it right over to my father and you ought to see his eyes bulge, and mother cried, and when I told dad he could what he wanted with it, he hugged me.

But he's rich and he said he was going to offer it to St Vincent's as an offering for special

intention Masses asking our Blessed Lord to keep you out of the barn-sheer from Sesemann's crazy house. Dad went right out after I had endorsed the check, and came back in half an hour and said he had given it to a priest as an offering for Masses on the Sesemann situation"

"Quick action" laughed Pernod.

"Yes and he brought back two hundred (thousand) dollars in five dollar bills. And he gave mother one hundred, and she cried and hugged dad, and dad hugged me, and he gave me ten dollars to spend on

I like. And to morrow
he's going to get me the
biggest crucifix he can
buy. Then mother dug
out a bottle of fine Irish
wine that she had been
saving up since the day of
their wedding, and we all
had a drink. "Say, it sure
was some party."

Here Webster George
paused at the corner of
Daton and Webster to im-
prove a few gay danc-
ing steps.

"Then mother told dad
how well I had acted since
you and I, and your good
little sisters. He came
acquainted though you
know how afraid I was
of Angelina at first. And
she said that ever
since I had joined
the Sacred Heart
League and the Fen-

wick Gym. I had be-
come almost like you.
And then dad said he
was proud of me.
Then dad got up and
sang Salve Regina and
also Santa Lucia the
latter which he learn-
ed at school when a
kid, and mother sang
and we all sang and
my two sisters joined
in. We kept it up untill
twelve o'clock when
we recieved this letter -
Here it is."

"What a letter at mid-
night?"

Yes it was quite un-
expected. And it came
from your girl scout
cousin Angelina
Anonburg. I didnt think
I was that much
to her."

He handed the

the letter to Pennod who
opened it and read:

1634 West
Webster Ave.
Chicago Ill.
March 13 1912

Dear Webster George, the girlscoots
of Abbianna are giving you and
your sisters a surprise party Sunday
the twenty sixth of this month.
As you are the closest friend of
my princely cousins you deserve
this honor. Get Mary and Master
to come. Every one will be at
my house at eight. No girls
invited the boys from the Fen-
wick club and I am sure we'll
have a jolly time."

Your special
friend,
Erangelina Anonburg
Vernon

After Pennod read it

and approved of it Geo-
rge continued at mid-
night dad wanted to
go to bed because he
intended to go to mass
very early in the morn-
ing. Say what do you
know about that and
when dad said that
mother began to cry
and still it was the
happiest day in her
life since she got mar-
ried. By George Pennod
I feel like a morning
star"

After suitable comments
on these joy-ful tidings
Pennod proceeded to nar-
rate the events of the
last evening in the third
floor of Mr. Sese man's
"crazy" house.
and what did Jack
discover when
he went into that

nutty house?"

He does not want it published George, but whatever he discovered proves the place is the most dangerous nests of Banshees that ever got together in a single building in the world's history of possessed persons or houses. And Jack Evans discovered this through a phenomena that nearly got him, and which he does not want revealed to anybody yet. And he says it's lucky for Maryou that he had the chance to save her life, and all we did was pull her out the 'crazy' building.

Nothing of any great importance happened on Monday or Tuesday. Nor did Wednesday give promise of

any (devol) development. Violet and her sisters continued more and more to win the admiration of all at this time by their heaven made supernatural sweetness, their unnatural amiability and their great self sacrifice.

Angeline grew stronger and thanked God who had blessed her with such a wonderful good brother.

As to house keeping the little girls vied with each other in cleaning and cooking and leaving nothing undone to make their apartment a model home.

On Wednesday evening George was their visitor. Maryou

"Say" he exclaimed, looking about the sitting room.

"You little angel people are fixing up are you not? Gee? like the way you're doing it? The room looks spick and span,

"They're all going to look like that when we get through" said Jennie, younger in appearance and manner by four years than when she was first introduced to the reader. "and we are doing it every one of us. Pernod got his new and check yesterday and he wouldn't take a red cent"

"Neither would Jennie" said Pernod. "Nor Violet" "They're all getting too good for this world"

"Oh we have our sweet loving little arguments" laughed

Violet.

Yes little arguments" assented Jennie amiably itself "And the reason they are little loving ones is because as Father Carney says, we love each other as sisters should."

Violet laughingly made denial Jennie insisted. Presently the two hugged each other.

"Are they not sweet?" exclaimed Pernod.

"They are hugging each other now just to show what little angels they really are"

"Yes" piped Daisy, "and I can't forget how one evening in the big easy chair you fondled one of those little angels" and you

fell asleep and kept me
also asleep in your arms
all night."

"Yes and I'll do it again"
gummed Pennod with-
out even blushing.

"Look here your Highness"
said George to their mother.
"Ma wants me to tell you
something."

"I hope its something
good George"

"I to bully your Majesty.
She says that dad knows
the great man called
the Octopus. He says he
a sure thing to keep
your daughter in the
Sesernam situation.
and she says with
his help you will
all have it a lot
easier."

"How so?"

"Well you know since
your talk with the good

Colonel, he has told me
a lot. He could organize
a powerful band of
demon chasers who
could really move
God to drive them out
of Sesernam house
that is if God does (not)
want them to stay there
for a purpose of His
own. Did Pennod tell
you what the Colonel
said?"

"Yes" came the answer
"Well I did all I could
to make it easier for us
all and it worked. My
mother thinks every-
thing concerning Mr.
Sesernam house will
be picking up and she
thinks I'm another Pen-
nod."

"Cut it out" growled the
blushing Pennod.
"I think" said Violet.

that the little Flower has had her eye upon your family George, ever since you and we became acquainted."

"I knew it" said Pennod. "Pennod told us about your Novena and we started in one day after you" continued George. "And now they've joined in with us in making the Novena of Thanksgiving."

"No wonder your mother's happy" said the Empress.

"Oh she is, she smiles so easily now and she sings while she works. She thinks all these fine things have happened through Pennod and me getting together."

At this moment there was a jolly tapping at the door mat floor. Jack Evans it was accompanied by Sad Bountiful, smiling

laughing, radiant. His presence filled the room with sunshine.

"Ye little Veereen families wan and ye all Heem come hang news."

"Tell us tell us Sad Bountiful"

"To mornow noon I go to Boston"

Jennies lovely smile vanished. Violet's jaw fell. Pennod, George and Grace groaned. Catherine and Hetty rushed to his side and catching him by the arm showed by actions if not by words that they were going to hold him by main force.

The others remained in their places too taken aback to move.

"But I'm coming back soon"

"How their faces changed

at the welcome news. While Catherine and Hetlie jumped onto his arms and laid their pure innocent head upon his breast, Jennie impulsively leaped forward and kissed him in such wise that Pernod said gravely,

"Don't make so much Jennie. You are disturbing the peace."

"But" continued the hero of the house "I'm in trouble." All looked troubled.

"The fact is I'm afraid to travel alone."

His remark apparently judged by the laughing it evoked was the funniest thing the Virvians had ever heard.

"I need Jack Evans to protect me to be my body guard and Pernod too."

Pernod stared and scratched his head.

What are you giving us?" he inquired.

"Why" continued Lord Bountiful "he saved Evans life twice and saved little Mary one. He might do it again."

"Do you mean it?" asked the boy with concern.

Sord Bountiful laughed, loud and long.

Well the fact is that there is no question of danger. But my father is a man who through his far reaching successful work is called the Octopus. But there is a bunch of the Octopus squad the best fellows in the world and they're all worked up about Pernod and his sisters.

They want to see him and question him about Mr. Resonance.

Crazy house. They heard of the place through Father Bryan and we may be able to help for sure where others failed. They want to see him. Just now they are having a day or two off. On Saturday they're going to give the whole day to Pennod and myself first, before taking up the matter of the deserter 'Crazy' house. Joe is to be the guest of honor. Both are their guests from the time they leave Chicago to tomorrow noon till he returns.

"Say please mother if I go with Evans" cried Pennod, "want you get my cousin and Angelina Richie to guard my sisters?"

"Surely!"

"I'll get the things ready" exclaimed Jennie.

"And I'll help" cried Violet.

"It will be three or four days at the most, your Highness" pleaded Lord Bountiful. "And besides I have a special reason. I want my wife and children to see Pennod and thank him. They know how he saved Evans twice, and Maryorie too."

"That was all luck" objected Pennod.

"No" said Jennie "it was all love. Pennod loved you so much that he just followed you up both times. He was there through love when Evans needed him most."

"Jennie" observed Violet "is growing very wise"

"Since you ask it"

Sad Bountiful "said the mother. "It will be unwise for me to refuse"

"Whoop" cried Pennod pounding George.

"Whoop" returned George returning the attention.

"One more favor your Highness, Pennod is the guest of the Octopus Squad. Now I want as my guests not pests Gemmie and Violet."

While the Empress and Sad Bountiful debated this question at length Gemmie and Violet entered into a whispered conversation.

"I can't go now" declared Violet reluctantly. "I'm guardian of my other sisters."

"I'll go" cried Gemmie resolutely.

"Children how quick you decide" exclaimed

the mother. "Violet I guess you'd better stay as you suggested. How about it Gemmie?"

Violet, right" answered Gemmie.

"It's this way" explained Violet. "We both agree that one of us must stay with you and the rest. I'm the regular guardian. I've got a secret supernatural power power to aid my sisters, and it's my duty to stay with them."

"I'll tell you what" said Sad Bountiful. "Suppose we settle it this way. I want to have a good talk with Gemmie and there's another reason too. If my father does see one of the little Urvars, he won't believe it about Mrs. Sessmams."

house. But next time all of your beautiful daughters will be my guests. Jennie overflowing with happiness embraced her mother then danced about the room like a fairy whose mission was to spread happiness.

"But the priests continually claim they could clean Seesman's house" said James Andrews.

"3 are exaggerated claimers are being slowly put for 3e down fall" said Evans, "We do not hear of 3e absolute cure anywhere" for Meester Seesman's house."

"You're right Jack" for that's what they all say but don't do it" retorted Violet "But we ourselves won't give up if we have to

stay here all this coming summer."

At noon next day which was Thursday, Pennod and Jennie with Evans and Ford Bountiful the happiest travelers in the United States left for Boston on the New York Central. The good Colonel put out of his store of postal picture cards, books and stationery selected for Pennod a vest pocket memorandum book and induced the innocent youth to promise therein to write a daily record of his trip.

Of course Pennod promised with the easy alacrity of a boy who has always kept a diary. Thus he began.

Thursday. Our dinner on the Pullman diner was swell. I know it because some ate a little too much - including myself. Gemmie never a heavy eater did not. Gemmie was too nice to be human. Sometimes I'm afraid she'll vanish in to an angel.

She and Ed Bountiful talked about nothing but his wife and the two children. I wanted Jack Evans to tell me what he discovered that evening in the crazy house, but he said he'd spoil our hopes of success there if he'd tell them.

We passed a lot of farm fields of corn and wheat and things like that all covered

with snow and it was snowing a regular blizzard galore. Our supper was swell. but I did not eat so much. I did not feel like it. It was now nine o'clock at night and the car we are in is all full of folding beds.

The colored porter an awful nice man is opening them out. They are over the heads and he unhooks them and lets them and they are two story beds. They call the second story an upper berth.

Theres a big curtain parted in the middle that comes down over both stories. It is snug and funny. It is useful to travel. I have learned very much. Before

going to bed, Lord Bountiful got that colored Porter to let us get into a cubby hole that they call a state room, and we went in there and made our novena and Jennie led the prayers, I tell you Jennie can pray to beat any angel.

She's been supernaturally nice all day. She was so nice that every one on our pullman can fell dead in love with her and the colored porter wanted to know if she was my guardian angel in disguise!

She stood it pretty well too. You know how she is.

She never could stand publicity. She saw some boys out of freshies begin making eyes at her and Lord Bountiful looked at her nervous like but she didn't say any thing

sharply to them, or even act as if she saw them.

While she said the novena prayers, she looked like a saint, indeed that's the way her voice sounded too.

After prayers she told Lord Bountiful something a secret you know and he whispered something in her ear, and she colored and looked awfully pleased and kissed him, Evans and me good night.

Jennie had the lower berth and I was in the upper. Lord Bountiful and Evans had uppers opposite to mine.

Friday morning. Breakfast was swell. I and Jennie had the sweetest wheat cakes. We all slept well. Did

you ever eat grapefruit?
my piece squirted on
me and Gemmie squirted
Evans and me. but it was
dandy. We passed through
New York which is a big
city.

Sots of people born in
the United States live in
this city. Its full of jews
and Italians. We soon
got to Boston. Gemmie thinks
that Sord Bountiful's wife
is lovely and that the
two children are simply
lovely, but timid and
shy.

She by her friendli-
ness got the children
used to her. Then we
drove out and saw a
lot of the town in
a street car. In a
taxi we saw Bunker
Hill monument but
Gemmie dont believe

the battle was fought
where it stands.

We called in at Police
Headquarters, and we all
saw Sord Bountiful lunch
but not the Octopus.

He was at his head-
quarters. They're the nicest
men I ever saw. They
made a lot of me
and they were awful
nice to Gemmie who
took it good. They could
not get us to be swelled
up. Sord Bountiful
is excited about some-
thing, he-.

It later developed
that Pernod fell asleep
over his diary. He
wrote no more for
nine asons which will
presently be set before
the reader. On Saturday
night Empress Vivian
and her daughters

recited the fourth day of the Novena. After it they fell to talking of Pernod and Jennie Evans and Lord Bountiful. They were not quite subdued. The gaiety of former days and nights were gone.

"I here's one thing anyhow" said Violet "I'll be much nicer to them than ever when they come back. Now I know how I love them. Say if they stay away much longer I don't know what I'll do."

"It's not the first time" said the Empress "that they have ever been away from us over night."

I here came a rap at the door.

"Maybe it's Pernod and Jennie" cried James Andrews.

"On the little & lower" suggested Daisy.

Without further knocking a messenger boy walked in.

"For Mrs Empress Vorian" he announced holding up a telegram.

Mrs Vorian took the telegram, and while Joyce signed for it, tore open the envelope.

"Oh my children" she cried. "Listen to this it's from Pernod!"

"This evening Jennie and I went to see the man they call the Octopus. He knew nothing of the Crazy House and at first had us arrested thinking from our story we escaped from some feeble minded Asylum. He's getting investigators to learn for proof of truth."

story. God help us if they don't
find any. But they did thank
Heaven. Letter will follow.

Period:

Empress Maria looked
discouraged. Joe and the
rest did not know what
to say. They were not taken
aback again the discour-
aging unexpected had
happened.

And just at the end
of the fourth day of the
noir of Shaking-
ing.

There was little sleep-
ing in the Maria
family that night.

The older girls joined
with their mother
in extra prayer of
petition. Speculated
on the Lord Bountiful
events which had led

up to the event of the
discouraging letter and
dwelt with almost a
feeling of despair for
fear of what the prom-
ised letter would bring.

On the morning Em-
press Maria and all
the others attended the
five, six and six
thirty mass and re-
turning had their break-
fast and at once set
about looking over their
apartment with sharp
and critical eyes.

Seek as they might
everything was in
order. Yet they had
heard strange and
mysterious sounds
while they break-
fasted.

A few minutes after
eight while Daisy
and Catherine were

still trying to solve the mystery of the strange noises there arrived a night letter. It was from Jennie.

"Dear Mother (it read) Pennod has sent you discouraging news but though we got released we still hope to finally convince the Octopus, for he's having his 'Confederates' trace newspapers in Boston telling of Mr. Serrano's house. Father got us released and brought us to New York.

I heard they got the papers and that in the papers were photographs of Serrano's crazy house and the grounds also the crazy Elm tree. One said he found some late papers about the place on the day we started for Boston but was not sure. But he's still not skeptical believing we had those papers printed ourselves. We put it to rest yesterday.

he held us prisoners for three hours and a half. When father came and convinced him who we were he let us go but said we should go home. I and Bountiful was sadly disappointed but his father wouldn't believe him either.

And yet I and Bountiful had said that his father positively can help us, except on one condition. I know or believe I know what that condition is, and that may be that God don't want the demons to go.

He said his father has means to find that out, and that Pennod ought to have too but it looks like a miracle to convince the Octopus. We are bringing us back as soon as we can. We are in danger on the charge of hoodwinking the Octopus and that Serrano sixteen years in the Juvenile Detention home. Father is coming with us.

and Evans. Lord Bountiful is staying
in Boston. We are shadowed.

Gennie Viriam."

On Monday morning a snowy
one just as the family were
sitting sadly down to an
early breakfast, there was
heard a great commotion out-
side the honking of an
automobile laughing voices,
and presently loud and
continuous cheering.

Violet was the first to
gain the window.

"Oh mother quick! It's
Father Pennod, Gennie,
Evans, and everybody
on the street is cheer-
ing."

But Empress Viriam
followed by the other
children was hurry-
ing down the steps
and an Empress Vir-
iam stepped to the

threshold she threw her-
self into his arms in
wordless emotion. How
the party laughing
shaking hands exchanging
words of love and love
or welcome ever got up
the steps is beyond
the power of Pen.

There was joy and
good festivity in the
house, joy and festivity
on the street.

Somehow in the midst
of it all Empress Vir-
iam contrived to let his
wife know how bitterly
he regretted the Octopus
did not believe about
the condition of Mr.
Sere Evans house. He
was glad every one was
safe. He said, who
would ever do this to Mr.
Sere Evans, who would
do this to him, and now

and pledge reparation to help have the place restored to its normal condition. Never, never, should he make the same horrible mistake again.

At nine o'clock Lord Evans left them to discuss all the haps and mishaps which had occurred since Mr. Sese-man came to Angelene and Joice about the house. Their happiness grew with the spreading moments.

Emperor Virian himself could not sufficiently express his words at the appearance of his children.

"I feel," he said humbly, "as if I were not needed. Pennod is a big army father might be proud of and my little daughters are looking so strong and are so good and

Jennie has improved so that I cannot believe my eyes."

"Yes," explained Violet. "But some one took your place. That was Jack Evans. And some one helped him, that was the little flower."

"Your Highness" whispered Marjorie. "at this moment. You remember the night Pennod and I were out with Jack Evans?"

"Perfectly Marjorie" a little sternly.

Jack Evans says I can tell you daughters now."

"You may tell them all you may."

Marjorie went to where the little Virians were.

"Come with me Princess" she said. "I want to tell you something I want to get it off my mind

and soul forever."

"Into the quiet room in the rear the light went. Despite the protests of the little virgins Maryorie knelt at ~~Maryorie's~~ ^(face) Violet's feet as she had knelt the night before her first Communion at her mother's knees.

She looked and spoke too as that night. Extenuating nothing, omitting no detail Maryorie in the great simplicity of love and humility told the story of her exceeding rashness and foolishness in entering Mr. Besseman's dangerous house alone.

"And now princesses" she asked at the end "can you trust me ever again?" And Violet bending down seized the girl in her arms and

pressed her to her bosom. "Dearest friend Maryorie," she cried in tones rich with emotion "Who knows but you were allowed to go so far as you did that your eyes might be opened. I have seen the change. We knew you did it. Our angel instinct told us. We knew you'd confess it to day. You did no sin. You only took a foolish risk defying the demons. I trust you? I trust you now and so do my sisters as I never hoped to trust you and I'm sure you're going to be all that your mother hoped on the day she saw you walk from the Communion veil."

"Oh princess I am so happy I did not know one could be so happy in the world. Let me stay here alone for a few minutes"

As the little girls returned to the others there arose another hubbub on the street cheering, shouts, and cries.

There followed a great noise outside the noise of a man running upstairs, the unceremonious banging of the door and there on the threshold stood the great Jack Evans breathless laughing, choking. Finally he said:

"Violet I've seen the Colonel. He knows all about every detail of my Sese man's crazy house. The Colonel is quick to act He

had detective Burns and Father Carney on the phone at once, and he says just as soon as the two and all the detectives and priests who had had experience with Sese man's house sent proof to the Octopus he'll believe you, and his help will come as fast as possible, and a promise of perfect complete success."

"Jack Evans you are a wonder. And the Octopus's son must have been brought in marble halls."

"Said Bountiful was brought up" grinned Evans. "I'm Helen Kitchen New York. The one thing that

has helped him after his parents was his religion. By the way," he added glancing around "do you know that I should not be surprised if the little flower were right here amongst us. That's the way I feel."

"The little flower is here" put in Angelina who had heard the words as she drew near. "Come on please, I'll show you."

Angelina with an air of angelic importance led the way to the back room with Violet holding one hand Jack Evans the other.

"Look" Angelina said pointing triumphantly at a picture hung up over the mantel. It was that of the little flower on the day of her First Holy Communion. Then suddenly she and her

two companions had no eye for the portrait. For kneeling beneath it the tears streaming down her face, love, gratitude supplication, on every feature, was Mary on her own loneliness touched and refined by living faith, and fervent love.

As the three stood spell-bound gazing upon the apparition of beauty, in the room without a messenger entered leaving a big bouquet of American beauties. Joie picked out a perfect rose and hastened to bring it before the picture of the little flower, as she moved through the room, a wonderful fragrance filled the

air, and it was not from the flower she was carrying either. Holding the rose in her hand, she paused on seeing the group standing enwrapped at the doorway. Quietly she stole up and looking in she saw, — was it a vision? Was there a light playing upon Marjorie's lovely features? As she stood in wonder there breathed through the room a rich fragrance.

"The little flower" she said "is here."

For a time Jennie is almost hostile to the Octopus. But she forgives.

"Oh here comes Mr. doubting Thomas. I wonder if he's coming here, after taking me for a half wit? Well he's certainly got his nerve. But he'll not come in here the old goose."

The little girl who thus exclaimed sprang haughtily away from the third floor window out of which she had been leaning in spite of the cold for fully a quarter of an hour hastened to a small looking glass straightened her long golden bobbed hair and as she dashed down the

down the stairs put on her small but heavy winter coat, all in less time than it takes me to set it down in paper.

The cause of the commotion was the appearance on Webster street of an uncommonly cheerful elderly man who appeared to be about 55, or 60 years of age.

He was over six feet in height, carried himself with an erectness which gave him the air of a great and general mover with the ease of a gymnast and smiled in a way that won him the hearts of children on sight.

As a matter of fact several groups of little ones engaged

in different winter games dissolved on his appearance, and with various cries of joy and welcome reunited about him.

"Hurray" cried a small boy "here comes our friend the 'Octopus'."

The Octopus shook hands with each and every one of them and there were fully forty on hand and to the delight of the youngsters called most of them by their first names.

Within three years before without the little Virians knowing it he had appeared on Webster Avenue three, several times, leaving after each visit a host of friends.

On the first occasion he won the childrens hearts by his engaging smile and his kind questions, on the second he had brought cones of ice cream for all present, on the third about one month before he had regaled his ardent followers with chocolate caramels.

He was none the less loved that he was unknown. He was something of a mystery his strange nick name the 'Octopus' held everyone spellbound with awe.

Yet mystery appeals to the childish heart. No one but the Virriams had the least idea of his real occupation his residence or his name. He never spoke of himself in fact he

had little opportunity to do so for each child opened his little heart to this kind and sympathetic friend. It was his arch enemy Crime which had fixed upon him the title Octopus and human Octopus he was. With his followers he could reach his enemies in any remote European city or town.

The little girl Jennie Virrian who had now reached the pavement did not take part in the juvenile rush.

She walked primly past the struggling boys and girls nearly all of whom were very anxious to catch the Octopuss hand, or coat what from

some considerable study at various mirrors she considered an unwelcome glance for she was stung seriously offended by his doubting her, and believing her and her brother as feeble minded or dishonest children. But as the Octopus at that moment was tossing a crowing two year old infant high in the air, the fatal dart failed to reach him.

Jennie Viriam having missed her mark paused retraced her steps and as she passed the center of attraction turned her head and shot him a backward glance in the best manner of a heroine of the screen does at a villain she despises. Another warn-

to stay away from her place wasted on the desert air. Good as they were when the little Viriams are offended they are quick to show their resentment. But she was making a big mistake. The Octopus was holding two cherubs aloft with three enterprising youngsters climbing his back.

Jennie nothing daunted turned once more and standing where turned fixed her hostile unfriendly gaze upon the old man ready once she caught his eye to transfire him with a dagger stare illuminated by a warning pugnacious scowl. But this was not to be. In the group was

one of her younger sisters Daisy who just then happened to notice that Jennie was setting herself to do something she'd be sorry for later - artlessly put a stop to further posing.

"Say Jennie" she drawled in a clear voice, "Please be reasonable. He didn't mean to doubt you. Remember we were just an incredulous as he was at first? If you refuse him when he now comes with friendly intentions our hopes to win the win at Seese-mam house is lost"

What sister Jennie said will never have time to pass into History for Jennie placed her arm lovingly around her when the Octopus in his rich voice said:

"Why if it isn't my new acquaintance and friend Jennie Vivian"

Jennie, other hand settled butterfly like and caressingly upon Daisy's curls, while her cheeks colored into a vivid red and her clear blue eyes glanced and danced in a glare of bitter defiance which being unstudied was really a warning.

Jennie it is true good as she is is the most sensitive and easily aroused of her sisters, but still reasoning and forgiving is her motto never to van-ish.

also it must be confessed she was angered and very much embarrassed to

be mistaken for what she is not. But she was positive in the right yet was in danger of making a big mistake.

Daisy was very much astonished indeed, as Jennie caressing her younger sister's hair with one hand and entwining her waist with the other acknowledged the greeting with:

"Oh I'm so surprised to see you after you almost had me and my brother sent to a feeble minded asylum only a few days ago."

It was said very bitterly indeed and her eyes flashed fire.

"I'm sorry but your story seemed so incredible" protested the Octopus "I got all proof of the truth

from the city detectives, here, and from the priests and cardinals. So I came to help you."

Before Jennie could answer Daisy piped in with:

"Oh Mr Octopus I'm so glad you've come."

"It's a real pleasure to see you too little girlie" cried the beaming man, gently setting down the two infants upon the ground, and extending the hand of welcome. "But how come you call me Octopus?" and he laughed gayly.

"Oh I've heard you called that" said Daisy who reacting to his love and kindness and released by Jennie rushed forward

with dancing eyes, eyes
shining with love almost
threw herself into his
arms.

Jennie slowly and some-
what undecidedly retur-
ned into the house after
giving him one last
reproachful look.

"And where is your
brother Pennod?" asked
the 'Octopus' holding
Daisy's hand in his
own. Daisy was about
to reply when a shout
and a yell startled
all and drew their eyes
down Webster Ave.

"Gee Wilkers there, trouble!"
cried a small boy.

He "up the street from
the direction of Halston
in various stages
of half undress des-
pite the crisp winter
sun, toiled pantingly

sixteen boys and thirteen
girls. Their hair was badly
mussed up. The boys
shirts unbuttoned three
were carrying their coats
and even shoes under their
arms, two were holding
their 'clothes to keep them
from falling off, while
one was wearing wildly
a shirt which evidently
he had no time to put
on.

"Aha" said the Octopus "
"they have been disturbed
at something they should
not have done. But good-
ness sake what's this"
he continued, breaking
into a grin and as he
thus ejaculated the little
half shivering crowd
about him broke into
a chorus of thrilled
yells and screams, but
suddenly some thirty

yards behind the last of the runners there came into view a youth whose sumple apparell consisted exclusively of a gummy sack slit sufficiently to allow his head through and short enough to display quite liberally a pair of rapidly moving legs.

"Cheese it the cops" painted the boy who was leading the retreat.

There were no bad consciences in the attentive crowd. No one sought shelter. In fact they were not afraid of cops. The Octopus now stepped forward and took command.

"Get together children all of you. Make a close crowd girls behind boys in front. Here Daisy get some help for that boy quick. Boys

button your shirts and on with your coats."

The Octopus now had the air of an army captain. At his word the boys buttoned their (coats) shirts and put on their coats while Daisy reaching through an open window on the ground floor of the house in the third story of which she herself lived brought out a picture filled almost to the brim with steaming hot milk.

The Octopus relaxing to reward her with a smile which set the girls heart into a smile of returned mild rapture took it from her hand and having cups filled them with hot milk. It proceeded to give each

child a drink of it. Return-
the pitcher to Daisy who
promptly put it back
through the window the
Octopus stepped in front
of the panting youths just
in time to arrest in his
course the leading runner.

"Get into line with the
crowd" he commanded.

As this order was supple-
mented by a strong grasp
which swung the astor-
ished youth over to the boys
there was no chance for
argument. In a few short
moments the Octopus not
without pride was gazing
upon a line of boys, all
in warm clothes
several still holding
their shoes and stock-
ings in their hands
and all panting with
excitement as though
their hearts were pound-

ing to get out. Every one
of the hunted boys and
girls was now provided
for so the Octopus reck-
oned, except the young
gentleman whose person
was adorned by the gummy
sack.

He was now quite mean.
To make matters worse
for all rain and snow
mixed with sleet started
to fall heavily. One
could hear his choked
breathing.

He was a boy of about
twelve, freckled brown
eyed, chubby nosed
and at this moment
open mouthed and
highly excited.

"Why its Frank
Dowling" cried several,
there was the note
of scandal in their
voices.

"Oh wont he get it?" cried a girl by the name of Marie Hart to a companion. "I'd promised the Virvians some weeks ago not to go near Sess-
Mans "Crazy" house "And I know he did it!"

Having made this observation Marie bent a look of inquiry on the Octopus. Just then a low murmur passed through the crowd.

"There's the cop" whispered one.

"Aw shucks, can you beat it" put in another "to Mr Killjoy!"

"Killjoy" moaned the crowd with sinking hearts. Killjoy was a title bestowed by the appreciative youth of that section upon Officer Smith. It was not

that he did not understand children. He hated children, just because he thought they were nothing and he was a big shot, was unmarried, and had none of his own.

If any article in the police mans article gave him the guise of authority he was prompt to stop their games and sports. He'd take balls and bats away from boys and other articles from playing girls. He seemed to have an idea that merriment and hilarity were in fact or constructively against the laws of city, county, state and country. Officer Smith be returned

was in no wise a representative of the Chicago Police force. In the opinion of the best youthful judges he should have been keeper of a morgue, saw lemon stand, or nurse in a pest house. One thought though concerning the little Viriams. He knew his place and kept great respect for them.

And now there he was coming up the street with a devotion worthy of a better cause.

"Be ready girls" whispered the Octopus having first by an up-lifted finger demanded and secured perfect quiet and attention. "To slip Frank Dowling behind you

and cover his escape. If you're not careful the policeman will catch him. In you go Frank" he continued "and slip into the Viriams as soon as you can."

As soon as the gunny-sacked youth came within his reach.

One girl of about twelve in the back row nearest the window so convenient to the milk picture having received some whispered (and) instructions from Daisy slipped away giving place to Frank Dowling who strange to say once his hand touched the Octopus seemed to regain courage and wind. The scene was now set. Twenty boys with excessively solemn

but defiant faces and with an exhibition of teeth that would have been intensely interesting to any dentist. They panted and gurgled as though they were in the last stages of exhaustion and showing symptoms of getting over a fright that had not been caused by any number of the meanest child hating policemen.

A good priest had he been present would have been edified by the display of medals, s capular and badges of the Sacred Heart.

Looking upon all this without conscious pride the Octopus whispered.

"Fine work, keep in line boys now girls keep your positions and don't let the cops pass into the entrance

way of the Virians even if you have to assail him, for he has no written warrant to do so."

There were a few short moments of waiting. All eyes meantime turned on the guardian of the law.

In two respects this official surpassed the boys and girls. He was dreadfully out of breath, far more than the most winded of the children. And he was stertorous in his expression of this condition.

"Good afternoon officer" said the Octopus with a vast smile in answer to which the officer panted at him, and attempting to close his mouth began to choke. Thinking better

of it he opened his mouth once more, and turning panted at all the lines of children.

Young people as everybody knows are much given to imitation. Little Rosa-mond Germaine Egan, much impressed by it, opened her fair mouth and panted too. Her little neighbors followed her lead.

In a moment every mouth including those of the boys also followed her lead. In a moment every mouth was opened and the policeman found himself gazing upon a sight seldom granted to men of his uniform.

The only person in on the immediate

scene who breathed regularly and held his lips together was the Odorus. And so far for a period of at least 60 seconds the police man panted at the children, the children panted at the representative of the law.

The situation had become comic but the officer closed his mouth turning purple in the act, raised his head and glared at the children who eyeing him sadly but defiantly panted with fresh vigor.

"Set those of you who were in the grounds of Mr. Sese Mams house with little or nothing left on, on, you after your experience step out" she gasped to

No one came out.
 "Pick them out yourself officer" suggested the Octopus "Anyway were they not in the grounds, when no one could see them and did they steal anything?"

"No they did not. But it's a haunted house a most dangerous place and against the law for any one without the proper authority to go in" protested the officer.

"Against the letter yes" conceded the Octopus "but not against the spirit. I've heard about that house, and I'm sure I know what it is. Oh have a heart."

"I sure I have a heart" answered the policeman putting a large hand to that portion of his anatomy

(his belly) where very incorrectly he fancied that organ to be.

Here upon a bright little girl giggled. Other bright girls followed her example and before you could say Jack Robertson every body broke into a burst of giggles as musical as the chimes of Normandy.

The Octopus raised a warning finger. That gesture was enough with a suddenness that was startling, every mouth opened again and the panting pandemonium was functioning once more.

"Well" said the officer after a pause "I'll let every body go except that little imp who got on a street car,

with nothing on then getting off at Center ran three square with nothing on and then stole a gummy sack from a commission store and cut an opening in it with his teeth for his head. He's a thief."

"Hold on officer" remonstrated the Odo pus trying to stay him from pushing into the row of girls. "The boy is no thief. He's a sense of decency. I'll pay you for that."

He did not furnish his sentence for the officer rudely brushed past him and made his way straight for the place where he was sure he had seen Frank Dowling hide himself. The girls stood as firm

as a rock barring his way while the boys closed in on him with an alacrity which to a cooler man than Killjoy might have meant the threat of dangerous hostilities. There were too many boys and girls to contend with if they had a mind to go at him.

But there was no one clad in a gummy sack to be seen - nothing but the other boys, and the panting defiant girls.

The policeman scratched his head. What had become of the boy in the gummy sack. He could not have climbed into the window without being seen. It was a mystery. "He's the meanest man

on the force, but he'll not pass us into the Virriano house, for we'll all go for him" whispered one of the real adventurers of the Seseman grouse, to his neighbors "He's down on boys and hates girls. We're scum to him. They say that Alderman Murphy is going to get him off this beat."

The boy was right Officer Smith when last he heard of and before he disappeared into a fitting obscurity was patrolling a beat where children were as rare as arctic roses.

Then around a corner tripped a lass with beautiful extraordinary golden curls, large blue eyes who wore a purple dressed trimmed with red and was circled by a

yellow sash. She was the loveliest little girl present, too beautiful for even the policeman to look upon.

The Octopus started on seeing her so did the policeman, who suddenly touched his hat to her, and frowned at the other children, then hastened down the street.

The sight of any one of the Virrian girls for some reason or other scared this policeman. He was afraid of them.

"Say Sady June" the Octopus exclaimed as the child stood in front of him. "I'm good at faces but I can't remember yours."

"Please sir" said the sweet child "I'm not Sady June. I'm Catherine Virrian. We got the boy as softly inside some on

in"

He followed the little Vir-
iam girl inside coming
up on the boy in the gummy
sack.

"Why Frank Dowling why
did you break your pledge
to us?" cried Catherine
clapping the shoulder of
the youth, whose face
had flushed into the
redness of an angry cloud
in a stormy sunset, and
she looked reproachfully
at him.

"Aw gosh" growled Frank
conscious of the amuse-
ment which he was
creating among his pals
who had followed
him into the build-
ing "Set me out of this
old gummy sack." he
continued casting the
eyes of scorn and
contempt upon his

"beautiful dress" It smells
like rosin"

"And" put in Jennie,
"What are you going to get
into? Where are your clothes
you bad bad boy?"

"I aint neither" protest
protested Frank absent-
ly trying to put his
hands in his pockets-
an impossible task but
provoking a ripple of laugh-
ter from the crowd. His
shirt was torn to pieces
in getting past a terrible
tree that lashed at me
in the grounds and when
I tried to grab my pants
a branch grabbed them
and tossed them into
another tree and I could
not go up there after
them.

At Jackson and Halsted
despite my nakedness
I got on a car and the

conductor put a gummy sack over me - I didn't steal it.

When I got off at Webster that old kill joy had followed on another car and chased me."

"How did you get away from the tree Frank?" he asked.

"I slipped between the swaying branches and lit out."

"And you mean to say you easily got away with that?" asked the Octopus highly interested.

"It was all lady luck" answered Frank "The branches were acting funny and swinging down at me with a crazy noise. One branch was only a few feet away. It almost got me but I made a sort of a dive and my left leg got tangled up in a small branch swinging lower than I

than I supposed. I had spilled me all right, but others missed me as I was picking myself up. I never ran so fast in all my life. But say what's the matter with that tree?

"But how come the conductor had the gummy sack?" asked the Octopus.

"He had it under a seat" answered Frank "and it itches like anything."

"It was little Jennie Jones" explained Catherine looking sharply at Master Bowling who helped me slip Frank into our house. I told her "to."

"Yes" said Jennie sarcastically stepping into the limelight the gummy sack fits him beautifully.

"This remark was received with much enthusiasm by all present with the notable exception of the unhappy youth wearing it whose face took on the expression of one, out of whose life joy and happiness had fled forever.

Just at that moment Pennod came dashing in, with the words angrily said:

"Well, what's going on here in my place? So you broke your pledge?"

The horrible frown which now came upon Pennod's face, was at the opposite pole of its usual sweetness while the glance which he threw upon the boy Frank Dowling and the boys and girls who had been at Sese man's crazy

house should have turned to stone any one facing him on the spot. Some of the boys edged away so apoplectic had Pennod's features become that the Octopus stepped forward determined to intercede for the children.

"Come Pennod," he said "be reasonable. They forgot themselves."

"Reasonable" gulped the boy prince. "Do I look like I can be reasonable? Those two legged gardeners broke their solemn promise to me and my sisters, and went into the grounds of Sese man's house. There after they can go there when they like and suffer the consequences. I'm through

with warning them. Get that gummy sack off Frank you look like a big sweet potatoe."

Corne whispered the Octopus to Frank "be a man."

"Man?" gulped the embarrassed boy "Do I look like a man?"

"We will have to get you out of that gummy sack" continued the big friend.

"I haven't got any other clothes" stammered the unhappy lad.

"What?"

"My other shirt is getting washed. And that's all I've got 'cept' a pair of old shoes and two pairs of stockings."

Before the Octopus could recover himself to say something appropriate to this unusual situation Louis Angeli an Italian

youth of about the same age of Frank came in at a run straight upon the wearer of the gummy sack. And in his hand he held a neatly tied package.

"Saul Frank" he said "my mother told me to give you this. It's a suit of clothes and things like that. And Frank" he added in a lower tone of voice "she says she's much obliged."

The handsome olive complexioned lad said all this quickly awkwardly and with a hangdog air.

And yet as he handed the package to Frank, he gave him a look which was meek and kindly.

"Please take it Frank"

he said
 "Ray Louis" bawled Pernod
 sharply "You too broke
 your solemn promise to
 us. Are you all crazy or
 tired of living?"

Louis Angeloni had been
 one of the reckless ad-
 venturers. There was one
 other circumstance con-
 nected with that inter-
 rupted adventure known
 only at that time to those
 who were engaged in
 that dangerous pastime
 which as Louis made
 his speech was spread
 almost instantaneously
 from ear to ear among
 the other boys and
 girls present. The
 news was this-

"the two had a desperate
 fight before the und-
 der in front of
 the dangerous grounds

and Frank knocked
 Louis silly in less than
 two minutes. It was
 also known to all who
 were not infants in
 arms, that there had
 for a long time exis-
 ted a misunderstand-
 ing between Louis and
 Frank. They were rivals
 in sports and leaders
 of opposing gangs.

Hence this public
 presentation was a new
 development in the
 events of a highly ex-
 citing day.

Three cheers rang
 out as though they were
 preconcerted and when
 Frank ceasing to look
 unhappy, broke into a
 smile and catching
 Louis's hand shook
 it warmly, there
 was a vociferous "tiger."

In fact had not the Octopus been wanting to obtain full details concerning the men in the window, and whether they still were there so he could signal to them, he long since would have rescued Frank from his intensely awkward situation.

The other kids went home by Pennock's command.

The Octopus was now in the sitting room.

It would have taken a sharp eye to discover that in one side room were out two beds in full view.

The place was furnished humble despite the richness of the Virvians but no furniture was old, nor were there any lacking. But there was one bit of hand-somely decorated furniture that looked

like a lounge, another looked like a wardrobe belonging once to Queen Elizabeth of England.

At night these two articles were thrown open, and revealed themselves beds.

"Just excuse me one minute sir" while I go with Frank into the next room and help the boot change" said Pennock.

"I'll help you Pennock" volunteered Geremie offering at the same time to relieve him of the package.

"Set him change by himself" said Hettie indignantly "We won't be servant to him. He broke his solemn promise to us. Suppose he got killed. He ought to be ashamed of himself."

Frank shut himself in the adjoining room. Jennie was in two minds, she was thinking of breaking in upon Frank, and having it out with him then and there about his foolishness, but it also seemed proper to make a few scathing comments upon the other, who had gone into the dangerous territory with him.

Catching the smiling eyes of the Octopus fixed upon her she thought better of either course and looking reproachfully at him said "I doubt if I should have come to believe it at last."

A fleeting glimpse in the mirror brought her to see how tragic she looked. She

reacted at once to this answer of "We all make mistakes", and throwing her eyes towards heaven, and clasping her hands, she addressed an invisible audience presumably the nine choirs of holy angels.

"How bitterly I was not believed" she ejaculated.

The octopus was much affected. He glanced towards the window looking across the street giving him he noticed a very fine view of the window which he had paid special attention to while on the street, put his hands to his back and shook with emotion.

"Was he weeping?" Jennie asked herself "Am I too cold to him? Am I mistaken in the

way I act towards him? Will he refuse to help us if I keep on this way?"

But she was given no time to ponder the question for Violet nothing at all moved by this dramatic outburst, and continuing to gaze calmly at the somewhat elder sister opened her mouth and in tones that were at once clear and severe:—
declared:—

Gemmie those reckless boys and girls got that crazy idea out of the vulgar moving picture thrills they said they saw at the Gaiety show house on North Ave week before last. It was "Anasty House Blawnting" they said. "Violet" cried Gemmie, raising the index

finger of her right hand and pointing it at her sister "Only once more I warn them, solemnly warn them."

"Hi-hi" broke in eight year old Catherine in a shrill tremor which put an end at once to the deep and solemn tones of Gemmie. "Mrs Dwight" thinks that Mr Seesman's house has got the same spirits we chased out of the house in (of) Calvernia, because most, most of the disturbances are the same. She said that if that was sure certain it would be best to give up the whole adventure and go home."

Gemmie's jaw dropped, and she looked helplessly

at her young sister who was beaming guilelessly with the joy of having made an important announcement.

"He did say it" put in Daisy the little girl of the same age.

"Daisy dear" cried Jennie "how could the teacher say such a thing. We'll never give up."

"I don't see" announced Violet with a slow drawl and her eye fixed calmly on her hotly flushed sister how she can say anything else. The night before last at supper, you too said it looked hopeless, and then you went and said that our teacher

declared in class that some day we'd all be very sorry that

we ever come to know of such a place and all the children agreed with her. And I asked a lot of boys and girls in other classes and they agreed to the fact that Mrs Wright said that Mr. Sesserman's house was impossible to cure and that's discouraging. Every body talks that way and I heard it mentioned every time we go to Communion.

"Mr. Octopus" she added "we go to Holy Communion every day."

"You do?" declared the old man still apparently trying to choke down his emotion.

"Yes we all do. It's a good ideal thing. It keeps a girl from

getting silly."

"Our teacher" added Daisy with enthusiasm "says that all girls and boys or most of them are sophisticated who aint got sense enough to keep out of almost hopeless danger, and yet that bunch of children from St Vincent's school with Frank got."

"Got what?" queried the man. "They risked their lives entering the grounds of the 'Crazy' house" put in Violet gravely.

"That's it" said Daisy gratefully "God saved them miraculously."

"And what does she mean by sophisticated?" asked the Octopus.

"Why?" answered Violet "its means being a snob, or being silly. You think you know more

than anybody else. And you dont like dolls and you wont go to a party unless there are boys there. And you talk about boys most of the time. And you make eyes at them. Some can also be sophisticated in the righteous way, and also in the wicked way. We are ourselves are sophisticated in our desires to lead the best saintly lives on all record. Good little Jennie is more sophisticated than we are."

"Violet" said Jennie "you say good things about us but of yourself you say nothing."

"20 hoop" came an exultant voice from the adjoining room, the door where of was synchronously thrown

open, revealing on its thresh-
old a rosy cheeked boy, clad
as to his face in smiles,
and as to his person in
highly polished low cut
tan shoes short socks white
knickerbockers a white
outing shirt liberally striped
with baby blue and a tie
of green and gold.
Master Frank Dowling
was himself again.

"To think" said Violet
of Louis Angeloni mak-
ing you such a beautiful
present as that. Why
only yesterday I am sure
he never would have
thought of such a thing.
He did not have much
love for you then."

"No more he would"
assented Frank "Yesterday

Louis would have said
his love with a brick
bat but to day we are

friends."
"Its about time" observed
Jennie tartly "you and he
have been going about
with chips on your shoul-
ders for all the time I
and my sisters were in
this country. Boys dont
do that in my country.
Its a shame, you re a
pair of savages."

"We aint" growled Frank.
"all boys, and even
girls fight each other
in this country."

"not in our own" put
in Daisy severely. "They
love each other well,
too well. Selfishness,
and jealousy causes
them to fight here."

"Well I was willing
to make up all right."
But once he got mad
I couldnt get him to
make up."

"What made him mad at you Frank?" inquired the O'clopus.

"Aw I just called him a coward when he wouldn't do what I defied him to do."

"What did you defy him to do?"

"I dared him to go into the grounds of Mr Sereman's haunted house."

"Frank" proclaimed Violet in her judicial drawling manner dared him to go near the 'banshee' elm tree. And then when Louis fearing the police more than the place refused, Frank got mad, and called him a cowardly wop and dago. If any one would call in that be cause of our Latin nationality it would be too bad

I think it was very unkind, but I don't see why Louis should have bloodied his nose for it. Do you Mr?"

All gazed inquiringly at their new hero.

"You are right Violet" he said slowly. "It was very unkind, though I am sure Frank did not mean to be unkind. Every decent boy in the world is very sensitive about his nationality. If he was not, he'd be no good. I suppose Pernod that somebody called you and your sisters wops, or dagoes?"

"There's not a man, woman, boy or girl would dare do it" said Pernod doubling his fists and rolling his eyes. "We have horrible

island prisons for those kind."

"You are right Perrod.
"But Frank Dowling did wrong by not keeping his promise. The detectives and priests say the banshees are too strong in that house and grounds. One here called Mr Burns said, week and week ago, when the people were incredulous they laughed at the stories about the house made fun of every one who told of its condition and called these people crazy and so on. Now every body (we) who were at first incredulous are afraid to go near the place."

"They are cringing cowards" said Perrod for they're afraid to help us."

"Precisely Perrod they are not really such; they dare not be so rash to go in the place, even if they have the strength of numbers because the demons have power that no one can contend with. Yet how about this little Irish boy Frank Dowling and his companions who rashly broke their promise and went into the grounds. Don't you remember that God said, when on this earth "Those that seek danger shall find it?"

"I'm sorry" said Frank. "I never thought of it that way. If I broke my promise they ought to be mad. I'll make up for it the first chance I get. And I'll never double cross them again."

"Then" suggested Jennie

hastily "it would be a good idea to stop referring to us as your guardians hereafter. If you want to risk your life in the Grapphin house go ahead. And since you so rashly broke your pledge—" but how did you and I ours come to make up?"

"Aw nothing. We just had a little fight near the banshee grounds and I was kind to him after it was over, and so we made it up."

"You are keeping something from us" retorted G. ^{Grace} angrily. "I can see it in your face."

In vain did all present endeavor to get further details. Frank seemed to think that he already said too much.

"Never, you mind me Smarty," said Jennie

baffled by the youths' reticement, "but you'll get it when Angelina comes home from her shopping with Grace. Why did you break your promise to us, and go into the Grapphin house premises and lead your companions into grave peril?"

"I intended to keep my promise" said Frank.

"There's a certain place a very hot place" observed Violet loftily "that is paved with good intentions."

"Since you won't tell us" observed Catherine hotly "why you went in, it makes us more sore at you, as there is something wrong when you won't tell us. We like to have people, but we don't want our friends

or acquaintances to be reckless suicidal geese, Angelina said she would see to it we'd be through with you as your companions and play mates, if you went in that dangerous place and you did."

"I don't deserve to lose your friendship" muttered Frank showing unequivocal symptoms of distress at the sad prospect before him.

"Come here Frank" the Octopus said, seating himself in a vacant chair.

"Set" get this thing straight" he continued seriously.

"Did you some time ago tell these little girls that you would not go in that awful ghost house?"

"Yes sir I gave them my word twenty days ago."

"And did Miss Angelina

say she'd disgrace you and her sisters would do the same thing too if you went into Mr Sese Mann's house, or its surrounding territory?"

"She did" answered all of the little Virnians there present.

Angelina doesn't like to be severe to any body" explained Violet serenely.

"She seldom is, and never unless one of our friends do something real serious. It is only since little Marjorie Masters went alone in there three or four times that she even now gets serious. Of course in a way it's none of our business who goes into Mr Sese Mann's house, but it's their own fault, not ours if anything happens to

them. But that place is oh so dangerous, Evans said she nearly got killed that night."

"What happened to Maryou?"
 "Strange howed phantom like hands gripped her by the throat" Jennie made answer. That's why we all went to Holy Communion for her at six O'clock mass this morning. Frank served it as altar boy and he went to Communion too. And after that he goes and disobeys us in a most serious manner I guess he wants to get killed."

"Aw" growled Frank "you neednt put it on. Didnt you friend sneak off on you people last week and go to that crazy house and almost get choked to dal death and you didnt even scold her. I'm no afraid of

the demons than you are. Aint this a free country. And didnt Jack Evans -

"Hold on Frank" broke in Daisy "There's no sense in talking that way about everything she made no promise to us, and what she does we are not responsible for. The thing we are talking about is you breaking your promise, a pledge you made to us. If anything happen to you it would be your fault and we would not be responsible. You are not afraid of the devils?"

How do you know you aint? We aint either according to our idea yet we dont dare enter the place by ourselves. An to this being a free country, half of you

don't even show respect for it or for Old Glory"
 "You see" explained Catherine "its this way. We work hard every day to keep our boy and girl school companions away from that Grapphin house and Angelina who runs things says she can't stand being away from even St Patrick's school if all the kids of that school also run around the Grapphin house.

Now for instance that week Maryorie went off at night through a rear room window of our house, here, like the silliest of girls -"

"Catherine" admonished Violet "lets not talk any more about foolish reckless Maryorie its dangerous. That may ever lure the demons

on here."
 "Well Frank" said the Octopus "how do you feel about losing the companionship of these good little girls. You double crossed them by breaking your pledge and thats very serious. Indeed if Princess Angelina promised to do something if you double crossed her and her sisters she ought to keep her promise oughtnt she?"

"Yes I guess so sir."
 "And you deserve to lose their confidence in you and lose their friendship too dont you think so?"

"For one good reason I dont see that sir."

"Oh you dont? I didnt you promise these little girls you wouldnt take

the awful chance of going into Mr. Sezemann's property?"

"Yes sir"

"He did it most solemn" added Hettie "across his heart" suiting the action to the phrase.

"And didn't she say, she considered the matter so important that she would deem it necessary to reduce her friendship, and her sisters do the same if you disobey?"

"Yes sir"

"Then she too must keep her promise."

"Oh that's different."

"And put in Pernod "we want all our friends and acquaintance to make promises like that and to help them for their own personal safety. We know that gosh-hanged house, you don't. And if you got killed whose fault would it be?"

"mine"

"Now Frank" said the Octopus "you look like a manly fellow if I've sized you up right; you are brave and honest. It seems to me that we ought to be willing if we've have to face the consequences. Of course it is not always pleasant. No one likes to be punished."

All the same if we're brave and just we'll grin and bear it."

"Yes sir. I don't want to be a coward. But then you see I don't think I deserve to lose their friendship."

"But why? Why don't you explain?"

For answer Frank hung his head his countenance quivered. He

struggled to control himself. But from his lips came no answer.

"Tell us why you went in and we'll pacify Angelina" suggested Jerome.

At this juncture the sound of feet ascending the steps created a diversion.

"Hannah" cried Pernod "Is Angelina? I know I step."

And Pernod followed by Catherine rushed from the room, making their passage way musical with joyous shouts of welcome.

The other extraordinarily holy children out of respect for their honored guest contented themselves with turning eager and expectant eyes towards the doorway. It was easy to see that Angelina's return from shopping was one of

the brightest moments of the day. As the children flung themselves on Angelina, probably the prettiest and gravest looking of the little virgins, the Octopus's heart was touched.

He felt that he was in that most rare of things in this twentieth century, a home of unusual holy people.

"Angelina dear" said Violet when the first violent and affectionate manifestation of welcome had spent their force "I think you never met our new and strange friend the man his enemies call the Octopus."

"Oh excuse me" said Angelina turning

inquiring eyes upon the stranger. "I didn't see you sir" just then the mother came in from another room. He arose and kissed the nose.

"I am glad to meet the mother of such lovely good children Mrs. Vinnam" said the old man bowing politely. "I owe you an apology for doubting your sister Jennie and your brother. It was my own - my mistake but - but."

The Octopus hesitated. Hettie came to the rescue as both Jennie and Angelina and also their mother looked at him somewhat indignant.

"He saved Frank Dowling from the cops" she explained.

"Yes" supplemented James. "An' drews Frank Dowling went into

the grounds of Mr. Sese-mann's crazy house, and the cop got after him, and he came running up the street in a sack with his head sticking out at one end, and his feet at the other."

The Empress started and sank on a chair. Angelina's eyes suddenly flared. Her face flushed feverishly.

"Frank Dowling did you break your word to my daughters and go into that awful place?"

The tears came to Frank's eyes.

"I couldn't help it your Highness I just had to go in."

"But Frank Dowling" said Angelina reproachfully. "We thought we could trust you."

"Oh Princess Angelina" blubbered Frank "you can."

"Oh no we can't not now"

Princess Angelina "said the old man if I know anything about boys I'll wager anything you can trust him"

"I thank you sir, I want to believe it but I can't. Frank Dowling you know what I said?"

"Yes"

"Do you remember?"

You said you and your sisters would be through with me"

"Well what do you think about it?"

"I'll tell you what princess" said Frank wiping his eye "It's your duty to give me a good drubbing a thrashing but I don't think I ought to lose

your friendship" saying which Frank fell to weeping once more.

"I'm very sorry it hurts me too very badly" said Angelina "but I cannot go back on my promise either I am not that kind, a person who makes a pledge of honor to us, and break it is not at all worthy of us. That is serious. What did you do it for?"

"Oh come Frank" said the Octopus kindly "There's something I don't understand about this. Surely you are not afraid of a punishment. You are not that kind of a boy?"

"No sir it is not that. It's mighty hard on a guy when little girls like these can't trust him any more."

and will be through with him."

"But you broke your pledge" put in Joice crossly "and you won't explain why."

"And assented the old man I feel sure that if you were to explain everything -"

"But there's the trouble sir. I can explain"

There was an awkward silence broken almost at once by a startling quick succession of knocks at the door.

Now a knocking at the door coming unexpectedly is often startling at the first nap. The Octopus springing to his feet slipped his right hand into his hip pocket. Jennie started nervously uttering a suppressed shriek the others huddled together drawing pistols. Empress Vivian

made the sign of the Cross and Frank Dowling running on tiptoe softly opened the door into the next room, and as swiftly shut himself in.

And as Frank shut himself in, the Octopus stepping forward threw open the (op) door with his free hand, revealing to all Master Louis Angeloni.

Louis presented a strange appearance. His handsome little head was bent down, his two fists were held at the angle which is proper for sprinting, he was breathing heavily his perfect lips revealing a perfect set of splendid white teeth. On his head was set or perched an accap at a very

reckless angle obscuring from view his right eye the other being fastened intently upon his feet. In point of fact Louis looked as if he had come up the steps to attack the whole Vivian family.

"Good evening Louis won't you sit down, come in don't be bashful," said Empress Vivian.

"Of course he will" taking Louis around the shoulders and escorting him beyond the threshold.

"Mrs Vivian" began Louis, still maintaining the same position "I've come to say something to you"

"In it private"

"It is but it aint to you holy people" came the mystic answer.

Whereupon Louis started suddenly, sighed heavily, and re moving his

cap proceeded to twist it with both hands.

"I hope" the boy continued gasping between the words "that you are not going to throw Frank out of your good companionship for going into Mrs. Seremans forbidden grounds."

"I'm very kind of you Louis to stand up for him, the more so as you and Frank have not been very good friends, for a long, long time" said Angeline.

"We are now" said Louis.

"I'm so glad to hear you say so" said the mother especially as Frank was to blame. He has always said so herself. He called you a name and he has been very sorry and wanted to make up for a long

But won't you sit down Louis?
Then you might tell us
how you became friends
again."

"It was this way." This after-
noon he knocking the
stuffing out of me" ex-
plained Louis.

"What?" exclaimed all
the Virians together hor-
rified. "Why the little
beast?"

"Ho ho, ho," thundered
the Octopus. "That's a
novel way of making
up."

"But I was to blame
and it was before
we made up. You see
the bunch of us met
at the red gate of
the rear yards of
Mr. Sese's property
to arrange for
a game to see which
of us would dare

throw stuff into the
grounds to see if the
Banshees would toss em
back. Frank is the cap-
tain of the base ball
gang called the Yankee
and a member of the
Refreshment Club.

And I am captain
of the Bears. Well we
didn't think of base-
ball then, but settled
on a game of dare an-
do against the Ban-
shees for next week.

But that game of
dare and do won't
be played off."
"Why not?" asked
the Octopus.
Because some of what

happened to us this afternoon."

Here Louis lifted his eyes and into his face came the flush of fear, as he thought of what might have been.

"We've already learned from experience though he doesn't know it yet. But he is a hero. He's the bravest boy of his age in this whole neighborhood and me -" the slight enthusiasm that came upon him made his face glow radiant

as he spoke, "I'm the best adviser."

"But you're going too fast, young man. You've not told us yet how you and I rank came to make up" said Daisy almost tartly.

"You're right Princess, but wait till I get there please" answered Louis also tartly. "And before I forget it I'll have to tell you that somebody I do not know, but maybe you do have called that place the 'Grapple' isn't that a dangerous meaning?"

"We do not know if it is or not" said "Well a smart first made up that word whereat Louis

teased him for nearly thirty years. "He's the Cure of ails."

There was a minutes pause.

"I told you all" went on Souis "that Frank licked the stuffing out of me and he did it in less than a minute. Now what do you know about that?"

"Remarkable" cried the delighted Octopus.

"He couldn't have done it a year ago" Souis went on "but you see he's a member of the refreshment club, been one for two years, and I've been told that he's the best wrestler, swimmer and boxer of any boy under fourteen who belongs. I'm going to join the Refreshment Club too."

"So shall I if I stay in this town another year" said Pernod "but go on"

"Well the fight came about this way. When we had settled about the game I proposed that we all go in by the main front gate entrance.

Everybody was willing but Frank. He said he wouldn't. I tried to make him change his mind but it was no go.

Then I began to bully Frank. I've been a bully - my mother told me, but not any more for me. But I couldn't move Frank. So when I got ready to go in through the gate I tried to push Frank in too. He

climbed with me and I got mad and busted him on the jaw, and then Frank jumped back and tore loose. Oh mamma "ejaculated the lively Italian, shooting both arms after the manner of a quick fisted prize fighter "What he didnt do to me aint worth mentioning. And then when he planted one on my chin and I fell over - why - why do you know I felt that moment that I had always liked Frank and when I fell down into a "now I lay me down to sleep" pose on the ground - "I - I" here the eyes of Louis blazed - I just loved him. If he'd have run from me instead of holding his own I would not have, I dont like any

cowards

"This" commented the old man excitedly "is better than a play, its worth a trip from well - but what has this to do with Frank going into the grounds?"

"Didnt I tell you?" asked the lifting surprised eye-brows,

"You certainly did not."

"Why - why" when us kids went on I got scared when I heard a curious thumping coming nearer and nearer. I had seized hold of the street light post at the entrance for the whole grounds seemed to be rocking.

Then there was a terrific quake that threw me on my

face, and sent every hair on my head on end and then and then there came a noise as if something dreadfully heavy was crashing down through the tree tops not three paces from us. It was day light and I could see nothing fall.

My sister was caught by the nearest branch of the dangerous Elm tree, and drawn towards the trunk which had a strange face on it, and gave forth an odor that made that from a skunk seem like perfume from a rose in comparison.

The smell drove most of us back, sick and dizzy. The tree acted wildly and made an awful

noise like the shrieking of ten lost souls. As she struggled and screamed two phantom hands appeared to stretch from the trunk and grab her by the neck choking her.

We boys rushed forward to rescue her but six of us were struck and sent flying in every direction by branches. Some branches lashed furiously at the ground showering us with a cloud of dirt and stones.

When I saw her hang limp with her tongue sticking way out I got scared and cried for help. I got struck by a

branch on the forehead and sent flat on my back." he showed the swollen lump as he continued. "There wasn't a fellow among us who would go near that tree now, and it wouldn't let us if we dared. And Frank, when he flung a big stone at the branch which broke it threw holy water at the trunk and as she sank to the ground, he rushed under the tree and got her away through a branch tore his shirt in halves and ripped his knickerbockers off.

He saved her just as a branch hit him and sent him rolling down the path with her."

The expression of Holy joy that came upon

the face of the good mother and her children the Octopus will never forget as long as he lives.

Neither of them said anything. Their hands came together simultaneously their lips moved in silent prayer. The room the Octopus fancied was thronged with angels.

"Wonderful, wonderful" he said in tones that vibrated with the intensity of his emotion.

"But what? can't understand is why Frank didn't explain that to us."

"Oh there's a reason all right" said Sorus.

"When I came to myself after he saved my sister, I was

was plum scared. You see sir I had promised my mother I wouldn't go into that place, and I had broken my word, and I was afraid of getting a walloping as she very firm and severe. Papa doesn't paddle me when he punishes me, he uses his fist. You know how a fellow feels when he sees his sister rescued from being killed?"

"Perfectly," assented the Octopus, once more mendaciously obliging.

"Well I was shaken up and I got to blubbering like some fool cry baby. I was kind of frightened and I was afraid to go home because dad would punch the backside out of me, and Frank, why Frank, why

he's the best guy I ever met. He kept his word of honor. He didn't break his word to you Virgins and that's why he licked me and it served me right."

"What about Frank?" asked the Octopus rubbing his hands through his hair and in a state of wild excitement.

"Why Frank he ups and says, 'Sowie he says, 'I'll keep it a dead secret and so will every guy here, won't you fellows?'"

"And they all said they'd never tell anybody and he added triumphantly 'they all have kept mum. I haven't no one in this city knows a word about

it except you folks and my mother. You see I had to tell her. Do you think I'd stand for Frank getting the burns such, and my sister saved by 'turn? not on your life."

"Louis Angeloni" cried the Octopus catching the boys hands in a clasp that caused that youth to wince "you're white all the way through"

"I wasn't answered the modest youth "but - such you're going to crack my bones - thank you sir I'm going to be. I'll rejoin the Refreshment club, and get in with Frank's crowd."

And I'm going to be an acolyte at St Wincents along with Frank and I'll try my best, my very best to be in his class - such."

"By the way" observed

the Octopus "we have all been so intensely interested that we've lost sight of Frank. Where in the world is he?"

"I'll get him" volunteered Jennie. She was followed in her quest by her sisters, and James Andrews.

Louis stayed by the Octopus.

"Here not here" cried Violet from the farthest room. "Frank Frank."

"Frank Frank Frank," screamed the others.

Suddenly their call ceased succeeded by shrill and continuous laughter. Laughter prolonged until Jennie and Violet brought into full view the struggling and unwilling boy whose face and clothes were whiter than

the driving blizzard snow outside.

"We found him" explained Violet "in the old flour barrel where he was hiding from the cops."

At this moment Joyce Margaret Virian tripped lightly up the steps a song in her heart and a song on her lips. The hour, the shopping hour was done and she was returning home.

Unannounced and without knocking she entered the family sitting room, took one glance rubbed her eyes and suppressed a scream of laughter.

She found herself gazing upon a strange party. Standing in the middle of the room was a youth whose clothes were white with flour and whose face, where

it was not plastered over with the same ghostly colouring was fiery red.

Around him every face streaked with flour stood the family all smiling with a ghostly ghastly effect.

And at the window the Octopus was gazing intently across the way.

"Hey joy" cried Catherine "Look at Frank. He's been hiding in the flour barrel and the Octopus says he's a hero."

"Catherine means to say" explained Violet "that Frank is a hero and he is. He fought Louis Angeloni, and almost put him to sleep and then he saved Louis's little sister from the killer Elm and she was charmingly like

cops in a gummy sack and when he thought the cops were still after him, he hid himself in the flour barrel, and when he came out all of us hugged and kissed him, which got him red hot and mussed us all up till we look like a family of ghosts."

"Look here," protested Frank "I don't want you to be calling me names. You'd think the way Louis talked that I had done something wonderful. He was the hero. When I went to save his sister, he didn't let the branches grab me. He was as cool as a chocolate sundae."

"I told him to strike at the branches with a broken one and he did, breaking two of

them. It was dead easy." Meanwhile Empress Virrian greeting Grace effusively whispered into her ear:

"Oh Grace, if father was with us now untill out on business untill nine to night, how proud he would be of these two boys. They both have a sense of honor. We can trust them. Thank God. By the way meet our friend the Octopus."

"I am certainly more than pleased to meet you Miss Grace," he said "and now I believe we met the whole Virrian family."

"I happen to remember you Mr Paul Francis" almost reproachfully "but since

you have made up for your mistake, we'll be friends."

"You haven't seen the Gnapphin house" said Catherine to him.

"Look at the picture" said Hattie taking a photograph from the mantle piece.

She or any one else didn't know it was possessed and going to cause trouble. They first had it in Sese man's crazy house.

"Tell me more about his crazy Gnapphin house," requested the Octopus, "and what kind of a man is Mr Sese man?"

"Mr Sese man" said Violet who was the official chronicler of the family "is a rather tall man, not quite so tall as you Mr Francis, with a not so old face

has dark eyes, and a sort of cameo face, hair that is dark gray, a winning smile, and a laugh that lets everyone see a perfect set of teeth.

His features are very regular, and he has a silky blonde moustache. He is very handsome. He has a brother by the name of Fred, who looks like him."

"Violet" went on Jennie "who had been calmly waiting to put in her own" states the truth. The one called Fred, resembles George Sese man very closely. He looks like him but he is not like him at all outside of the look of the face. He is not like him.

"How very complimentary you are" laughed Violet.

"I do not intend to be at all complimentary I intend to tell the truth" returned Jennie "George Reserman is kind and pleasant while his brother is a grouchy old bear, a sour puss. After some of my sisters forced Fred to tell some mystery about his brother's crazy house, he disappeared without even leaving a trace. None of us can account for it."

Joice who had retired up to remove her hats and wraps now appeared once more. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows. Joice also was the extreme beauty of the family the more attractive for the sweet modesty that hedged

it in.

"Excuse me sir" she said smiling and flushing "but this is the hour we all take our shower bath. So you'll pardon us for a short time. Come on Penrod and my dear sisters."

The others showing a striking desire for joking.

"Hicks growled Penrod 'I f I was in a river of soap and water I still believe I'd look like a ghost in all this flour. I'd like to duck

I rank in tars and feathers for hiding in that confounded flour barrel.

"And Hettie and I" laughed Daisy "came down going to it

trying to pull him up. We upset the barrel and the flour came in clouds all about us. We have been sitting there and behaving ourselves perfectly like little white ghosts with our eyes - man looking on and never saying a word about us ghosts."

"So they have" assented the new found family friend "and I have been have been having such a wonderful time, that I have very much overstayed sitting and listening - and a perfect stranger at that."

The Octopus who had been making a careful study of the various portraits of Seesemanns haunted properly enough to him by

Hettie during the previous conversation laid them down on the mantle and was evidently about to make his departure whereupon there arose a chorus chorus of protests

"Oh but I must go my brother from Baltimore is here and must see me about something"

"I stay until you see how nice we look when we're washed." implored Catherine

"I stay a short time longer with us" whispered the mother "and children dear wait until I send for you, after you're through"

There were a few difficulties attendant upon clearing the way of the younger

hopeful, all of whom would slip away from the other to renew their farewells to the tall handsome old man.

"Sir" said the mother when the children were out of sight but by no means out of hearing - "I've got what Bernad calls a hunch."

"And that is?" inquired the Octopus returning her straight sweet gaze.

"That some how you belong here. My husband will say the same if you're here when he returns this evening. I fear I am not clear, just now when I returned home ahead of my two little shoppers and find a perfect stranger as people would say

talking to and playing with my holy children. But it never occurred to me that you were a stranger.

When I was introduced I felt as if I had known you for years knowing nothing of you, of where you came from, of what you do, of your life and surroundings I just take you for granted."

Upon my word said the big man beaming "I've never heard nicer words in all the fifty seven years of my life. Mrs. Ursula I've fallen dead in love with your whole family including yourself. You needn't blush I'm perfectly safe I'm a married man with

with the sweetest wife and the two loveliest children in all Boston though I'm positive all children and the prettiest of women are homely compared to your dau—"

"h-h-h-h" warned the mother. "Lettie Joyce Angelene, Daisy and Jennie are so gifted they can hear far off. They won't have their beauty praised. They'll be down on you like a cyclone."

"Oh well they're unusually beautiful bey ond record all the same I've got to stick to the truth in spite of what they may hear or what may come. But I've got a hunch too and my hunch is that we all are going to see a lot of each other."

"That is very much like mine Mr Paul

Francis and there is something else I want to tell you. This is my special day Wednesday. I've dedicated Wednesday to the little flower.

"My little daughter Daisy aged eight is named in her honor and dedicated to her. Oh I know you belong here Well there's never a Wednesday passes but the Little Flower remembers me in one way or another.

Coming home from church I was asking myself "What is the 'Little Flower' bringing me to day?"

I was sure of something when I thought that. And when I entered the room I find you."

"I hope you are right Mrs Vivian I hope I shall see more of you and your family. But I'm

here to day and off to mor-
 now. I'm not master of my
 time, still it looks, because
 Reseman's house has gone
 crazy, I may be in Chicago
 for some weeks to come
 as I intend on helping
 your daughters do something
 with the Reseman situa-
 tion. By the way you may
 call me Paul Francis"

Here Paul Francis took
 out from an inner pocket
 of his coat a card case.
 "Look at this" he said
 holding up a card.

Mrs. Vivian read it.
 "Oh" she said.

"Keep that to yourself.
 Don't let any one outside
 of your family know.
 I must remain un-
 known here if possible"

"You have trusted me
 Paul. Let me show
 my equal confidence."

"I'm worrying."

"About what?"

"First of all about my
 daughters, and what they
 call the Grapshin house"

"The what?"

"The Grapshin house. That
 what they call it. The child-
 ren confidentially do not
 know how it came to be
 in such a condition, or why
 they possessed by angels,
 can't do anything. It don't
 look like haunted houses
 read of in ghost stories.
 It is a very magnificent
 imposing I believe
 fire proof mansion
 in good condition in
 every way, but never-
 theless a 'grapshin'.
 And the demon ban-
 shees defy everything
 that is used to ex-
 pel them, and severely
 injured two Cardinals."

"Indeed."

"It is incredible, I discovered the fact when I came home early in January. They told me the house was then very radical, fanatic, in its condition and dangerous, are also many frightful killing phenomena, and dreadful apparitions. They have tried to get every aid possible, but to no avail. I in person went to see Mr. Gersman.

He was dreadfully upset. He said the case about his house seemed incurable. When I asked him how he came to seek the aid of my daughters without consulting a priest he said he tried but they took him for having "wheels" in the head. He thought my little

daughters could do it because he heard they're little girls and wholly angels combined. He appeared to be the most upset man in the world to me. While explaining things fully to me he was crying and I felt like crying too.

There had been some friction between him and neighbors who blamed him for the condition of his house and the loss of all their tenants. He had complained to the police to protect him.

The loss of tenants to the neighboring home owners is causing great indignation to rise among them to the boiling point and I fear there is

danger of great violence. The phenomena often create the wildest scenes in and outside the building and the most horrid noises and that causes them to lose their tenants by annoyance and fright.

Sometimes it appeared my children were able to stop the disappearances for a while, and rescue people who got trapped and that the house 'would be itself again until my children left the place and then another spell would come on'.

"I-I see it all" thought the Octopus to himself. Then out loud:-

"So it was not cured after all?"

Then I had thought it was. After their first

disappointments, and the smashing defeats of those who aided them, they stayed away from the house for a while living at Brugettes Flam-migam across the street.

When everything appeared all right they thought they had met with success. They were joyous. Their hopes of further success were raised twice.

Then an Edison Phonograph went amuck running down the streets squawking the craziest songs and music you could imagine. They had a world of trouble with that instrument. Then to top it all a fearful phenomenon appeared on the third floor.

of the building killed seven hobos who had wandered into the place. It took three days work for rescuers watched over by my daughters and priests to get the bodies out.

This incident was tremendous, the worst phenomenon of all. Priests and cardinals and detectives had been trapped in phenomenon, and miraculously rescued by my little daughters.

"Any how" observed Paul gravely "I hope your little daughters gave the banshees what was coming to them."

"That I do not know about. The people that know about the circumstances say that they did. But the Grapshin

were as stubborn and defiant as ever. They even sent a organ to the Desplains street Police station playing loud music like crazy.

Well my daughter came back home that day after the organ craze. Worst of all the banshees had strangled my daughters by means of a crazy chandeliers wasted their hope, and discouraged them. After seven weeks of fighting the banshees and every day I thank God for His keeping my little daughters safe they appeared more unsuccessful than when they first entered the Grapshin house.

"For better and worse."

said Paul trying to smile.
 "Very little to the better"
 said Empress Virian ha-
 vely. "I always try to re-
 member that. I want my
 little girls to give it up
 but they're afraid to though
 they're half willing to do
 so. I say the demons
 will follow them where-
 ever they go; if they do
 give up."

That is just what will
 happen. said the Octopus
 decidedly.

At this point of their
 intimate conversation
 the general babble of
 the holy children sub-
 sided and two voices
 one loud and passion-
 ate caused them to
 pause.

"My sister Angelina"
 came the loud calm
 voice in the best of

us all you all say so
 yourself.
 Permod, you are just
 as good as I am any
 day."

"But" continued Permod
 "Who can deny it. Your
 complexion is part ce-
 lestial. And God must
 have loved to put it
 on to mark you as
 his special favorite
 darling. No other kid
 in the world has been
 given such clear beau-
 tiful white skin like
 that of you or my
 sisters. Your complexions
 are angelic. Aint I
 right, James?"

"Yes."
 "How about Permod?"
 asked Jennie.

"Yes" cried Gode tri-
 umphantly "you've
 got a complexion."

that makes the ugly mugs of ours look like the milky way turned from white to black."

"Aw go on" returned Pennod slight embarrassment in his voice. "I know I've got the loveliest complexion so have you Joe and so has Violet. We've all got lovely complexions and Angelina is the best. We don't have to powder our noses even ten seconds to look decent. Many other girls before they wash and fix themselves in the morning make their mugs look muddy muddy - muddy."

These last three words Pennod shrieked in an ascending scale and his sister's laughter followed.

Then silence reigned. "Here it is" said Empress Vivian with a smile that was close to a tear.

Pennod is the best boy in the (word) world but dreadful strong in praise of his sisters. He has a gift for picking out the best points in his sisters and other good children. Let him hear some ill words about his sisters and he goes off like dynamite. Just at present my little daughters have become unusually interested in the Mother of God."

"I think" observed Paul that I was, that was that way myself (was) when I was a boy. It's simple.

youthful admiration. I thought my sister was everything and I still do."

"I cannot blame him myself" admitted the good mother especially when any one of my little girls happen to get into one of their holiest periods. They are having one now sometimes Paul. I hardly believe my daughters are earthly children. I do not tremble for their safety anywhere. They take after their father in all ways and after me in many ways and though Robert is a king of a mighty nation I don't believe there was ever a saint ever living who can rival him in holiness, though he looks so imposing as to scare those who don't know him.

But my daughters are emotional, going from one extreme to another especially if they see sins committed. For a time until Louis's confession they were furious at Frank Dowling.

But to night something like this will happen. After Period says his prayers he will go to his sisters and wish them a happy good night.

Now he always does it in the proper fashion. He always shows a spark of real love and they will melt away at once. Set even another girl say a cross word to one of his sisters and what there will be a

now between him and that girl."

"Would he hit a bad little girl?"

"Yes and how if she strikes one of his sisters. Nobody would ever do that."

"So his sisters are very very affectionate?"

"They're running over with love and holy romance. That's their most gracious point. They are in love with love. Any body can win their affection by the least display of kindness and they show their gratitude immensely."

And as to praise they will turn away and scorn flattery. They're impulsive too they react so easily. And if you refuse them anything they wanted which may not

be good for them they forget about it and let it go at that. No matter how their father or their friends doted on them they were never spoiled and will sacrifice and do anything for you.

They love their father tenderly. They hunger for his love and the more they hungered the more he lavished it upon them. They're indeed so holy that I can't understand why they can't live in the Grappler house of "These men".

"I think I can" thought the Octopus.

"Three years ago" she went on "by their own invention they made an instrument

called a Paloo. They used it with so much success against Banshees in a house in California that the children were elated beyond all measure. One day father said that he considered them as having the making of a squad of little devil expellers.

That settled it for them. Abandoning all idea of the danger that they may ever be outwitted by the powers of darkness, they decided on something which had been their aspiration since making their first communion, and gave all their energy and spare time outside of military duties on studying how to expell banshees out of persons and houses.

Whenever they thought

they could defeat the powers of darkness in public or in secret they were on hand at a disturbed place with their paloo. After a while they had as many as two or three such strange engagements every week and were successful.

In all their father aided and abetted them.

Some time after their last experiment with the Paloo their own teacher in the Skinner School sent for me and told me how upset my daughters were that the Paloo failed them in this case.

My daughters wept and protested about it and their father on learning that

state of affairs grew sulky.
Oh how he hates devils.

He left the house that evening in a very ugly mood against the powers of darkness. Jennie had been asked to engage a new priest on the Reseman situation the following week to see if he couldn't do something and that priest is Father Bryan.

My husband had been much stirred over the Reseman crazy house going over in a fanatic and a radical way to the Banshees.

His anger over it was rising each day. He said to me that evening as he left the house were—

"All the same Mary I think there is a big mistake some—

where that my own little daughters really so holy and truly possessed by angels cannot clear that Gnapphyn house as we now call it some big mistake and that they are making the mistake.

Sometimes I doubt if they are really demons. That Reseman Gnapphyn house is the craziest thing on earth. I'm going to investigate that thing right now."

He went with Evan into the building both got trapped and no one could rescue them but my daughters."

The lips of the Empress quivered stifling a sob as she

resumed:

"I'm so worried about it all I'm afraid its more dangerous for my little daughters than they think. Just before Perrod and Gen-nie left for Boston my husband as you know went to see you some how. My two children got there first and when you doubted them he came in time to save them from being sent by you to the Gummile Court as feeble minded children."

"I understand that that was my mistake as it seemed really impossible to happen in this, a Christian Country, and besides that seemed to happen only in countries where devil worshippers

are. I found it was true by trying and looking over back number newspapers. I never never knew of it, as in a general way I don't read newspapers, and you've never heard about Mr Sese man's house since?"

Plenty but its the same old story.

Three days before Frank and the other children with him broke his pledge with my daughters.

Then came a letter from Mr Sese man himself. Being desperate he had gone to investigate his property concerning the same his disturbances. What he saw raised

his apprehension to the snapping point. One of the priests with him proposed blowing the house to smithereens saying that the only success against the barishees. He tried to have it done with the usual results as the others who had tried it before.

Four of the dynamiters were seriously injured by a frightful phenomenon, one was killed and the others fled in panic. For fear of being blamed for the disaster he gave Detective Burns full details.

All this he told me, the letter was blotted with his tears.

My daughters tell me that the voice that gives the awful cry

from the Elm tree "I am cursed, I am cursed and so are ye all. I sound like the voice that cried of the same words from the possessed Elm tree in front of the house in California" "Indeed"

Yes, and my husband intends to work with you and Father Bryan.

"Brave man your husband. He and Gemmie are strangely alike and one of your daughters I believe its Angeline looks like you" Com-

mented Paul "And all are quick to obey that impulse. But your Husband is positively right.

There is a big mistake somewhere. But did you ever

hear about that queer house again?"

"Yes yesterday. The place is considered double."

"Considered double?"

"Yes"

"What do you mean?"

"There is a grave suspicion that my daughters without knowing it drove the powers of darkness from the Calverinian house into Mr. Sese-mam."

"You don't say?"

"Yes sir"

"And on account of that the whole burden of contesting the Lambs is thrown on your daughters?"

"Not entirely Paul."

"There four of my daughters who are all most twins, Gemme Angelina, Dicky and

Catherine. Penrod is an exact twin to Violet. I don't believe believe angels look as beautiful as them. I yet the half twins are the ones who strive the hardest.

Shortly after my husband went to investigate, and while I was still casting about to get some kind of work against that place myself - at the very moment indeed, when there was no hope of success anywhere, Sister Camilla of St. Joseph's Hospital, called on me.

I had written her a letter telling her of the condition Mr. Sese-mam's crazy house is in. You know my

daughters go to see little Sally Fielders in that Hospital four times a week & the sister came in the afternoon.

"I don't it strange" said Paul with a grin "that all those priests Cardinals,

Bishops, bishops, holy water and sacramentals could not help your daughters? I wonder if the banshees could not be other spirits passing as evil spirits, or could they not be souls from Purgatory or Limbo or else."

"I don't know" answered the mother breaking into a smile. "It can't be possible as sacramentals could be exposed to any abuse if brought in the place. I never had the chance to try it

out myself. Well Sister Carrilla bowed to me though I wanted only to let her know we stand on equal footing no matter what rank.

She said it served the priests and cardinals right for attempting the impossibilities. Then she came down to business - But I fear my children are getting restless - but to go on -

She first said that I have eight most lovely children and wondered where in the world they got their holy grace and beauty and such strangely bright golden hair. One would imagine 'she remarked with awe' that those little girls

mine must have come of fine heavenly stock. No one would believe they were human children on this earth."

Upon my word" broke in Paul "Do you know there, nothing in the world so heavenly as Holy Children?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if it were" announced the woman especially if they're unnaturally Holy. She offered to go into Mr. Gersmann's house and try to chase the devils."

"Upon my word" roared Paul "Didn't you think she was crazy?"

"That's the way I felt. But as I looked at her I was despondent because my daughters so far failed."

I refused her offer though I wept bitterly. She wants to try it but

"I didn't agree to it yet"
"never do it for Heavens sake dear madam. The demon will kill her. Don't lose courage. By the way, would you mind loaning me those photographs of James George Gersmann's crazy house and adjoining property. These three?"

She agreed.

"Thank you, you won't regret it."

At the mother's word there burst into the room the lovely tribe of brother and sisters, immaculately clean, smiling beautiful.

"never, never say they are not little angels" whispered the man.

"never" answered the woman, "I have angels indeed, more precious

than the most precious
eight jewels in this world.

Gennie Verman angel
indeed.
first ^{he} act. Octopus starts his

"Say Mr Octopus have
you heard Gennie play
or I mean, Gie play
the piano?"

"Why does she play?
I should be delighted
to hear her."

"That's the piano,
but from our country"
said Angelina point-
ing guilelessly to a
large musical instru-
ment. We all can
play it perfectly as
good as any pro-
fessional but Gie
has more than or-
dinary talent."

"Upon my word"
chuckled Paul Francis
"your little ones seem
to know all about
music."

I indeed they have

Last Christmas "put in the mother. Father Carney gave Catherine a ten dollar gold piece and that went to the little sisters of the Poor. Christmas day is the time my children dress their best. But none of us dress like rich people as rich as we are. But they had flounces in their dresses and purple silk stockings and there were stars on their stockings. They sure looked like Christmas Fairies. You understand?"

"I do" said Paul Francis.

"and our brother dear Permod," said Violet "was dressed like the picture I saw of little Lord Fauntleroy. He looked a little out

of place about that little Lord. However as little Lord Fauntleroy did not have golden hair, but long black curls, I liked his silk sash. All the same he was as pretty as me, and looked like me dressed as a boy."

"I believe he is prettier than any of us," said Jennie with vivacity.

"I don't think so" said Permod. "I really believe Angelina took the part. She wore a gold locket with a diamond in it and she had the cutest ring on her fingers with a lovely emerald and she looked as pretty as—" Here Permod pausing for dramatic effect rolled his eyes.

"as pretty as you'd like to say - but can't" put in Violet with perfect gravity.

"Did I show you this?" continued Violet modestly "It's a special crucifix given to me by Father Bryan. He says it will protect me if I'm caught in an upside down phenomena in Mr. Lee Mann's house."

"Goodness, gracious, and it's yours?"

"It's to protect me from the powers of darkness" explained Violet.

"Are you starting a crucifix campaign against the banshees there?"

"Vigorous one you know."

"I wouldn't think of

going there alone would you? Wouldn't it work at a distance just as well.

"I think you're stringing me Mr. Francis. I wouldn't go near that place alone, for all the money on earth. The detectives don't allow us, or no one to go there without proper protection - But many of the priests did and cardinals too. Those demons don't care about us, or fear us no more than a common person and unless we be careful those banshees will cause some phenomena to choke us as it happened as we told you. Now the Chandeliers played it on us and we're afraid of the things."

since one of them even
by itself chased Alice."

"How would you like to
hear this son?" asked Joyce
who had been running through
her music sheets.

"That Intermezzo from
the jewels of the maddona?"
asked Jennie

"Yes"

"Why we could all sing it
even in our own tongue.
It's something very up
to date"

"By all means let me
hear the Intermezzo" said
Paul.

"Say Mr Francis" whis-
pered Violet as Joyce
arranged her music
and seated herself at
the piano "I feel awfully
sorry for poor Mr
Bessie man. Every home
owner still blames
them for their loss.

They're dreadfully
angry at him you know
and might do him a
violence. Don't you think
we ought to live in
his residence, untill the
storm blows over. We
are little girls but we
could protect him."

The Octopus looked
straight into the honest
eyes and pathetic face
of the child.

She was clad in thin
but handsome house
garments. She looked
but was not. He had
seen what she could
lift.

She and her sisters
looked delicate enough
for a breeze to blow
over, and yet any
one of them could
equal him in strength.
Her shoes were

foreign but good. Her delicate celestial like beauty caused a lump to rise in his throat.

"We all ought to be kind to the poor old gentleman" he managed to say.

"That's what I think" agreed the extraordinary child who had not had an even hoped to see the poor old man safe from assault anytime.

Grice began to play, the quiet sweet home loving Grice.

Where did she get the power to express the wild gypsy like longing the glory and the underlying pathos of life, the urge of all happiness that is never sought but never found, in a word the

vision intuing pageantry of the world together with its transcendency Grice was in truth an artist.

Paul Francis keenly alive to the music contrived nevertheless to mutter a short prayer of thanksgiving that there were such children in this world.

The whole family to do them justice listened with perfect attention even Jennie who nevertheless took the opportunity to turn it (safely) softly to herself.

When the conclusion of the Inter mezzo came there arose enthusiastic applause. Daisy who much to the surprise of the rest had seated herself on Paul's knees

confided into his attentive ears as she continued clapping her hands:-

"I look at Gemmie. It seems even I couldn't look at her too often. Gemmie is the swiftest runner of all the boys and girls of our school."

"You're wrong underestimating it" said Pennod who overheard her. "The best running man couldn't win a race on you even, let alone your sisters. Glam delinian soldiers are the best runners in the world and they couldn't catch even you."

"Splendid beautiful" roared Paul referring to the pianist he said:

"If I were never, never, to see you again I should never, never forget you as much

as little lovely sweet Irish colleens as you are Abbreannians."

They actually shivered with delight.

Come again come again "they shouted as their new friend ran lightly down the stairs with his departure and the closing of the door upon him the day grew old and wan.

"Mother dear" said Joyce drawing her aside "why didn't we think to ask him to take supper with us?"

The good woman patting Joyce's cheek tried to smile. She failed.

"Mother dear, what is it? I've noticed you ever since I got home I haven't trouble,

"I know there is"
 "It will pass" answered the
 Empress with a pathetic
 break in her voice "Help
 me to be brave dear. 70
 day 7 have received some
 bad news unexpectedly
 news which is against
 us though 7 can't hardly
 believe it. The owners
 of all those houses
 who lost tenants on
 account of the Grappler
 house, who are threaten-
 ing these men, are turn-
 ing on us also. They
 claim you and your
 sisters ran out on
 the banshees and
 are leaving the house
 to its fate, so
 they the tenants can
 be ruined, we face
 a tremendous lawsuit"
 "Poor mother" sighed
 as the tears gathering

in her eyes.
 "And the reason I did not
 ask the Octopus whose name
 is Paul Francis to sup
 with us, was that Father
 Bryan called him away
 too hurriedly."

at the further end of the
 room Violet having exam-
 ined the handsome little
 crucifix kissed it lovingly
 and placed it in her
 pocket.

and went on the mother
 still speaking to her
 "you cannot go back
 on your promise to
 Father Bryan."

The Virian family
 at the consecrated
 hour of six o'clock
 in the evening were
 seated at supper three
 pint bottles of milk

a generous supply of grape juice and some slices of bread made up the modest repast. It was not they couldn't afford more. After the dinner they had, and after what they all heard from Grace and mother they had lost their appetite.

Within half an hour of their seating themselves at table there was still a generous supply of grape juice, nothing else.

The Empress and Grace had denied themselves the milk so the others could have it.

"Do you know" observed James Andrews lightly "that I feel

just as if I could go and blow up the crazy house?"

"James Andrews" admonished Angelina "you always feel that way, but we can't get you near the place. You are just as afraid as all the others."

"Of course he does" said Violet "I always feel that way myself but that's just the same is the sign of dare devil recklessness. To try to do it is like grabbing a rattlesnake by the tail. "I say mother" she added jokingly "may I go barefooted to-morrow and blow up the Seseman house?"

"You may all go and do it if you can work the miracle."

answered the mother.

The permission was received with slight giggles on the part of all save

Gemnie.

"To think of us sitting here observed that young angel gaberd 'eating bread with a few specks of sugar on butter and drinking milking, when there are lots of high hat people sitting in restaurants where there are bright lights and music and lobster - planning to sue us for what we are not to blame. I dare them to do it and I'll order Evans and his gang at them. Webber George Stanislaw's father in one of the plotters himself."

"Is that so?" growled Pennod. "I'll get them

both."

"Half the rich people in this country are lazy lounge lizards" drawled Violet. Money is their only God and their belly the Church. It would be healthier and soul saving continued Violet pointing her finger at Gemnie. "If they were all to dwell in a stable with an ox or an ass standing around."

"What do they know about that demanded Gemnie indignantly. "Their God is champagne bubbling over in 'beautiful' long slim ostrich necked glasses, drinking untill they can't stand up. And between the course the more

sober ones get up and dance with handsome young men and they come around and want to sue us because Mr Resemans got a Graphium house"

"Sounge Sizards sue people to get richer drawer" drawled Violet

Every one at table excepting James turned eyes of admiration upon the young speaker.

"Father Carney said something like that the other day in the young childrens catechism class" explained Violet

"And another thing she went on 'what good does it do Gemmie to think about things that makes us unhappy?'"

"I'll bet the little flower when she was a little girl like you -"

"Little girl me eye" said Gemmie she was

a little angel at birth and she never worried about what was going to happen and I'm sure that she never did have bad luck -"

"Then" interrupted Permod "if she didnt have bad luck I dont see how we can either"

"But those home owners threaten to sue -"

"Set them" interrupted Permod again. "I defy them all. Where are they going to get witnesses against us."

"If they want to sue anybody let them sue the law. We are forbidden by city law to do anything without proper protection" and besides" continued judiciously

Violet "wouldnt it be more sensible to think of how many times we came through far more greater difficulties than this with colon flying? I think about all poor people in danger every day near that crazy place, people who cant leave their homes, and them -"

"Offer a fervent prayer to God," furnished Pen-rod brightly "Violet you have said a mouth-ful"

"But Heaven knows no one could prove a thing against us" volunteered little Daisy who also as a rule was on the side of the highest angels. "God would surely prove our innocence mighty quick"

James Andrews who during this conversation had been performing a work of his own composition by striking a spoon on a plate, became interested and ceased his performance.

His eyes swept around untill he caught sight of the wall behind Violet.

Forming there phenomenically miraculous was a horrible leering face. It had the features of Martin John Suther - James fascinated could not turn his eyes away.

Empress Vivian was just remarking as that they did not care for any more to eat it might be proper to say

Grace when her voice was drowned by a loud and strenuous piercing wail seemingly from Violet who jumped simultaneously.

"What's the matter dear?" she asked while the others looked at her in alarm not looking at the wall behind her.

"I didn't do it, it came from in back of me" cried Violet looking nervously to her rear.

"It came from the wall behind Violet" stammered Gannes. "There was a hedgous face there and -" A loud knock at the door closed the boy's mouth and brought him with a jerk to his feet

as the apparition vanished. Empress Vivian arose. "Come in" she said.

There was no answer. "Come in" she said more loudly. "Don't be bashful."

"It's Maryon" cried Angelina. "Come in Maryon. Why are you so shy all of a sudden?"

No answer again. Came the knocking again.

Pennod sprang to the door and flung it open.

"Gosh" he cried. "No one there."

"This here knocking" announced a voice from apparently nowhere. "Is for Empress Vivian and family. It's the chief angel

that possesses one of your sisters. I warn you don't delay too long and do as the "Octopus" advises. The demons think you have quit pestering them and are going to pester you. I am fair warning. Good-bye."

Then there was absolute silence. Every body hear the warning.

"Would you please if you will let us know who sent you to warn us?" asked the mother going to the door.

"I'm not allowed to give any name ma'am" answered the voice.

"He" piped Permod who had at once faced his sisters. "I believe it's the angel of the miraculous medal, I can recognize his voice"

With another whoop he gave Violet a gentle smack on the shoulder.

"Ho Ho Ho" screamed the three youngest together "we will have to be on our guard."

"Say did you see it on the wall back of Violet?" whispered Garner to Gemma.

"See what?" asked the child.

A face on the wall back of Violet, it disappeared with the knocking on the door. "It was an awful mug"

and then the two fell to silence and eyed that wall very suspiciously as though it were the strangest most fascinating thing that ever did

happen.

But no one just then took notice of them. All were silent all were depressed, beyond measure.

Gennie thought she heard a suspicious sound and arose every other minute to investigate a few seconds, and seating herself hugged and kissed her three younger sisters.

To still their excited nerves they took to ice cream which they sent Garner out to buy. As each child received a heaping dish with an assortment of cake they all fancied they heard something they couldn't explain.

They all listened in perfect silence.

Then came the golden voice of voice out of the silence saying,

"This is the strangest day

yet. Who sent the angel to warn us?" asked Pennod. "The little Flower" answered Violet.

"Didn't you hear the voice say that it must not tell?" asked Gennie looking bewitchingly at her brother.

"It was the voice of your medal angels. He told us to follow the advice of the 'Octopus'" exclaimed Daisy.

"Children" said the mother upon whose cheeks had come a delicate flush "I should not be surprised if all of you were right. Probably the Octopus that is Mr Paul Francis knows more about Mr Rese's house than we think but just on like as not the little Flower put it into his

head to come here to aid you." "That's it" said Pernod. "How could Paul Francis finally believe me and Gemmie if some one didn't whisper it to him. Say Gemmie the Octopus is sorry for the way he treated us two that day when he made his mistake. I hope you'll make up with him."

Gemmie looking more like a little angel than ever jumped to her feet danced over to Pernod, and planted upon his cheeks a resounding kiss."

"Take care Gemmie" warned Pernod "don't make so much noise, or you'll wake up the baby on the second floor."

Apparently this was the best joke the family ever heard, Gemmie joining in the laughter dealt out kisses to each one and had a stranger looked in he would have adjudged that the family was a highly affectionate one, and he would without hesitation have selected Gemmie in leading them all, in wealth of love.

Then they all arose and said Grace, but with that suspicious feeling which comes of still hearing if not fancying strange noises."

"Has it not been a wonderful but strange day?" exclaimed the mother. "I think of little Frank whom I've almost drawn from

us. He's a real hero and his sense of honor is high and think of Paul Francis and of the friendship between Sours Angel and Frank, and what a day for us all. Look at Jennie, she looks like my little girl who five years ago as she went to Holy Communion looked like a little angel, because she is."

"Mother" answered Gorce, her soft eyes lighted by love "I've been thinking things are not so bad after all and!"

"You are wrong child. If anything is not done about Sese's house in a weeks time we are worst of all will face a lawsuit from many landlords,

and the demons will also take advantage of the delay. I must say self with Father when he comes a half hour later go see Father Bryan and speak to him and tell him of the warning voice, and Blessed be the name of God."

"Well" said Gorce looking at the clock "We might as well call it a day. There has been surprises enough."

But Gorce was wrong. She had hardly spoken the last word when there came another knocking at the door.

In spite of this other knocking at the door we must leave the Virgin family situated in

Chicago at 1035 Webster Ave. and stopping at the Hotel Sherman at Clark Street. pause at the Sobly.

Seated together and in earnest conversation, are the Octopus and a gentleman of about sixty years of age, with prominent bright keen searching eyes, a long horseshoe shaped moustache and close cut white hair.

"If no one had told me their names" roared the Octopus savagely "I'd have known they were Abnormalians. Can you beat it? I should say not. And their big giant of a gorilla who is their guardian Jack Evans is his own name."

"Every body who don't like them call them

the "big lumox."

The Octopus let out a roar, took a fat cigar from his pocket lighted it and gave three mighty puffs.

"Tomorrow" he resumed gravely though he could not conceal the twinkle in his eyes, "I'm going to call on my friend Judge Sullivan Sandus of the High Criminal Court you know and ask him to get those Cardinals Bishops and priests and the others who entered the Sherman Crazy Haunted House and allowed themselves to be trapped by the demons, into his Court and examine their heads."

"But what have you got against those

little Viriamos?" asked the other man who happened to be Colonel Bridewell himself.

"What have I got against them?"

"Yes"

"Well its this - nothing at all. I thank God the day we met. They're the best and bravest kids I've ever seen and what makes me mad, is that every cod-livered coward runs out on them won't help them in the fight against Mr Gersernans ghostly enemies and causes landlords to want to sue them be cause they apporantly dont succeed. And they too, are too cowardly to go near the haunted house, I hat

Gersernan house" continued Paul is no place to deal with without the proper weapons. All the people I've heard of are not up to date. There's not a single person who can, or wants to help the little Viriamos along. They aint either got the courage or sense enough to do so.

Police, detectives Catholic luty, and priest who can or ought to be able to do something and dont, or are yellow, have no business on the force, positions or priest hood. I'm going to form a plan that will give those Viriam kids all the credit and fame, and humble and mortify all the others."

"Kindness" philosophized the Colonel" is much more mightier than clubs. That family lives on East Jackson Boulevard does it?"

"No East Adams now"

"Are they able to drive out the banshees of Hell?"

"They don't think so. The little girls and their good mother consider themselves facing defeat. Their good mother - a lovely creature Bob who by her face puts me in mind of the Holy Madonna is not quite so optimistic about the matter."

She has a few ideas in her head about the haunted house but I noticed the children are not the giving up kind though they look more than so

strong willed. Their good mother is a wonder she must be about forty or fifty, her features are like the Blessed Virgin. She looks like her in all ways. She talks like a Saint."

"What school they go to?"

"All except Angelina go to the Skinner on Jackson and Aberdeen street. Angelina goes to St Patrick's at Desplains and Adams."

"Desplains and Adams? That is St Patrick's Parish, and Father, Casey and Carney have charge of everything" cried the Odopus "Why doesn't Father, Casey or Carney do something

about this?"

"Why" said the Colonel
"Father Casey came mean-
dering in here the other
day wanting to get \$12,000
to put up a room in a
dormitory for a college
somewhere."

"He did?" exploded the
Octopus

"Yes"

"Isn't that the limit? Why
when it comes to my
point of view, I put my
money on the helpless
and the orphans every
time. I wouldn't take a
hundred to one shot
on colleges. He should
think of some way
to rout the devils out
of Sese man's house
and never mind the
colleges. The two of
em better look out.
I'll have both their

heads examined 7 o
morrow I'll get hold
of the Father of those
have little Urnam
and see if we can't
secure a safe and suc-
cessful movement
against the Hellish
banishes house come
what may

I'll see to it that
his little daughters
and their brother will
be able to do it all
themselves, to all their
own credit, and the
others can go jump
in the lake and
stay there. I'll show
all those foulflukes,
and yellow run away
cowardly cats, and
unphosticated overdressed
runts and mutants
something "Colleges"
bestagunsted the Octopus

and rising went over to a telephone booth.

"Hello operator I want Simcolum 1916 please."

"1916?" all right number to come" came the answer.

"Halloa" cried the Octopus having secured the telephone number "What you Abe Cohen. Fine weather for the Irish isn't it? Say there's a big three story house on Jackson Boulevard belonging to a good man called James Seseeman which is a crazy kind of house. Oh you know all about it? All cowards who run away from the territory ought to be dumped into the Deep Plains river? I'll say so too with a lot of iron happened

to each of them" well while we're waiting for a chance to drown them, couldn't you think of a plan to help the little Virvians clear that place themselves and get all the credit? Make the places as clear of Bam's shees as a Holy Catholic Church. If you don't there's going to be a big riot on Jackson Boulevard. You'll try? When? To-morrow? Do it early get up by daylight and see how the sun looks when it shines. All right. Good bye Abe, be good to yourself, no body else will be."

The Octopus emerged from the telephone booth with a broad smile.

"I've just got Abe Cohen
 Clancy interested. He too
 is a good runner of the
 banners. All the same
 if I'd have my say in this
 city as I (f) have in Boston
 I'd send all these people
 who run out on the little
 Virriams into a big house
 of nutty foolishness, where
 they pad the walls, and
 I'd like to do the same
 thing to Father Casey and
 Carney if they run away
 from Mr. Sese man's
 haunted house (and talk
 of mit oies to you again"
 The sudden change
 from tragedy to comedy
 in the Octopus's re-
 marks brought a loud
 laugh from Bob.
 "Some day Paul
 you'll put up a whole
 building like Mr. Sese-
 man's and process it

with angels. The Octopus
 grunted.
 "I think" he said that
 it would not be a bad
 idea, to send that boy
 in the gummy sack some
 orders, that since he
 was so reckless enter-
 ing the banner grounds
 he'll have to help
 the little Virriams at
 that work. The order
 was sent to his parents
 already" the Octopus
 added.

"Aha" chuckled the
 other "That's quick action
 for a man from
 Boston. Mightily glad
 you thought of it".
 The Octopus chewed
 at his cigar for a
 few moments.

"Say come up to
 my room" he said
 jumping to his feet

Paul Francis started up a flight of stairs with the agility of a young man. To the second floor followed by the other, making a swift turn the Octopus threw open the door.

“Step in” he ordered turning on the electric light.

“Oh I say” exclaimed his companion “What’s this a mystery room?”

In one swift glance he took in the unexpected vision. The room was crowded with large Holy water bottles filled, strange looking bottles of large size, sponges, natural appearing crucifixes, unusually stirring Holy pictures, statues of the Sacred Heart, strange clothing, things that appeared like toys

and a stack of books. “What do you think of this?” asked the Octopus delighted with the wonder and great enthusiasm which he perceived on the face of his visitor.

“Mr Francis are you going into business?” returned the other. “I am in business and my business is to see that that boy Permod and his sisters gets a little joy and sunshine out of life by capturing my German banshees themselves. All this is their ammunition. One of the greatest things I know of is to see those little kids get all lighted up when they fully take possession

of Mr Sesemann house and the bungler get mortified. They love God more than they can express and get this Bob to all one to me whether all the others like it or not"

"I am sure" said Bob when Our Blessed Lord was on earth, and was asked by frenzied people to cast out fiends, that he did not hesitate one minute no matter what the person's race or religion."

emmy your immense unmeasurable power Paul. And yet on coming to think of it I don't. No one could use it to much better purpose than you"

"Then the Octopus proceeded to give the interested visitor an inventory of his

strange stock. If the angels of the little Virrims and those of helpless little children residing in Chi, have the right to vote, the kind hearted Octopus will get a reserved seat in the halls of light where there are no fiends, poverty, sorrow, and where colleges are unnecessary."

"How" said the Octopus all lit up to use his own phrase with enthusiasm and good feeling "how long did you say they were at it?"

"Since January 31st I think. But Paul you don't mean these things in here?"

"Where do you get that stuff? And what are the ages of that good boys sisters?"

Bob gave names

and ages with startling exactness. For half an hour the Octopus busied himself selecting strange looking articles of which with a look he wrapped in cardboard boxes.

"I suppose" said Bob who could have hugged Paul, "you'll begin something about Mr. Sessernam house next week?"

"Next week?" repeated the Octopus. "Where do you get that stuff. Any one could see or tell that you came from New York."

"It's only" - the Octopus glanced at his watch - "it's only half past eight now -"

He caught up the telephone.

"Hey that you bill? Send up a messenger and be quick about it. All right." Now turning

to Bob "What's the sense in delaying?" "That's true" assented Bob.

"You went to College didn't you?"

"For seven years."

Humph, granted the Octopus. "That accounts for it. No colleges for mine thank you. But let's go. Time's a-wasting."

C. A. M. On the following morning at the six o'clock mass the Virran family went to Communion in a body as always. Besides them at the altar railing knelt both Walter George and Frank Downing.

"They are sure holy" mused the Octopus present also. "Not

(Solomon) Solomon in all his glory "mused the Octopus "would have been better arrayed than one of these"

After proper thanksgiving they departed from the church, one could think from their greeting that the Viriams and Webster George, had not seen the Octopus for a year.

"Come" said Violet to him, "and have breakfast with us."

6 A.M. In their home while they were at Mass there came from their dining room an out burst of noise sounding like the little Viriams quarrelling savagely with Pennod and their father, in such volume that it was a wonder it didn't bring in a

good section of the neighborhood and a squad of police.

Soon the noise got beyond control as Pennod's voice in fierce anger swelled above the rest hurling fierce and savage anathemas at his poor sisters. "Did their brother suddenly turn against his sisters?"

Wondered the tenants.

"I say" cried a very angry old man, who getting no answer to his kicking, threw open the door "what's the meaning of this riot? I thought you were holy children possessed with angels. I can't hear myself think. I -"

He gave a startled frightened gasp there

was nobody in the room. Not even any furniture. The windows even had no curtain. He ran back to his room, with a shriek, closed and locked his door, and stuffed chewing gum, over the key hole.

6.30 a.m.

At half past six Detective Burns received a frantic call from Mrs E. Scamlon who with her husband operated a restaurant not far from the Viriam home.

"You'd better come right away" Mrs Scamlon said.

"Here's something wrong over in the house. A place we sold to the little

Viriams. I am only a few weeks ago. There was a most terrible noise inside, and out some back. All the tenants fled into the street. The

little Viriams are away to Mass with their good parents. I'm afraid to go out and you'd better come over."

Mr Burns couldn't ignore any report of a disturbance at the Viriams place, for the little Viriams were very holy and extraordinary people, and his mind dwelt on Mr Sessernans crazy house.

When he arrived with Wenthworth and Hindsdale and the Chief of Police he was relieved to learn that whatever was the trouble, it didn't involve any fierce quarrel and fight between the Viriams. For at a distance he saw them returning from Church.

The disturbance seemed to be mainly

confined to the part of the house the Virriams lived in. The Scamlons reported hearing a most terrific din, as though the second floor were being torn apart.

They had called to the Virriams and when they didn't answer they had been afraid to go in and investigate.

Detective Burns gun leveled went up to the second floor, it appeared quiet enough now, and found the door to the hall way unlocked.

Pushing it open he swept his flashlight over the place. The Scamlons were right. The interior of the rooms had been literally torn apart. Chairs and table were overturned, pictures, sacred ones

ripped from the walls dishes and glasses broken, and a crucifix lying face down on the floor. Even in the dining room the table was turned upside down.

A crowd had collected before the house by the time the Virriams with the Octopus and the three boys came up.

"What's the idea of this crowd in front of our place?" the whole Virriam family cried.

Burns met them at the street door and explained everything.

"And it's strange" he added "nothing has been stolen, though I'm afraid some of your acquaintances of Mr. Sessmann's crazy house has been following you here."

He led them and the Octopus to their disturbed rooms. The Viriams were amazed and badly put out by what they saw. According to the testimony of neighbors nobody had entered the house or come out before the disturbance.

James Andrews remembered the horrid face, and Perrod the solemn warning of the angels voice, when he opened the door the night before.

"I think I can explain this" said Perrod "This must be another crazy phenomena but strangely in this place which is a long way from my Resemans. The powers of darkness believe we have given up at Resemans and are getting bold enough

to start pestering us here"

"Giving up? The very idea" cried Violet "We haven't even begun. I - I"

The Octopus nudged her whispering:

"Set them think it. I have a plan. Let's go back to the Church and rent the use of the west or East Sacristy there, and I'll give you all the information you should know" To Burns "Will you guard this place until we return?"

"With pleasure"

As they were not far from the Church they did not take long to reach it, get permission, and be in the East Sacristy, where various Catholic Societies hold their meetings.

The Octopus had a good sized book under his arm. He seated himself at a table the little Virians round him.

"I now all I've heard and from all I've questioned" he began, "you little girls are possessed by angels. Is there any proof of that?"

"I could write a 250 page book on the proof," said "Don't you believe it?"

"I do" the Octopus answered firmly.

He looked at the little girls closely. Then he opened the book, and quickly found the page he was looking for. He looked the page over then said:

"If your (sisters) sisters are really and truly possessed by heavenly spirits and sprites, I can't understand why

the banshees in Mr. Seemann's house defy you and them all this time. You should be worth more against the power of darkness, than all the priests and Cardinals and others, besides the archbishops that tried to help and failed.

I spent three sleepless nights spying into your history. You people have been hoodwinked Master Pernod by some body who should have minded their own business. No matter how long you or your sisters would have stayed in that place, not one or any number of those gosh darn banshees could harm you. They couldn't harm your sisters, if they were in Seemann's house by them.

selves. The evil spirits may play tricks on them and bluff and bluff but can't do any personal harm of any kind."

"But the Chandeliers -"

"Bosh the Chandeliers. They'd not dare let those things strangle you fatally if you're really possessed by angels."

"Then you think my sisters ain't possessed by angels and that it's a mistake -"

"They are possessed" cried Paul Francis. "I said you've been hoodwinked by somebody into believing the demons could harm your good sisters. Why the angels won't allow them. I said tricks can be done to them but no harm. You and your sisters can drive those demons out without anybody's help if you only know how, and won't all the credit to

yourself. and God wants you too" The banshees are afraid of you and you kids don't know it."

"Then why all the crazy phenomena?"

"It was the purpose of the powers of darkness to try to drive you kids out. And so far fortunately to them, they succeeded because somebody hoodwinked you."

Neighbors said phenomena were never so maudlin in bad lam until you kids took possession of the building.

Many tell me the building has quieted down considerable since the banshees think they drove drove you off by firing 3 lam. Rigans house across the way.

"Didn't you notice that

that awful fire phenomenon occurred when you kids were not in the place and none occurred when 'you were'.

"Two occurred while we were there and drove us out" admitted Pernod.

"Yes? Well you must have been warned before hand. Other wise they didn't dare scorch you with one. You all were away when Flannigan's place and adjoining adjoining houses were in flames. They also set your beds on fire, when you were not home, never when you were 'in them, Am I right?"

"On some occasions they set our beds on fire when we were asleep" said Daisy.

"Well that's strange. With the chandelier business they only tried to strangle

you kids long enough to scare you into leaving the place. And strangling wasn't pleasant was it?"

"No indeed sir?"

"And yet you defied them?"

"Indeed we did"

"Who told you Pernod your sisters couldn't dare go into Mr Seserman's house alone without grave danger?"

"Detectives and Police"

"Didn't two of em' go in alone the day after the complaint of Mr Seserman, stay over night and come out safe?"

"Yes sir"

"Well listen here Master Pernod 'if Joe and Angelina were not possessed by angels they would have the

the day they entered my
 bedroom, either shared
 the fate of "little Paulina,
 or those seven hobos."

"I could have feared that"
 "Well see they came out
 safe. If all your sisters
 were not possessed all you
 did could not have saved
 them. You'd have no power
 to help them when attack-
 ed no matter what you
 are."

"Do you believe sir
 about the upside down -"

"Yes indeed. The demons
 can easily do that by
 a powerful act of trans-
 formation, and more
 other things that seems
 impossible." He inter-
 rupted. "They're terrible
 powerful in magic
 but have no power
 over you kids. Don't
 you remember when

they caught you in
 upside down phenomena
 they worked the trans-
 formation slowly. They
 have power over those
 who tried to help you
 and it's a wonder they
 were not all killed.
 You see most people
 outside of you kids
 are not so full of
 goodness have some
 slight sin in them
 and therefore not do
 the demons only defy
 them, but I'm surprised
 they weren't possessed
 themselves. The
 Archbishop who tried
 to help the poor
 sister who scolded
 Angelina committed
 a big venial sin
 by doing so and
 entering the crazy
 house I got trapped. I

had to laugh good and hard to learn that nobody could rescue him or the others but you kids. That shows you've got angels. So if you know how you kids alone can clear Reseman's house for good my friend Father Bryan said so himself.

"But where is the mystery?" asked the Virrans altogether. "Our Paloo helped us splendidly in Calaveras. It failed us here. So where is the mystery?"

"I believe your paloo only works in your own country."

"What?"

"That's what I said. I can tell you more after a while which is the two worst things there, and the most dangerous?"

"The big Elm tree and

the library" they all answered together.

"Which is worst?"

"The Elm and the Library are equally as bad."

"Why?"

"Why?"

"The Elm won't let you pass it, and the phemonons won't let you into the Library."

"What entrance does the Elm tree guard?"

"The main entrance."

"How did you get in?"

"We generally can pass it, but others with us will have to cut off beyond the tree and go across to the entrance by a roundabout way. A branch caught one of our companions once and flung them into us. We were knocked down twice added.

Gemmie.

"Deep snow saved them and us from injury" added Violet.

"If you kids know how to do it you could even pass that Elm tree and defy its possessors to a finish" declared the Odorus "all those who hoodwinked you don't know any more about Mr. Sesemanns 'crazy' house than a hen does of the Geography of the moon."

And another thing. About the devils being driven from the house in Calvernia to Mr. Sesemanns I can't say yes or no you'll have to experiment on that question and I'll be showing you how.

I thought you'd also helped you in Calvernia I doubt if it will help here but we can

try it again. But the most difficult problem is that if the devils were driven from the Calvernian house into Sesemanns, then if they're driven from Sesemanns they'll go back to the other house. "And you don't want that?"

"By no means, I hat would not be winning any victory on them" said Angelina.

"I have a plan to keep you win by yourselves. But first I must study the place and the tree to day. How far is Mr. Sesemanns 'Crazy' house?"

"I can't say the exact distance" said Gemmie "but the graphon house is on Jackson Boulevard and a little West

of Virginia ave. But we always went there arriving in half an hour going west from Halsted Street."

"By walking it?" exclaimed the flabbergasted Octopus.
 "Oh, no, no, laughed Violet.
 "We don't work miracles. We take a Taxi or our own Automobile. If you wish to go we'll take a Checker Taxi from in front of the Church."
 "Good. Let's go right away."

"That's the sign on the gate eh?" And yet careless ones disregard it?" asked the Octopus.

"Yes said Penrod, "I and my sisters composed the words and put the sign there."

"You did?"
 "Yes we did."
 The Octopus examined the sign and

the gate and then read these words:-

Solemn warning to all.
 Any person, man, woman, or child who enters these grounds, or building therein, or adjoining territory of said Reseman properly do so at their own risk. This property is crazy with demons. All those caught going in at their own risk will face arrest and \$50 fine, or both.

Orders of Viriams
 and of public safety
 and City Commissioner
 confirmed by ordinance
 of police and Detective
 departments. Only the
 Viriams and their friends
 may go in as they can do
 so safely only.

City Commissioner

Violet opened the gate

and they went in in a manner as if there was no haunted house here. They went down the path until after passing trees of all sizes on both sides, they came close to a gigantic Elm tree.

"That's it" Pennod and his sisters cried at the same time.

"It certainly is a very magnificent tree and very imposing" said the Octopus "It towers way above the building. And it won't let any one pass?"

"We generally can, but nobody else, I'm afraid not even you though you're with us."

"Well, if I can do things to help and advise you how to succeed, I'll bet I can pass that tree," said the Octopus firmly "And I'm going to prove it by going alone. If I succeed, not, then there

is no hope of you ever succeeding here, for then what I can't do, I can't help you do either. I'm going to do it and I warn you don't stop me."

"But it's dangerous Mr. Francis and the tree might do you harm—"

"Fiddlesticks" interrupted the old gentleman "I'm not afraid. I'm going to show that I can pass that crazy tree and not at a run either."

Pennod and his sisters were apprehensive but there seemed no stopping him. Could he really do what no other man or child could have done?

He started forward slowly, but nevertheless with some caution. They watched

him and also the tree scarcely daring to breathe. As he went nearer to the tree, still it didn't move a branch though the facial phenomenon slowly took form on the trunk.

He stopped to make an examination of the features and the strange writhing appearance of the bark on the lower part of the trunk.

"Better come back" Violet cried. "The tree might get you"

But to their surprise he walked softly past to the very entrance and came softly back to them.

"See I made it" he said exultantly "So you see you'll soon have the branches waving out of your

hand."

"Do you want to inspect the interior of the building?" Perrnod asked.

"Yes indeed"

They went inside the building. The Octopus surely marveled at the beauty of the interior of the long broad corridor the great pictures of beautiful scenes and photographs of famous people.

They mounted the grand staircase to the second floor.

As they came close to a room, with large handsomely decorated double doors, then closed, they suddenly opened by themselves with a terrific resounding crash that echoed down the hall, and reclosed with

a bang that shook everything on that floor and there followed such an awful pounding on the wall that others would have been frightened unto fits. It pounded as if the whole place was falling to pieces.

Everybody had come to a halt not from scare but from the curiosity of it though also taken aback with great surprise.

"That's one of the phenomena but a new one" said Angelina.

"It's a new one to us all, but expected" said Pernod.

"They'll always do something new" said the Octopus "What room is that?"

"That's the big dining room with the domed ceiling which slowly turned upside down with us in it" spoke up Catherine.

He went up to the door and pulled hard to open them, strong as he was they wouldn't budge. He discovered they were locked. How in the world did the Phenomenon occur.

"It is locked" said Pernod "I locked it the last day we were here".

"Have you the key?"

"No I left it at home, the demons will sneak it out of my pocket."

"So bad. Is this the floor that degenerate of a library is on?"

"Yes down the hall and to your right the key that opens this dining room also opens the library."

"Well I've got a great idea" said the Octopus "Sets go back to you."

home and I'll give you
kinds some unusual and
very important informat-
ion by the way who owns
that hall tree down stairs"

"It's not a hall tree, it's a
transformation" said Jennie.
"That's the thing that killed
little Paulina it's a mad
demon, it's honest and truly
dangerous for us to go near
it. We'll risk the Chande-
lers any time"

"Well I wonder"

Chapter 60. 8898
Why Perrod and
his sisters could
not drive the
Banshees out.

"Well" said the Octopus "I
might startle you by my
information here at
your home, but for your
own good I must give
it to you. There are two
very important reasons"

"What is the first?"
asked Perrod.

"Without knowing it,
the first reason was
your own fault" said
the Octopus.

"Our own fault?" they
cried in one voice.

"To be frank with you
I'll have to admit yes
it was."

"In what way?" asked
Angelina.

"To first explain it I'll
first need information
who experienced the
worst phenomenon

in that crazy (hos) house?
you little Urbans or the tenants
who were driven out?"

"Why we did and how?" answered Perrod.

"Here you are" said the Octopus "I suspected that when your mother explained things to me. She knew Mr. Seremman, came to Joice and Angeline for help and the demons knowing this also were prepared to act accordingly. The powers of darkness had decided that they were not going to stand for your presence in the building, as you are all too holy to suit them. They knew if you were wise to them they could be forced to go and therefore they decided to increase the phemonons to a maximum if any to

fool you into thinking of hopeless danger and of driving you out. Now had you been wise, and defied all their phemonons, you'd have won the most glorious victory in your lives.

If you had stayed in spite of them the demons would have been forced to go and to stay away forever.

But you let the phemonons drive you out. Did they scare you?"

"No. What drove us out was the awfully deafening noisy ones and strange gases. The noise was unendurable. That would drive one crazy and injure your ear drums." "Yes, the longer we'd

stay" put in Pennod the louder the noise would become, and the more in volume."

"Oh that's it. But even that hasn't got me blocked. Did the noise occur by day or by night or by both day and night?"

"At any unexpected hour of the day or night" said Violet.

"A shrewd smile spread over his handsome face.

"So that's the main problem. They couldn't drive you out by other phenomena now so they resort to that clever on their part eh?"

"I suppose so though I hate to admit it" declared Pennod.

"Did you or your sisters ever think of working a prayer

like command at the Banshees when they started the noise?"

"Now I didn't!"

"Would they obey any command if you gave it?"

"One called Mike obeys mine" said Violet. "He'd even close the door at my command!"

"Who is Mike?"

"The hall tree."

"The what?"

"The hall tree."

"Then by command you could stop the noise" said the Octopus.

"That's what you think" said Pennod. "The demons create the noise from a far off. We have done everything in our power to solve the

8903

source of the Grand Church
Organ Smash mystery
but never succeeded yet.

"Well that's strange, so we'll
drop that for a time. Now
for the second reason and
that is - I think your
danger is far greater than
it really is. The police
and detective officials have
interfered with your efforts
by some occasions pre-
venting your stay in the
Grapphyn house.

Their interference by
mistake has also gave
the bamshes advantage
over you. The demons
wanted the law to keep
you little virians out
of the place. You are
an unspeakable honor
to them they hate the
very day you were born and
you don't know it."

Why couldn't the other
help us?"

The bamshes ain't
afraid of them and proved
it. Would any of them
dare to come in here again
god help them. But you
could come in and stay
in if you used your little
noodles.

"But the strangling
chandeliers -"

"Get rid of them until
the phenomena are
over."

"It would take perfect
mechanics to do that"
said Perrod. They're
fastened to connections
not to the ceiling
when the phenomena

20's
occurs fierce brass
like hands forms on
the ends of the gas
pipes, and electric light
bubbles, bulbs, the chan-
dier will even swing
at you and kill you
by crashing you violently
to the floor. And there
another thing I and
my sisters number
eight,

I here's enough rooms
on each floor to house
quite a large family.
We eight aunt half
enough to occupy all
the rooms on one
floor. So how can
our stay through all
obstacles finally compel

8906p

the power of darkness
to finally leave the crazy
house. And the outside
(premises) premises are
very extensive, nearly
as large as Simcoe
Park and the whole
shebang is possessed
worse than the whole
house. We can't occupy
all that at one time."

"Here's a way just
the same to defeat the
barons," said the
Octopus. "Is Mr. Sese-
man a Catholic?"

"Yes"

"He became one not
over two weeks ago"

added Violet.

"Well the first thing
concerning the grounds
is up to him, though I
can't understand how
the spacious grounds
can be all possessed

at the same time. I so there are legions of bars here there and the state of the place and grounds is worse, far worse than I supposed. But the Stations of the Cross ought to do the work."

"The Stations of the Cross?" they all echoed.

"Yes."

"That's what you think" grinned Penned, the evil spirits won't let you. And when going to have the courage to come into the grounds to do the work in the face of all grave danger?"

"Yes" added Grace, Only we can come into the grounds without any trouble. God help others who do go in whether we're there or not. And we can't forget the disastrous interference

of the procession we planned so well." "I thought I heard the dangers were only by night," exclaimed the Octopus.

"By day and night" said Violet "And you must remember the fireballs we told you about."

"Yes but where's there's a will there is a way. The main problem is to get the Archbishop's permission, the rest is easy. I don't care how difficult it seems to be. I can find a way. I'll see Father Bryan about getting the Archbishop's permission. Before I make my plans I must talk with Mr. Sese man."

"Do you think we can succeed?"

"I still say yes. Where does Mr. Seserman live?"

"1800 North Parkway Boulevard. (By) but why see him? Is it to question him about the trouble?"

"No to get his permission to put up the Stations of the Cross" in the grounds though the main issue is up to the Archbishop."

"I don't see how it can be done unless we do it ourselves" said Jennie.

"It can be done if the Archbishop says yes" said the Octopus firmly. All I need is his permission, and Seserman too. But in seeing Mr. Seserman I want you come along."

"Very willingly said Cat herine "When do you wish to see him?"

"we can start now"

"All right lets go" said Pennod.

They found it was a long trip before there but they got there. As always they found him in. after cordial greeting Mr. Seserman listened attentively to what the Octopus said, and to his request.

"That is a strange request" he finally said. "Put the Stations of the Cross in the grounds of my haunted property? You sure have my permission but how is it to be done? The demons will interfere with drastic measures, and you'd have to get the Cardinals permission to do so. But what

are you thinking of 'mr. you cant be in your right mind' those radical barnshees will just pack you and your plans off home again you'll see".

"Oh no they cant do that. In after all this business of the barnshees has got to stop. These little girls have been hoodwinked too far. I'll tell you one thing Mr. Seserman. I'm not going to see the fiends hold back the children any longer for the sake of any interference from demon or detectives.

And its time too that I step in and do my share in keeping these little girls warm out for themselves."

"Of course it is" Mr. Seserman agreed eagerly "or at least it would

be if the fiends were like other people. But I suppose you dont know their sort. How on earth will the workers setting up the huge stations be able to do it and fourteen stations too. And it cant be done in cold weather as the ground has to be dug for the foundations.

The workers wont last it out in the grounds. But where are you planning to put up the stations?"

"Along that narrow side walk pathway that goes from east to west through the grounds" said Paul "and an extra good job it will be too. And I'm going to

have it done in spite of all obstacles."

"Who's going to deliver the stations? There's no truck driver will go within a block of my haunted house"

"I'll bring them"

"I shouldn't like to be those workers" declared Seseeman with a shudder.

"Suppose the situation does look queer" said Paul defiantly "It's got to be done just the same if I have to get Jack Evans to do the work and help him myself. The demons probably won't do the workers any harm. And if they try to the little Virrains and I can check the disturbances in time I'm sure."

"Well you have my

permission" said Mr Seseeman "and I hope by God's help you'll succeed."

"I'm positive sure I will and I'll try my best!" Paul said on departure. "and thank you very, very much."

"Daddy dear" said Violet as she and all the rest including Mr Francis were at supper that late evening.

"I and my sisters are worried about something."

"What is it Violet dear?"

"Do you remember the house in California that had evil spirits in it, that enormous farmhouse near Hollister Junction?"

"Do I and how. But why do you ask?"

Violet and Gemma exchanged glances. Then Violet continued-

"There's a lot of talk or gossip in the Skinner School at Aberdeen St that we might have driven the powers of darkness from the Calverinian house, into Sesemanns without knowing it. Do you believe that is true, Pa?"

For a moment Emperor Virian was silent.

"That is a question I cannot make a positive answer to" he finally said. "Even though the disturbances are the same with extra ones added, and besides Mr Sesemann's house is a long distance from Calverinia why do you

ask that question?"

"Because" put in Angelina herself "so many of the disturbances, or all of them except the loud noisy ones are the same as in the Calverinian house. We discovered that when we looked over the lists of the phenomena we put in our diary. And then there, the big Elm tree in Mr Sesemann's grounds.

It's possessed the same as the tree in Calverinia which you know also is an Elm. And the voices that cry "I'm cursed, I'm cursed and so are ye all" are exactly the same. We recognized the voices the first time.

And that horrid far reaching most piercing cry is the same we heard in the glen near that Calverinian house."

"But the apparition phenomena are not the same?" added their good mother.

"The dangerous facial pillows are the same" declared Daisy, "and that horrid floating head, and the hands of fire, and black moving unaccountable shadows."

"What is lacking in apparitions?" asked the Octopus.

"The hideous floating spectre shaping into something indescribable fifteen feet high is lacking" said Gemmie, adding several more details.

"Did rooms in the house in Calverinia go upside down?" he asked again.

"No"

"But the whole house did on one occasion" said Permod.

"And went back to its former position" added Violet.

"astonishing but possible. Were there any fire phenomena?"

"Yes"

"Were there any fearful piercing far reaching cries?"

"Yes"

"Did musical instruments run amuck?"

"There were no musical instruments there nor library there"

"Were there any

fearful shadowy shapes
with horrid green eyes,
(dread) dreadful furies
and gases and apparitions
of hideous dogs?
"yes indeed" they said
together.

"Were there any fearful
black shadows you couldn't
account for when lights were on?"

"yes" they all exclaimed.
"were there any strang-
ling chandeliers?"

"yes but we avoided
them?"

"Did you suffer losses
you couldn't account
for?"

no. we didn't in
Mr. Resemans either
though some of our
things were myster-
iously exchanged
with each other."

"Did any spirits there

call you by name
as they did in Mr.
Resemans?"

"no"

"Of course" put in Ange-
line with a wise cocky
look "the demons to
fool us or anybody
else, could put any
number of extra
performances on the
stage."

"exactly" said their
father "But could it prove
the spirits were chased
from the Calverinian
farm house into Mr.
Resemans?"

"yes and no" said the
Octopus. "if that is so
the case is hopeless"

"It looks bad" said
their mother.

"Oh no it aint come
to think of it" exclaim-
ed the Octopus "As you

son said, it can be done if you find the right key. And I believe he ~~to~~ find it."

"Do you think the demon that looked like Judas was really him mother?" demanded Catherine assurance of her eight and a half years of rightness in this matter, oozing from every pore.

"I don't think he really was crazy Judas, but a fiend who assumed his appearance," said Daisy rather (tearfully) tearfully, little girls like Daisy are likely to weep if such a thing can be proven true, and it sure appeared as if Judas was the real apparition. (He was?) Hettie leaped into the breach.

"I'm positively sure he was," she said.

"I am sure he was not," said Daisy.

"He sure seemed to be," declared Hettie.

Catherine still hammered at her point blank:

"Well the spirit sure looked like Judas. Sister, there were also apparitions that looked like Henry the Eighth, John Martin Suther, and one called Mike. He was babyish but most dangerous, and the killer."

"He could not have been babyish" maintained Daisy bravely. "was he Permod?"

"He sure was so and can walk like Angelina Aramburg," said Catherine throwing in her weight on the winning side.

"Well whatever he was" counter attacked

Daisy "I'd sure could make you think it was Angelina Anonburg walking".

"That was the queer part of it" Catherine burst out triumphantly "He fooled us many times".

Hettie started draining her orange juice. The others sipped it with adult precision.

"The demons used too many phenomena, to be those from the Calvinian farmhouse" reports James Andrews loudly.

"I don't think so" said Violet cutting her roast pork into even slices.

"But the two Elm trees are the same height, and had the same kind of face on their trunks" said Angelina her golden

pleasant like curls gleaming dazzling bright in the electric light, this dialogue is negotiated with undue bitterness against that phenomena. It is routine. For a few minutes the little girls were strangely silent.

"The demons" said Jennie dreamily as she lifted up a piece of meat on her fork had those possessed a chandelier strange as several times."

"Those demons" maintained voice stoutly made phenomena of those chandeliers that was just wonderful. Hands brass hands appeared at the ends of the

pipes which grabbed four of us by our necks with all different designs."

"Every body knows what the dining room chandeliers did to the procession" declared Jennie.

"Yes every body" chimed in Angelina.

"They do not, do they mother?" Daisy appeals to her.

"Any way" said their father "the procession was badly broken up by the crazy thing. It went through it like a tornado. I saw the whole thing."

"Jennie continued her dissertation upon the chandeliers graphically brandishing her roast pork."

As it headed for the procession it strangely spun round and round

hurling cloud of snow in all directions" Daisy's eyes sparkling cried out?

"Any way the demon didn't have much to do with the chandeliers. Those phenomena were silly. The other phenomena were never silly though violent and noisy. The worst noise was the Grand Church Organ smash, wasn't it Penrod?"

Daisy saved the day for him. —

"Poor Sally Fielders. is a brave little Irish girl," she announces morosely by crunching her supper toast "But alas! In snow —" The other children

united for once in exclamations denoting extreme contempt for Alice Morrow.

"She is so glamorous" Angelene contends "and a fraidy cat. Little Sally Fielders didn't even cry after what the banshees did to her. And she was very brave and so she's a little heroine see?" she wound up this syllogism with a sound impossible to reproduce phonetically, indicating that she, Angelene, is right and the rest of the world can go sit on a tack.

But Jennie who had elicited another piece of Roast Pork from the platter pursued her point.

"But listen Angelene" she waxes plaintive with

the elaborate patience of a professor of anthropology "Alice Morrow despite her name, cannot be Irish. Irish are brave. She would never come near Mr. Sese man's house and we even couldn't force her. As to Sally we'll have to fight to keep her away after she gets well. She wants to get even with the demons."

Joice said at once: "Alice Morrow is (Scotch) Scotch Irish and not a Catholic. Sally Fielders is Irish through and through."

"The demons won't attack her again," says Daisy, "will they dad?"

Their father answered in the oily voice of diplomacy, kept especially for use in

such emergencies that the demon would again attack anyone not possessed by angels. They must keep Sally away from the haunted house at all costs. Daisy with a look of ecstatic anticipation rises and said:

"Excuse me I'll be back in a minute, and gracefully left the room after placing neatly in its position and her napkin perfectly folded. Silence reigns for a moment.

"How about some honey girls" their mother said.

"Honey?" cried Jennie with a smile. "I don't think I want any to night. For some reason I've lost my taste for sweets."

"Come Jennie have

some honey. Its good." said Angelina plunging her own spoon, a clean one into the jar, and putting half a measure on a piece of bread.

Jennie turned vehemently to Pennod: "You know that room that turned topsy turvy killing seven hobos Pennod?"

He nodded, "Well that was a gum-bail of a thing to us. And do you know why it happened. They tramped the place with dishonest purposes and the banshees knew it. Did you study about the shrewdness of banshees in school? I thought not. Oh well anyway the poor

fools got trapped in that room which turned upside down so suddenly as to kill them, all. The concussion knocked all the plaster off the walls. The coroner said the furniture didn't kill them. It was the violent way they were flung from the floor to the ceiling by the sudden turning over of the room. One stove his head in by crashing on the chandelier. The room never righted itself again and the door casing is wrenched out of place. You want to see it in I am sure?"

"Yes, how high is the room from the floor?"

"Thirty one feet."

"No wonder the hobos got killed. But to-morrow my heavenly little friends, I'll give you my directions. Sleep tight and I'll come at eight o'clock to-morrow."

"Good bye cried everyone and God Bless and Protect you."

Chapter 61
The directions
and what they plan
to do and how.

It is breakfast time. From
down stairs drifts up the
smell of magnificent
wheat cakes. Jack Evans
in the shower is sing-
ing the Treaders song.
In the dining room
down stairs there was
being unleashed as
it sounded in tone
by the Virran children
a peculiar brand of
be dam, defying long
range dia'gnosis, and
enough to raise the
roof, and bring protests
from irate neighbors.
Empress Virran
sped up the dress-
ing process and stag-
gered down stairs, won-
dering more in cur-
iosity than in anger,
and bitterness why

her holy little girls
are so noisy which they
never was before.

She paused in the
hall to gather herself
to gether and then she
called

"Children dear why so
much noise?"

And a voice sound-
ing like Dairys
shouted back:-

Mind your own
business, you dirty old
mother 'you."
With her limited sup-
ply of ammunition
she is an unerring
marksman.

The answer of Dairys
at poor Empress
Virran to the quick
and brought tears
to her noble eyes.
Never had her
daughters acted like

this before. a spoke to her that way. The racket continued crescendo a sound like Jemmie's voice, keeping right on screaming what the Empress realized to be the names of Egyptian Kings, while Violet screamed back at her name for name, what she believes to be the appellation of American Indians.

It was something like this: Rameses the Second, Sitting Bull, Queen Hatshepsut, Ram in the Face.

Sadly the poor Empress made her way to the entrance of the dining room wondering with heart breaking feeling what had so suddenly changed her children.

Reaching the open door

she started to go on, and received a new and worst shock. The din continued, the dining room was well lighted up, to a strange blood red glow, but the electric light bulbs were dark, and no gas jets were aflame. And there was nobody in the room.

"Mercy me, Oh my God, this house has also gone crazy" the Empress cried out.

She flew up the steps on abject terror and ran straight into Evans who was just starting down.

"Banshees in the dining room below" she called to him while she rubbed her head with her hand for she had received a good hard bump.

"You don't say" Evans

answered rubbing his head like wise, for his bump, had been even worse. Just then Violet appeared above, crying. -

"What's all the noise down in the dining room. It woke us all up. We were oversleeping. Our alarm clock didn't work."

The Empress for a moment couldn't find ^{what} to answer. Evan explained in Abbreannian.

"What's that?" cried Violet in excitement. Banshee's making it appear as if we were quarreling over Egyptians and Indians? And imitating our voices? Well I like that!"

She flew down the steps in her nightgown, regardless of anything and tore into the strangeling lighted dining room. The noise

was still going on with all its might.

"Stop it right away, stop it right away!" she screamed at the top of her voice.

All at once the terrific noise ceased, for her voice drowned the bedlam. The light disappeared, and Violet put on 'the electric switch' and sprinkled the room with holy water.

At breakfast that morning, Perrod and his sister, their father, including the Octopus were now in the quieted dining room.

Poor Empress Vivian was afraid to go into the dining room.

She ate in the kitchen with Jack Evan as her protector.

The poor woman holy as she was was not angel possessed, and dared not go into that awful creepy place.

Violet told of the disturbance that occurred in the early morning of the demon imitating the voices of her and her sisters, and of one speaking cruelly to her mother, as her mother had told them.

"That demon imitated Daisy's voice" she said angrily "and called her a dirty old mother" she added bitterly.

The Octopus was silent for several moments, as he pondered. Then he said in the manner of a preacher:-

"I believe I know something about this. I'm suspicious that the

banshees believe you you little girls, and your mother are furnished up with the seer's house, and are going to pack up and back trip to Allreannia. Since you were entrenching (against) against them before, and seemed to have failed, they wish revenge. So now they intend to follow you up, and to counter attack believing you are retreating."

"What do you mean by counter attacking?" they all asked at once.

"I can answer that question, by a story I read once when a little boy. I forgot his name but there was a certain man I believe in France, who being a

a priest was asked to ex-
pell evil spirits out of some
big ramshackle cow-barn,
on a farm near Flanders.

He being a holy man
believed he could do so, and
complied with their wish.

The spirits what ever they
were, defied him tremen-
dously and after fighting
for a year, and using every
method, to no avail he
believed that God willed
the spirits to remain there,
and there saying - "thy
will be done" abandoned
the attempt and went
elsewhere, after that
for years, no matter
where he went, no
matter what he did,
the spirits wouldnt
leave him alone.

He was torment'ed
something awful, worse
than the Cure - of Ars,

and he was not safe
any where, and met
many bad accidents.
They interfered with
his preaching, caused
him to meet accidents
on the way to a sick
call, and once burned
down his rectory.

Many priests in
various places he
went tried to help
him, and though they
did expell the spectres,
they'd come back at
him sooner or later.

Often when he lay
on his bed they'd
make it break down
violently throw him
out, or set his bed
on fire.

If he slept on the
floor they'd pull
him mattress and
all about the place.

He could hardly say Mass, because the friends would interfere in every way. They tried to burn him in fires. They caused him to be tried for a murder he didn't commit, and it took him four years to prove his innocence and be set free from prison. In prison they tormented him.

They'd mysteriously strike him down, do all kinds of harm, cause his guards to be over cruel to him and make his life not hardly worth living. There was an awful lot of dirty things they did to him, which would take me too long to tell. He began to suspect the truth and

decided to go back to that farm and remedy the mistake he had committed. That was impossible because the spectres would not let him go back there and put all kinds of barriers in his way. The demon wouldn't leave him alone for almost all his lifetime.

Now the Banshees began to believe you little girls too were going to give up and return home and were going to follow you, and do the same thing to you too. That is why I believe they are starting this rumour here, making you, or other think you were doing it while

you were still in bed asleep. The noise as she said woke Violet up first. To show those banshees that you do not intend to give up we might as well re-occupy the "Crazy" house sometime this morning. Before we go there I'll explain my plans. I want you kids, your good father and friend Jack Evans to occupy the second floor, but together and all must sleep in one room to be prepared for any emergency. I'll occupy with my brother the third floor, and 'er-ah, would the crazy Banshees be afraid of your girl scouts? "They can't do anything to Angelina Anenburg" declared Vio-

let," but I'm doubtful about the others. Mary Stanck is a good devil chaser, but she was defied by these banshees to the limit. She turned to Perrod. "Could you find out anything on that line from the miraculous Medal angel?"

"I'll try" he answered and left the room.

"And" said the Octopus while they waited "no matter what happens or goes on, hold your own most desperately don't yield under any conditions. If noise is too loud use ear muffs to deaden the sound.

Work your P also like mad as often as you can. Have

your dining room and
 your kitchen up on the
 attic as the B. d. n. s. h. e. e. s
 as you say, for some
 unknown reason dare
 not go near the (alka)
 attic, on the two rooms
 under it, use those two
 rooms to sleep in. Better
 forget school for a while,
 during this conflict,
 and sleep sometimes
 by day if possible, some
 of you. See that all
 furniture is removed
 from the most danger-
 ous rooms. Drive
 long heavy spikes
 through the walls
 to see if that won't
 prevent the upside
 down demons.
 If you think its
 wise to do so, con-
 centrate your attack
 upon the library

first but keep the
 crucifix out untill all
 is quiet. The demons
 will abuse it. And we
 cant have that. Where is
 the Paloo?"

"Still in the library"
 "Good. Ah here comes
 Pernod. Well my boy
 whats the answer?"

"I'm not needing to
 give the answer" de-
 clared Pernod. "I've
 called Angelina Aron-
 lung up, and she'll
 round up the girl-
 scouts as fast as she
 can. They'll occupy
 the first floor."

"But what about
 Father Bryan?" asked
 Violet. "He told us to
 wait untill good
 Friday and -"

"He told me what
 I told you answered"

Paul Francis. "I-ers to occupy the building with us; and so are Father, Carney and Casey. I upbraided about those two to Colonel Bridewell at first but found out they had done a lot more for you than all the others combined, they this time will not quit untill we win for good. The three will say mass every day, probably more than one. We'll go to the building or be on the way at ten o'clock. Is your mother brave enough to be with us?"

"We wouldn't allow her to take a chance" they all said. "Those demons would kill her!"

"Is Mrs. Jerry brave enough?"

"Yes and no."

"How about James Andrews and Sebastian?"

"They're brave enough for anything"

"This is the room on the third floor that killed the seven vagrants" said Bernad. "They were in here when the whole room transformed itself with a noise like a great big explosion"

They were on the threshold of the largest living room in the whole building which had so suddenly turned upside down killing the hobos.

There was no plastering on the walls and the chandelier was badly wrenched out of place.

It was still in the upside down condition.

"Couldn't you right it?" asked the Octopus of

Violet, knowing from statements that she had righted the others.

"Father Carney told me not to as it would cause a phenomena. I would not want to see," said Violet - "and then to do it I'd have to have the furniture removed, and the detectives and police would not allow, any one to remove the furniture. It is not our work to do it, unless the house is cured."

Funny that the furniture was not damaged despite the phenomena caused the Octopus.

"The furniture is harm, and fire proof" said Ben - and "and it was not the furniture that killed the hobos, but the way they were flung, when the phenomena occurred."

The coroner proved that. See how high the floor is above the ceiling. The chandelier is large, but the phenomena came so quickly that the bars and pipes didn't have a chance to grab the hobos, or the hobos to grab anything to save themselves. Had they got hold of the chandelier or time there might have been some show, if the chandelier is not dangerous."

"Who saw the phenomena?"

"No one. It was heard like a loud explosion. Fire and police-departments came followed by priests and Red Cross ambulance."

"And the room aint

damaged, excepting for the plaster shaken off?

"No the woodwork of the walls and flooring are staunch. Wreckage was found in the room but we know not where it came from. We cleared that out."

"When a fire phenomena occurs why don't the house burn?"

"Mr. Sese man says its fire proof" piped Daisy.

After looking the two rooms over under the attic they went down stairs.

"I think there is a strange mystery to this peculiar crazy upside down phenomena."

Continued the Octopus.
"I think its a sort of magical transformation

of the room -"

"They were suddenly startled and surprised, by an unearthly duet, of fearful screams. Turning around at the foot of the steps they were still more surprised to observe on the balustrade two ordinary sized skulls, and these certainly had not been there when they went up, but they suddenly must have appeared after they descended.

The skulls were the size of those of dead children and the chief mystery was, where the screams came from.

Dauntless Violet grabbed the skulls and went out into the

street and threw them down still screaming into the nearest sewer. But twenty minutes later while exploring the big room with the dome-shaped roof they were again aroused by blood curdling screams as of some couple, suffering from the most dreadful torture coming from the third floor of the mansion.

As they reached the third floor, it was noticed that a thin trickle of water with a sewer like smell was oozing from under the door of an empty clothes closet.

Violet pulled the door open. In the closet on a shelf stood the same two skulls,

both soaking wet. As Violet angrily made a grab for them they flew out, floated down the hall, and suspended themselves to the ceiling. But she knocked them down with a stick and captured them.

"Give them to me" said Pernod. "I'll make short work of them."

By the inside way he went down to the basement and threw the grinning things into the incinerator furnace, closing the door on them, believing they would be cremated.

That night the same skulls screamed as usual and on top of Pernod's bed. Getting angrily

out Pennod pulverized the skulls with a hammer but still without effect. The following morning Jennie wrapped the skulls in a thick roll of cloth with a brick fastened to it went out in their car to Lincoln Park, and dumped them into the lagoon from the high bridge. When she returned home the skulls were back again ahead of her on a dining table, screaming as much as ever.

"This is something new" cried Violet in bewilderment "now we got shrieking skulls to pester us." "Ah I see the point," exclaimed Daisy "Some body is playing a

silly joke on us and as fast as we get rid of them, puts new ones in their place with necks of bottles inserted. Where are those skulls now. I'm going to examine them."

She followed the sound found them on the dining table with Jennie gesticulating angrily at them, and looked them over but found nothing of the sort.

Yet she was suspicious.

"I'm going to take these head bones and cremate them myself" she said to the rest "every body watch every entrance way and let no one in."

She cremated the

skulls, saw them burn to ashes, put on more coal and went up to the third floor saying "Well that's that."

Soon as she reached the top landing there were the skulls but they were silent this time. She was flabbergasted.

The rest of the day was quiet, with no phenomenon of any kind.

The Octopus unmoved by the skulls and their crazy screams, this day boldly examined the living room that had pulled the hobos. He daringly went into the room, rapped the plastered walls and the ceiling and then the floor above by tapping hard with a long pole to see if there was

any hollow space between them but to no avail. He tried to drive a long railroad spike into the wall, but it went in only an inch.

He made a swinging motion to see if the room would move back and forth but it remained stationary.

Dinner passed without anything unusual, supper too. They slept good that night though a bad march storm set in, but not yet in any of the two rooms under the attic, fearful to the demons.

Early that morning, at five o'clock, there was a dreadful duet of unearthly childish screams.

Every body was awak-

awakened, instantly thinking some children had wandered into the house, and were attacked by some phenomenon.

James Andrews found the screams came from the head of his bed, and glancing back discovered the grinning skulls on each side of his pillow. He arose and knocked them to the floor where they remained strangely bobbing up and down and screaming most lustily.

The little Virians were excited, but half inclined to 'giggle and hurriedly dressing' left the room, and the skulls to themselves, went to mass, ate their breakfast in a restaurant, and coming home heard that more people

had left the neighborhood quickly including some of the homeowners because of the awful screaming.

Though this skull screaming business seemed new to the little Virians the Octopus found out that it was an old custom of the Powers of darkness.

The skull screaming had been the first manifestation of the trouble more than five years back. The servants of the first tenants fled.

The Octopus received a long story of financial disasters in which nothing was left for some rich tenants but ragged clothes. A merchant

died of a heart attack when the skulls screamed from inside his bed, and a husband of a woman tenant died of fright when the diabolical skulls shrieked fearful blasphemous maledictions at him. The third deserted her for the same reason, thinking she was responsible.

She is said to have ended her life in a suicide. Any one who had tried to live in the building, soon moved out. The Octopus also found out that the skulls are said to have kept on screaming right up to the day. Untill the little Virians first entered the building, and then for several months they were not seen or heard from, by the little

Virians untill now. All efforts of many to dispose of the skulls, were of no avail, for the screaming objects, and the very same ones too, only came back.

One appeared to be of a little girl with long bobbed hair, the others a boy.

"Permod the next time the skulls appear" said the Octopus, "when they returned home from Mass. I insert crucifixes into them."

"It won't do any good." grinned Permod "the demons work at a distance."

"Oh that's it" said the Octopus "I see the idea. Well to morrow is the first seven days before Holy Thursday

When Good Friday comes we will all start the battle as Father Bryan said. Meanwhile I'm going to do a lot of investigation. But stay in no matter what happens. Next Monday quit school for a time to get ready for the fight and its a desperate one it will be."

At the same time this was going on, Webster George Stanislaw did a very serious deed, which caused him to be apprehended by the police, and what the judge in the juvenile criminal court did concerning him, is not mentioned here but it leaves him out of the story for good.

You cant trifle with the law crime does not pay.

The next morning was quite a bad stormy one, one of those old fashioned March Blizzards that the lovers of coming spring would like to kick the weather man for.

As the distance to the school was very great, and the storm coming at the rate of two inches an hour, was very hazardous to all sorts of traffic, Perrod and his sisters were forced to remain at home, defying the screaming skulls should they appear.

"We'll do our studying here" declared Violet. "We'll use the room under the attic for a class room. It's for about an hour."

and then when the good Octopus comes we'll do as he says."

"Well, 'doo doo our studying here, we'll use the room under the attic as a class room for about an hour, and then when the good Octopus comes we'll do as he says". came a mocking unearthly voice.

For a moment they were silent looking at each other in blank amazement.

Violet got up and sprayed Holy Water all about the room.

"What did you say?" cried Violet to the voice of the unseen person. She got no answer. Just then the Octopus, her father, and Jack Evans

entered the room. "Didn't you hear it?" asked the Octopus.

"Yes, I said a few words and a banshee mocked me", declared Violet.

"It did? Well that's strange, but that's not what I mean. Every musical instrument in the music room, excepting a Edison, was in a crazy bedlam. It stopped when I opened the door. The only thing that was silent was an Edison in there".

Again they looked at each other.

"No we had the door closed, and didn't hear it" said Gemmie.

"I heard crazy music" put in Angela. "but I thought it was out in the

street."

Angelina was always gifted with a pair of ears that could hear a person whisper nearly a block away.

"Well it was in the music room said the Octopus 'The moment I tore open the door all was quiet.'"

"The Edison was the most dangerous object in the house," explained Violet.

"Since its worst phenomena when its possessor attempted to kill us it has been well behaved. A hymn called nearer my God to thee is still on the turn table."

"How long has it been normal?" asked Paul Francis.

"Two weeks and a half" they all answered.

"but we cant help believing its still possessed but"

"The evil spirit does not manifest anything" added the Octopus.

"Thats right" exclaimed Perrod.

"I could compell him to"

"I believe it but please dont" pleaded Jennie. "The evil spirit of that Edison is our only most worst and dangerous enemy. He tried to assassinate us once." And she told the whole story from beginning to end.

8969.

Chapter 62
The battle of
Graphen house begins.

The Octopus laughed aloud about its crazy march into the two Churches and of its peculiar act in the police cell and how it escaped.

"And you believe the mysterious fire phenomena originates from it?" he asked.

"Yes" she said, "since it seemed to become normal no further fire phenomena occurs."

"There's one thing we want to mention," said Pernod gravely "It's the large mirror on a dresser in a medium sized boudoir which we never entered. Mr. Serzeman and detectives have told us that before that dresser, on ten different occasions a man woman or child among tenants had been 'found'.

8970.

my seriously strang-
led to death. One tenant
had told Burns that a
frightful face appears on
the mirror and, glassy
hard hands shoot out to
throttle you."

"Well I'll be" exclaimed
the Octopus "What room
is that?"

"A dressing room on the
first floor. I think it is
called vanity room. A
sign is on the door."

"The mirror very large?"
"Yes, seven feet long, and
five and a half feet across.
It's a big dresser, the
largest we ever saw."

"Who owns it?"

"Mr. Serzeman."

"What part of the room
is it in?"

"We do not know. We
never so much as open-
ed that door since we

came to this haunted house."

"Afraid to?"

"Well yes and no. But the main thing is we never gave that room a thought, as we never occupied that floor. But if you want to see that mirror we'll lead you to the room. But for Heaven's sake don't go in."

"I won't" he promised.

They led him down to the first floor and to the room, and Permod shoved the door open. It opened away from the direction of the dresser, which to their surprise occupied a niche close to the door as it fitted in no where else.

It was a four drawer dresser not so awfully high, and the room holding the mirror was elaborately decorated.

They could see by the looks of the mirror it was made of unbreakable glass.

"Mr. Reseman showed us the bill," declared Angeline. "That dresser cost two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand dollars?"

"Yes sir-ee."

"That man must have money to burn. I did not think there was a dresser that expensive in this country. And the looking glass is deadly dangerous?"

"Yes."

"If this glass does that kind of work how do the chandeliers do the strangling act?"

"A brass like hand forms on the end of the long spindle."

but some times the pipe
itself twists around your
neck."

"Well this place certainly
is a mystery" declared Mr
Paul Francis

"But many claim that
Satan, Apollyon, and Beel-
zebul are the most pow-
erful (demons) and shrewd-
est creatures next to
God Himself" said James
for the first time.

"What do you do them
any good" said Paul.

"I believe God favors you
William kids probably
more than any person
on earth and I'm pos-
itively sure He will
aid you in your work
here. Now before
we decide on anything
the last thing I want
to see is your famous
Palo. Where did you

say it is?"

"In the Library on the
second floor."

"Sets go" he said.

"When Pernod opened
the door the Octopus was
amazed to see the shades
all drawn down and the
room in partial darkness.

The evil spirits won't
let the shades be drawn
up," said Pernod put-
ting on the electric
lights.

There towards the center
of the room stood the
Palo. The Octopus
walked defiantly against
the Barnhees up to
the Palo, and gave
it a good examination.

The next day after
recess before school stud-
ies renewed again vio-
let walked up to the
teachers desk and said:

"Mrs Dwight, we are
sorry but we are going
to postpone going to school
for a time. Next Fri-
day a week from to-
morrow we're going to
start our fight
and make might and
main efforts to lay
the Banishes of Mr
Sese man haunted
house. We're going to
stick at it no matter
what happens until
we win."

"I'm glad to know

that you're the bravest
little girls ever known"
said the teacher. "And by
Gods help I'll know
you'll win. Do you in-
tend to take Webster
Gero Flannigan with
you?"

"Yes he promised to help
Marjorie Masters can
help too if she does as we
direct"

"Do you wish all the
class to know your pur-
pose?"

"Yes I'd like to tell them
myself, but we were
warned to keep it a
secret. Next Monday
is the last day we
come to school, until
we succeed"

"Well good bye then and
Gods best luck be
with you"

"What if all owing might

residents of a very large section of the city deluged south side and downtown section police stations with reports of a mysterious explosion, a crash that shook windows and dishes and furniture through out the area.

Hundreds of telephone calls swamped the authorities of all police, and detectives for several hours. While hundreds of calls were made, only one witness was identified who could describe the event. It was a hobo, who said he heard the noise, and saw a great big ball of fire streaking across the Sesemann grounds of the haunted house, from east to west. At the same time an unidentified woman,

telephoned the Hudson avenue police station, she heard an explosion, and saw a bright electrical red flare of flashes to the southeast. The explosion shook the windows in the police station and the Explains Street fire house.

Detectives believed the phenomena was one of those customary fireballs that form in the grounds of Sesemann's haunted property, and that contacting something made it explode.

The strange part of the whole thing was it didn't awaken the little Virrians or any one with them who were sleeping in one of the rooms under the Callahan attic, and there-

fore they knew nothing about it, and never did. After school the following day, Pernod and his sisters with Jack Evans and Sebastian, decided to go with the 'Octopus' to pay a visit to Mr. Seesman and tell him what they were going to do.

They were only a short distance near the place when they observed a jam of people before the entrance gate.

They were evidently threatening Mr. Seesman because of financial ruin, caused by the demons. But they couldn't get into the grounds as the gates were locked.

Leaping from the car Jack Evans, Paul Francis, and Sebastian charged

into the crowd, of homeowners, men and women.

Evans flung the foremost to one side, and elbowed a dozen more to the other, the other two following through the crowd like a tornado.

"Geet back", he bellowed. "Be ze reasonable. Eet es not hees fault for what heem banties do. Ze are es no call to geet rough and hot heem. If ze not leesteen o' ze pull ze tree up by ze roots and use eet on ze all"

There were quite a number there but all of them together couldn't cope with Jack Evans who has a wallop like a train at a grade crossing and pulling up a good sized

tree by the roots and using it as a club was no idle boast.

"Shucks" growled one, angry but abashed at the sight of the giant, the two other powerful men and the little Vivians. "We was just arguing. We aint going to hurt him now. If he aint responsible, who is?"

"You're darn tooting youse es not goin' to hit him!" thundered Evans "I weel protection him, all ze tenants youse had includ- ing ze all heah, are ze beeg cowards anyway. Eet es not Mr Rese- man's fault."

"Oh" wheezed one man defiantly "I'd dare to live there"

"Youse dare leave zare?" Evans grunted "Why ef youse try leave zare,

youse would move oud, so blame fast zat even youse meemory of ze place couldnt catch up to youse. Especial ef youse seen ze beeg phenomena."

The crowd dispersed gradually and Mr Rese- man was finally en- duced by the little Vivians to take courage and live in his crazy house with them.

"Ze mol es more danger zan ze deemonie" explained Evans

So now they had the owner of the house under their protection. He was given one of those two rooms under the attic. When one of the home owners heard of this he said very sarcastically,-

"Cripes. That's one place he ought to stay away from. It's far worse than taking a red rag into a corral full of bulls. There'll sure be trouble if the spectres see him, and even those Virvians won't be able to keep him!"

That night in the crazy house Paul heard one of the little Virvians and some one else calling. They came running up the steps in their night-gowns, Jennie dragging Daisy by the hand.

"There's something wrong in the vanity room, down stairs" Jennie called. "We can't get the door open!"

"Some one called for help down there and it sounded like a little girls voice" Daisy cried, out of sobbing

because she was out of breath and excited.

"Never you mind girls" the Octopus told them. "I'll stop 'em. Where's the mouse at?"

"In the vanity room!"

"We heard the mouse" Daisy said tearfully, "but we couldn't get the door open. Hurry up Mr Evans please!"

"Come on Mr Evans"

Paul cried as the latter appeared aroused by the voices. "You little angels come along."

He started down the stairs followed by Jack Evans, and after a few seconds of indecision Jennie and Daisy sprinted down after them.

"But what are we going on Jennie's vanity room?"

Evans demanded, when Jennie and Daisy caught up with the two men.

"Plenty," rumbled the octopus "and we gotta keep the banshees in their places."

"But I dont understand, what sees allumbout?" Evans panted. At the moment the Octopus had no time for explanations. They galloped swiftly down the hall, reached the room, threw open the door by main force and switched on the light.

They couldnt tell who it was but a nine year old girl was hanging before the mirror, face contorted, tongue out, and glass hands holding her in a crushing grip by the neck. She appeared to struggle with all her might to pull away the

glass hands, and her body convulsed fearfully. Fearlessly Jennie and Daisy were first into the room to try to rescue her. The Octopus and Evans followed. The child now hung limp with arms hanging down by her side, her tongue came out further. Her body squirmed once more, became immovable and then to their amazement were they seeing right?—they were looking at nothing.

The face on the mirror had disappeared the hands were gone, and— and— where was the strangling child?

The room suddenly went into total darkness, but the Octopus relighted the room.

Jennie and Daisy were standing in front of the dresser but the possessed mirror did nothing. In fact the demon there knew better than to try and harm them. The strangling child was not real, it had been only a phenomenon not even an apparition. The demon wanted to play a joke on them, but got scared out of his wits instead by their springing into the room.

"Well I never" cried the Octopus

"A phenomenon it was" cried Jennie "those evil spirits fooled us. I like their nerve."

"I bet that's how they trap people" said Daisy.

"They don't dare grab

me".
"The neither" defied Jennie. "But it makes me mad as a wet hen, to think they fool us like that!"

"Good Friday comes too slow" said Daisy. "I wish we could start the great battle now, and show the devils they can't make monkeys out of us."

"They sometimes even pester us in school" Joyce put in. "I'd bet if we were to go to a school dinner party, the Banishes would turn the table upside down on us all, while we were eating."

"Could you keep this infernal room locked" asked the Octopus.

"It wouldn't do any good," they all said together. "The spirits would open it just the same."

The next day came the last day to school at the Skimmer, until after the Bamshees are ceremonially evicted.

Pennod and his sisters did not intend to let most of the kids in school know of their intentions for fear that nothing could keep them away from the vicinity of the haunted house.

For most children allow their curiosity to get the best of them and the Virians knew from experience that the demons were more dangerous to little kids than to grownups, as demons

hate innocence beyond measure. But through some unknown reason all the class mates, knew of it, as Pennod and his sisters learned at recess time.

That got them greatly worried, and therefore they decided to have guards employed at the gates of all three entrances to the grounds, to keep the kids away should they be foolhardy to come near the place.

But fortunately for the little Virians there was not a rash kid among them, as most of the boys themselves going to the school come from the Catholic news boys Home, called the Mission of our Lady.

of mercy. All the school kids remembering the fate of little Paulina and the orphan child, were afraid of Mr Sese-mans Grapghum house.

Knowing of this, Jennie standing near the teacher's desk told the whole class room, that she and her sisters were going to really fight this time and threatened them not to go near Mr Sese-mans house, under any conditions, telling them to remember what had happened to little Paulina, the orphan kid, and the server hobos.

They promised faithfully to keep away. Strange to say the children at St Patricks knew nothing of this, knew not

why Angelina was quitting school for a time, though neither did they care. Her sisters quit the skimmer on Monday, Angelina on Tuesday.

And of St Patricks school only her own class mates knew her personally, the others were mere acquaintances, or she was to others nothing at all.

So there was no particular danger of children of this school, ever giving Mr Sese-mans house a thought. In their part they didnt care whether the Grapghums stayed or not. So Angelina could rest easy on this point. All the children of the skimmer,

hated to see Bernad and his sisters go, even if only temporarily but there was no help to it, and when school was over there were many a sad lby or girl. But the Virvians promised to visit the school time and again and tell them of the doings at Mr Sezemans haunted house.

But Angeline however was not so popular in her class, and therefore there was no regrets of her going. Most of the kids especially the girls were jealous of her, and her sisters too, just because they were not what they are.

Marjorie however, and her little sister Margaret wanted to go with Angeline

to help, and Angeline answered on their way home, "To

"To morrow is my last day to school, you may be with us if you do promise most faithfully that you won't do anything rash, to stay close to us, no matter what happens and remember you are not possessed by angels".

Marjorie promised, and believe me this time she always was to keep her promise. Recent experiences had taught her plenty.

However, at first when she entered the building Marjorie, or her sister could not suppress a slight

shiver their hearts quailed within them, and they drew more closer to Angeline. When she was with the other little Virvians she again renewed her pledge to do everything they said.

"Do you still eat your meals here?" Marjorie asked.

"No indeed we eat and have our kitchen up in the attic" Pernod said. "We don't want any table going bottom up as we eat. We had enough of that humbug."

His sisters giggled, he grinned.

"Of course we could do that if we wanted to have some fun," he said.

"For that reason the spirits wouldn't do it" piped away.

"You could get in a

table too big and too heavy for that and have it screwed to the floor" said Margaret.

"That's what you think" laughed Violet. "We did do that. There's no table too heavy for the evil spirits. That's the table that would run down the street. Ten persons could eat on each side of that table and three on each end, sixteen altogether. And we eight only used it. I though screwed to the floor it once got away from us with everything on it, and ran thirteen blocks down the street. Now we eat in these rooms down here no more. We'll use the attic. Food is too expensive for those bottom up

manifestations."

When the Octopus came in, he was surprised to see Maryou and her little sister there, and after greeting them, said to the little Virians:-

"Father Bryan is having great difficulty getting the Cardinals' permission, to erect the Stations of the Cross for fear of insults and violations from the Banshees. If the Cardinal refuses, then that's out."

"I asked Father Carney about that?" said Angelina.

"The Stations are the worst things to the demons, and the attempt to erect them by a east to west path too close to the building would cause a terrific phenomena

that even we would not want to see. He advises against it. He says the demons must be driven from the grounds first."

"Maybe the Cardinal knows what's what?" declared Pernod. "Of course if he grants the permission we'll chance it, but we got to keep on our guard."

For the rest of the afternoon they remained in the second floor living room. All that time nothing happened, all was quiet. Just before supper time Father Bryan came with Father Casey and Carney. Father Bryan handed a long envelope to Violet who was

turn handed it to Penrod.
 "To the permission" said
 Father Bryan. "But Cardinal
 Gibbons says he can't see
 hows its to be done, and
 the smallest stations are
 pretty expensive."

"We'll try and it will
 be the first attack on the
 demons", answered Pen-
 rod "We'd pay any price
 to drive the ban shees."

"I'll order the stations to-
 morrow from that place
 on Adams and Halsted.
 If we can't get a driver
 to deliver them, Jack
 Evans will do it. To-
 morrow, Tuesday, Ange-
 line quits school too."

"I'll go to St Patricks
 for her at closing time.
 I believe the stations
 will be there then."

Early the next after-
 noon in the very

school class room
 something happened
 concerning little Ange-
 line that put Pen-
 rod in an explosive
 burst of righteous
 rage that he had never
 displayed before.

As mentioned before,
 few of the kids in the
 school were ever friend-
 ly to her because they
 were jealous of her.

There was a new
 boy in school who
 was a fresh kid, very
 insolent and especially
 arrogant towards little
 boys and girls who
 he took to be his
 inferiors and very
 hard pressing in
 arguments.

I though not cowardly
 he avoided those that
 could lick him. His

name was Andrew John Hermer, a little Austrian. He disliked Angelina because to him she was no ideal girl, too old fashioned to him and thought her way of dressing over modest and too plain.

He had heard what went on at Mrs. Resemanns house and in his heart almost hoped the banshees of hell would hold out to the end.

He getting too fresh once got a drubbing from Weber, George Flannigan and blamed the Viriams for it and wanted to get even.

To try to get Angelina into trouble with the children of her class room he had

often told lies on her, but they graciously refused to believe him. They knew Angelina too well.

That afternoon he tried to pick an argument with Angelina over the haunted house, and because she would not say anything he came out with the wickedly insulting words, just as Pernod came into the class room with his sisters, loud enough for the whole class and Sister Dorothea to hear. "If you and your sisters sissy pie faced sisters would go to bed with the devils of Resemanns house without any

9003

clothes on, and play
post office' you'd win
better."

At this poor Angelina
was too shocked to move
or say a word, while
her sisters flared in
their eyes.

With flaming eyes
Angelina never moved
from where she stood,
her whole body was
shaking with nervous
excitement, while her
sisters cried "What's
that?"

When Pernod heard
the insulting words
he sprang forward
from in front of
his sisters and
stepping onward with
finger pointing at
Andrew cried out -

"Did I hear you
right? Did I hear

9004

you right? That you
said loudly before
the whole class that
if Angelina and my
other good sisters
would go to bed
with the dervels with
out any clothes on,
in Res'man house
and play post office'
they'd" -

"En-en - please, let
me explain -"
"Get out, get out, you
little fiddle footed over-
dressed fiend," shrieked
Pernod in blinding
rage, swinging his
right fist right and
left so angrily
that fear seized all
the kids in the
school room, "If you're
still here after I've
counted three I'll
knock you flatter

than a pancakes shad-
ow. I'll have you tied
up and locked in the
sitary of Resemans
haunted house all by
yourself."

The foolish boy fled
from the school room,
Pennod tearing after him
for a short distance war-
ing his right fist in
the air as if he was
trying to work his
righteous rage on that
bad boy now who
fled into the street
in panic. He thought
of what the boy said
about his sisters filled
Pennods heart with
bitterness for the
rest of the day. Penn
had reached
the depths of vexat-
ion and bitter mess.
James Andrews

looked closely at An-
geline who was stand-
ing very still and pat-
ting her gently on the
shoulder said:

"Oh bah the little prin-
cess mustn't take things
so much to heart just
be jolly like you always
did. Didn't Pennod just
this minute almost
ram a hole in Andrews
head well still on the
same spot. We've got to
go home. Your sisters
are waiting."

At that Angeline walk-
ed down the isle but
slowly and sadly and
not at all as she gen-
erally did. It made
James unhappy to
watch her. He followed
along beside her and
spoke encouraging
words.

"You must not mind so much, just don't be so unhappy about it. You are always so brave no matter what happens. You and your sisters are regular little soldiers of God, have never been licked by any thing since I've known you while everybody knows that other girls of your age are even scared of harmless little bugs. The demons are enjoying what that wicked boy said. Let them jump - ling all over Rose's mamma's house and acting crazy when we return home we'll show them where to get off at". Angelina nodded her head a little but so sadly that it

went straight to James' heart. Even despite their recent ways towards her the children of her class looked at her with much sympathy as she followed her sisters with tears in her eyes. Andrews' warm was not welcome in that class no more.

His good little sisters went home in a very quiet mood and closed themselves alone in their room for the rest of the afternoon. Learning the address Pernod and his father went to find Andrews' parents to file a complaint against the boy with James Andrews and the two little masters.

girls as witnesses. As it would happen the parents took sides with their son, and therefore Empson Vignam felled the father with a terrific left and would have turned on the mother too, but she ran into another room locking herself in.

The Octopus in the meantime was in the haunted house for he was looking up his good brother. Before I risk (not) drivers who defied any demons had brought the Stations of the Cross literally into the very grounds, and covered covered them with heavy canvas to protect them from the untimely March weather. Perrod in his excitement had

not noticed it. The next morning Tuesday the Octopus and Jack Evans looked them over and were satisfied. Violet and her sisters that cold raw morning with a stiff northeast wind blowing, went earlier on their way to Mass, despite the distance, and all the way up North to St Vincents Church, to make the sacrifice to God for intentions against the fiend in Mr Seemann's house.

It was after nine o'clock when they returned home. Perrod didnt hardly feel any better than on the day before but he did not show it, nor did his sisters.

say anything to the Octopus about Andrew Hermer's insult. Neither of them ate much breakfast, Pernod ate nothing at all, but after breakfast time Mr Paul Francis showed them the Stations. To indicate the Octopus showed the pathway to Pernod along which the stations were to be placed.

"Why" declared Pernod "we are stumped again. This path runs past the killer Elm. People could not pass it to make the next station beyond. We'll have to put the stations elsewhere"

"What?" cried the Octopus. "Why yes it does," declared Violet. "It runs past the killer Elm"

"We - we got to put it up somewhere

else then" said the Octopus. "because nobody making the Stations would dare pass the Elm. The Irish man who brought the Stations said they could find men, who will erect the stations' demons or no demons. They'll come either this Tuesday afternoon, or to-morrow morning"

When will they be finished?"

"I believe by to-morrow afternoon Wednesday if they start to-morrow morning if a blizzard does not come up. If they start this afternoon they'll be finished to-morrow sometime"

But how can it be done with the ground frozen so deep. The

Stations are on pedestals which have to be sunk more than a foot into the ground" said Violet.

"Those men can find a way I'm sure," said the octopus "I wish people are not stopped by anything".

However some of the men came early in the afternoon with shovels and picks. Starting to work at the spot for the first station, they found the ground exceptionally hard, and almost impossible to break with their sharp picks.

It looked like they were defeated but they were not.

They sort of suspected this slight difficulty and also had also brought dynamite and a battery. The sticks were just the right size to blast

a hole the right depth and size. By five o'clock four stations were up and the evil spirits so far did not interfere or work any phenomena.

Just because the workers were struck by the beauty and strange holiness of the little virgins, they toiled until it was too dark to work any longer and had eight stations up and still nothing happened, excepting a strong northeast wind was blowing and it seemed to be getting colder.

"As soon as they are all up," said Father Carney "I'll bless and consecrate them. When I'll see about having made by have devote or people."

9015

Pennod and his sisters were greatly elated over the erection of the eight stations so quickly. Six more and they would all be in position. During the night despite a northwest north east wind storm raging the girl scouts took up full guard duty to make sure nothing happened to the stations, or to warn if a phenomena occurred.

The night though having a raging gale passed without anything unusual. Were the demons giving way before this sort of attack. It seemed apparent for when daylight came, but gray sunless and dreary the stations were as they had been put up. That morning turned out pretty cold and

9016

tempestuous, but the men came to finish the work, just the same. Stations nine and ten went up and it started in to snow and the wind to blow more heavily.

The men finished the eleventh station, then stopped a few minutes to look suspiciously at the storm which gave indications of a driving blizzard. Violet and her sisters watching them advised them to let the others go but they started the twelfth, and then finished, began working on the thirteenth. When all of a sudden something happened. It could not be said,

whether it was caused by the awfully strong wind blowing or whether it was a graphen phenomenon, but there came a rumbling and a loud crackling sound and then the rush of a falling tree.

The men putting up the station heard the noise, but not in time as the roar of the wind in the trees confused them. They tried to spring clear, and one cried to the little Vir-lans who with little Marjorie were watching them work:-

"Look out!"

The little girls tried to jump out of danger, but they and all the men were caught under the maze of branches as the great upper part of the tree

crashed down pinning them underneath. Some of the men gave a cry of alarm and pain as the wind swept wreck lashed them, one of them shouting to little Marjorie who alone jumped clear.

"Oh run, little girl run, get the boy prince or somebody were caught!" Marjorie Masters had been frightened when the tree breaking in the middle, crashed down.

But she was much more frightened when Violet and her sisters were caught and one of the men asked her to go for help.

"Are any of you little girls hurt much?" asked Marjorie nearly

9019

crying.

"Well, not so much maybe" answered one of the men trying to grin. "I don't believe any of us have broken legs or arms. But we're all held down. None of us can move or get out. The branches are all crisscrossed around us like jackstraws."

"And that's the best way of telling the readers how they were all caught. It was exactly like the jackstraws you let fall on a heap on the table when you play the game."

The big and small branches stretched every which way around the prisoners who were in the midst of them and tormented by the snow being into

9020

their faces by the lashing gale, and to top it off the snow was mixed with hail.

The trunk fortunately had missed them, and no real big heavy branches had actually fallen on their bodies or limbs. Otherwise they'd have been killed, or been patients in a hospital for a long long time.

But they were pinned in the lashing trap even more securely than a big black would have been caught.

"You'd better go for the Octopus," called Violet, and Marjorie sped away. She and every one now wished Jack Evans was home but he had gone

away to see about the payment of the stations.

"Mr Francis Mr Francis" shouted Marybrie as she reached the house, in front of which the Octopus stood looking suspiciously at the progress of the storm, and puffing on a cigar "Oh Mr Francis" the little Virrims and the working men are caught under a fallen tree!"

"They are?" cried the Octopus "Where?" Take me to them Marybrie: quick dear."

"Did a phenomenon do it?" asked her sister Margaret, in a frightened tone.

"If it is the fiends are fighting the erection of the stations" declared James Andrews.

It didn't look like a phenomenon" answered Marybrie as big flakes now mingled with the smaller snow and sleet, a bad sign. "The tree fell and they're all caught."

Meanwhile the wind had increased in force. It was making the trees roar like small thunder and just at that moment a big branch broke from the nearest tree, and slammed against the window of the house, shattering the glass.

"Oh Mr Francis the wind did it and threw the tree on them" cried Marybrie and her eyes blazed with the thought.

"Are there any one hurt?" asked the Octopus as he sped through the grounds.

"No, I guess they ain't hurt much," Marjorie said as a wind swept cloud of snow from the ground played her face.

"But they can't get out unless we raise the branches off of them."

"If Evans were only here," murmured the Octopus as they neared the place the storm was becoming a blinding fury and above the roar of the trees and the howl of the wind, they could hear Violet calling.

"Hurry up, hurry, somebody here are freezing here and want to get out. The wind is

driving the snow into our faces blinding us."

"We're coming," called the Octopus. "Don't be impatient, Violet. We are coming."

The Octopus looked at the tangled mass of branches beneath which the little virians and the men were pinned. Penrod was also coming on the run. The Octopus began trying to lift one of the big branches, Marjorie lending her strength as best she could.

Margaret and James Andrews too rushed in and tried to lift up the branch, but it was too heavy. The wind hindered their efforts a good deal, and the flying snow driven

into their faces blinded them. The branches were all about the prisoners in criss cross fashion, all about and under them and in this way the trunk, and the big heavier branches were kept from crushing the prisoners.

Finally the Octopus took hold of one branch so tightly wedged in by others that he could not lift it. There seemed no way to lift the tree so the others could crawl from underneath.

He and Marjorie and the two others tugged at it but as they lifted it a little it seemed as though the smaller branches underneath would break and

allow the trunk and big branches to crash down on the prisoners. And yet with this great branch in place it was almost impossible to rescue them.

"We must be careful," exclaimed the Octopus. "We need help Marjorie you had better go and try to get some men."

But at that moment the opening of the iron picket gate was heard showing that some one was coming.

For a moment Marjorie thought it might be one of the phormionians of the gate that make it open and shut by itself. And the Octopus believed that

in spite of the storm it might be some of the horse owners threatening Mr. Seserman. But even they would have been well come now. However it turned out to be Jack Evans who was just returning.

He saw at once that something was wrong. He didn't ask no questions but went up to the fallen section of the tree.

He gave a secondary glance at the part of the tree still standing and then grunting

"Probably 30 phemorrna not 30 weend," grabbed half of the 'fallen' trunk in his hands, lifted the whole section up in the air, like a piece of timber

to the evident amazement of all, and flung it crashing into the nearest trees to which that broken section was immediately wedged.

The reason he did that, that if it had been a phemorrna the demon could not fling it back again, and nothing happened.

The fallen men were able to get to their feet, not much the worse for their perilous adventure.

"The tree was blown on us," explained one of the men.

"How deed eet happen?" asked Evans. "3 at seem too big get tree into breech from 30 phemorrna" (cuckoo) 9028

"Maybe the wind snapped the tree in two" said another

"I don't believe eet" declared Evans. "Zat es zee very very strong tree. I shall investigate eet, and zee Meestah Frances."

The little girls were covered with dirt and snow, and bits of bark, and Joice limped a little where one big branch had pinned her right foot, but no bones were broken, and really every one had come out of it very luckily.

"I wonder if it was a phenomenon?" inquired Marjorie when with a sigh of relief she saw that every one was all right.

"I guess it was" said the Octopus looking at

the trunk still standing though it looks as if the wind did it. It's a good Evans happened to come along."

"It is indeed lucky" said Violet. "It gave us a fright. I didn't think the demons would try any more tricks Perrod."

"It might not have been a phenomenon and then yet the demons might have done it" answered Perrod. "They can do things and make it appear like something else."

"You mean break the tree down and make it appear as if the wind did it?"

"Yes. And they could make the wind do it too."

And then yet the

wind could have done it too by itself" declared the octopus "It sure is a frightful storm and now its snowing so thick you cant see half a block away and the wind is like a hurricane." Yet both the wind and the demons were under suspicion. The storm was growing so bad that further work on the stations had to be postponed.

But they only had two more to put up. When they were inside of the house watching the late winter storm from one of the big windows, Marjorie said looking at the wild fury of the blizzard, - "I believe the wind do it. It was roaring awfully in the tree and then I saw the tree sway

and twist badly and the upper part broke. "I'll investigate that tree and its distance from the twelfth station to morrow. I can tell whether it was the wind or something else."

"How can you tell?" they all asked.

"How the tree broke, the distance of the tree from the twelfth station, and the manner in which the upper part caught you. I am an expert on that. I'll do it at the earliest moment to morrow. I'd do it now if it wasn't for the storm."

Pennod was just going to propose a game that he knew his sisters like to play when suddenly along the

noise of the blizzard wind, there came from outside a strange far piercing cry, but very much different from the cry that had been so often heard before. It was a most terrifying echoing scream that broke out from the grounds, the cry like that of a child in fear, pain and rage, but eerie in sound.

"Oh my what's that?" exclaimed Mrs. Jerry while Maryrie and Violet ran to her side, and even Violet dropped the book she was reading and moved towards the window to try and see the cause. The Octopus who had arisen from his place to look around the room and see that all was secure for the night paused for he heard that terrify-

ing cry and glanced out of the window at the trees, badly fogged by the falling snow. Again came the strange moaning cry like some child in pain.

"Oh what is it?" asked Mrs. Jerry. "Someone is being hurt. Perhaps maybe a child has been caught by some awful phenomenon."

"Sister" whispered Mr. Francis. There was silence for a moment, and again came that strange cry, and mingled with it was another that caused Margaret to sob out.

"I don't want to stay here, I want to go back to mine home I do."

"Hush, hush" soothed Mrs. Jerry. "Keep quiet."

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soothed Mrs Jerry "Keep quiet."

"I'm going out to investigate that cry" said the Octopus

"I'll go with you," said Violet, Gemmie and George.

When they were outside the Octopus cried:

"It sure is blowing hard. Come on girls and Pernod."

On they went towards the direction of the cry.

The wind was blowing so very hard, that many trees within sight leaned over and branches swayed wildly in all directions because of the heavy blast of wind that bent the trees towards the earth and it was all the Octopus and the children "could do" to walk along.

"All about them the

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wind howled, small branches were broken off the trees and the Virians and the Octopus were enveloped in the dense clouds of swirling blinding snow. It was like a hurricane.

"Here goes my cap" cried Pernod as the wind carried it from his head.

"And there goes the Auto robe we're to use to cover the child as we carry her in" added Gemmie as the gale whipped it from her arm over which she had placed it.

"This is a terrible storm, and we were to go to the temple to night. What had we better do?" Pernod asked.

Pennod looked at the shroud of falling snow, getting even thicker while the wind blew even harder and harder. Pennod raced after the automobile robe which the wind had carried from his sister's arm, ^{the} caught the robe as the wind whipped it about a bush.

The horrid cry came again this time some what nearer.

"It sounds from the direction of the Elm tree" said the Octopus.

"We are going the wrong way then and we must retrace our steps hurry there and see what's wrong," said Violet as she took Joice's arm to guide her through the grounds.

"Perhaps it will be too late when we

get there" said Jennie on a low voice.

"What do you mean?" asked the Octopus quickly.

"If anyone caught it is impossible to rescue anyone from it" Pennod replied "and it would not take much of a fling for the tree to throw some one to his death".

"Oh nonsense" laughed the Octopus "It will be all right."

"Set us hope so."

"Do you think the storm will halt the work on the last two stations to morrow?" asked Violet.

"I can't say yes or no But if it should Evans may put up the remaining two" declared the Octopus. "But come along now,

there's the cry now once more. Is it really from the Elm?"

"I think so" answered Joice. "Gracious how it blows. She cried as she staggered on, Benrod had all he could do to keep the automobile robe from blowing away again. It was indeed a fierce wind and snowstorm.

"Soft" cried Violet. "The wind is blowing all the dead leaves off those trees there. There won't be any left."

And indeed it did seem as though the gale would strip all the dead green leaves from the trees as they leaned far over in the terrific blast. At times the air was filled with bits of snow and other small

branches some of which struck the faces of the searchers and made the flesh smart.

Again came the cry just as they reached the Elm. The branches acting crazily in the gale had nothing in their grasp.

Here and there limbs broken from the tree crashed down or flew through the air but none hit them.

"The demon did it. He made the cry to deceive us" cried Violet. "Oh how I hate him for fooling us."

"Set's get back" said the Octopus. "The storm is going to get worse. Instead of passing on away, and in another

9041

hour and a half it will be night. I'll be feeling bad about it but I don't see how you'll be able to make the nearest Church for the Tenebrai" he added, "Will the snow storm tie up traffic?" asked Violet.

"If it gets worse I'm afraid so" answered Pernod "It's a long way to St Patrick's Church, I'm bad this place is so far. We catch awfully bad colds if we'd dare walk it that far. But I had no idea a storm was coming. My the wind is terrible".

He said this as he looked at the swaying trees. And just as he said this there was an unusually

9042

strong squall of wind that roared the trees like thunder and the snow suddenly came so thick they could hardly see fifty feet away. I thought short as the distance was they had the most greatest difficulty in getting back to the main entrance of the building and were almost like ghosts, they were so covered with snow.

"When upstairs on the second floor with the rest Pernod said:

"The cry came from the Elm tree I'm afraid we can't get to the Church tonight."

"Why not?" asked Angelina.

"Why are you asking

to walk four miles to Church in this howling blinding blizzard"? asked their father, "If you want the Ternehai have it in this house".

"I certainly won't let any one go out in this storm," added the Octopus. "If you think of going you're crazy".

"We have six priests and four boys," adding the fifth, "grinned Permod, we could have the Ternehai in a big room or a hall in this house if the priests are willing to do it".

"I'll ask Father Bryan about it," said Violet.

She did, and he agreed, saying it would be attack No. Two, on the demons. The altar was erected in the hall

they had enough candles and candle sticks and the Ternehai was started. The five lads acting as altar boys.

The sacred service proceeded without any phenomena interfering to the ending. And the Virians were satisfied. The awful blizzard raged with relentless fury all night keeping them partly awake at times.

Indeed during the night the wind blew with such force that it made the whole build'g building tremble and all the attic beams were trembling. It howled and groined on the window sills like the voices of the banshees. There was no sleep and outside

9045

in all the trees it raged so fearfully that here and there branches flew off. Windows rattled and banged, trees roared and thundered, while outside you could see nothing but a thick white morning snow. The noise of the storm kept many of the little sister in fright and anxiety. It was the coming on of the worst of the blizzard.

To make it worst of all the demon of the tree intermudantly kept up that hoarse peculiar cry all night long amid the raging storm. The city was in darkness. Towards seven o'clock in the morning the blizzard reached its fiercest precipitancy, when it reached its

Thursday no doubt turned out very bad. Nevertheless despite the hurricane and white cedarburst the Odessa and Evan temporarily cleared a path to what was left of the broken tree and gave it a thorough examination.

They could find no evidence against the demon though Evan could not understand how the wind of a common blizzard could break that big tree and not injure weaker ones. And it did not appear so exposed as other trees. They ever searched for evidence of decayed parts that would cause the disaster but found none.

There was no hollow in

the tree either. They had
a decree the verdict that
the wind did it and
that the banshees, and
they were right. In a
moment a lighty mile
an hour gust swept the
tree, twisting the upper
part off.

At noon the storm
slackened. That stormy
day, and cold night
passed without any
phenomena. The storm
passing away with
colder weather and
20 inches of snow.

On Sunday noon,
good Sunday, everybody
managed despite
the hampered traffic
to go to the Ice, One

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had supper at a cafe
and then attended the
terrace at St Vincents.

It was eleven o'clock
at night when they returned
to Mr. Seremans' (Crazy)
house. Here they received
a new and startling shock.

They discovered that
all the furniture on the
second floor and all the
musical instruments
of the music room except
the Edison were gone, even
the tables and furniture
of the library were gone.

The only thing not
missing was the bedroom
equipment in the room
on the third floor under
the attic. Also the Edison
was still in the music
room. Pictures on the
opposite wall in the music
room were acting very
odd. Some pictures were

The Virians could not know what to make of it.

They thought the owners who had left everything when they fled had during the early afternoon sent moving vans to get the household goods.

So as the Virians came home they got up at four o'clock, and after an early breakfast, when day light came they examined the snow in the street.

There was sign of all sorts of strange and odd looking traffic marks but none from autos or wagons in the street, and the sidewalk was clean of foot prints.

But there was no evidence of any wagon, auto, or moving van having backed

up towards the main gate entrance. There were only many strange marks in the snow but they were too excited to make out what they were just then.

As the snow had been cleared off the sidewalk towards the main house entrance there could be no tracks of any kind.

Nevertheless, Pernod telephoned to a number of moving Van Companies and received the same answer.

No, no one called for furniture to be moved from that address.

"I can't understand this at all," said Pernod to the Octopus. "Everything on the second floor but the crazy exploded solution, if they

were going to take it all, why didn't they notify us first?"

"Who ever cleaned this place out took it by the back way. The tenants might have retained the keys to the rear entrance," declared the Octopus.

"Let's go around to the other street and see as we have not our keys to the rear entrance," declared Violet.

It took them sometime to get around there, but that street was clear of auto tire marks, not even a foot mark on the side walk, no sign of anything but clean undisturbed snow.

"It sure is most peculiar," said Mr Francis. "The furniture couldn't

fly away." "I though I didn't think of it at the time other marks in the Boulevard looked crazy like to me," declared Pernod.

"So it did" said the little girls together.

"How?" asked the Octopus. "Like the snow was badly scraped, scratched, and where it was deep big holes punctured in spaces and all that went down the street as it appeared all the way."

"You mean that it looks as if the furniture walked out on you?" asked the Octopus.

"We don't say yes or no," answered Pernod as they reached the main gate, "but I think something is wrong."

"Pernod you're wanted on the phone" called Father Carney, "It's detective Burns".

Pernod rushed into the house, followed by his sisters and the rest.

Pernod went to the phone. "Oh is that you Pernod?"

"Yes."

"This is detective Burns speaking. Are you missing any house hold goods from 852 Adams Avenue house?"

"Yes Mr Burns, everything disappeared as if it walked out on us, or rather did the disappearing act."

The only thing that didn't go out was the crazy phonograph."

"Do you know Pernod there is a grand procession of furniture parading about Lincoln Park and led by all kinds of musical in-

struments?"

"What?" yelled Pernod. The detective repeated his statement adding "And I've got a cordon of men near the park to keep people out until the crazy stuff is under control."

"Why (detective) detective Burns you must be misinformed, surely no furniture could go all the distance from here to Lincoln Park?" "Who said this happened?"

"A park policeman"

"Incredible! What was he drinking —"

"I have here in my desk the written list of the articles of furniture given to me over the phone by Mike Mulligan. And even this meaning

the furniture is parading the park Police from the park also notified me."

"I ather listen. I heres something wrong in the park," said Pennod as he hung up the receiver "I'll go right down with my sisters to Simcoln Park and see whate the matter."

"Wait a while Pennod. Lets try to get our facts in good shape first. To begin with is Burns positively sure the furniture is the same as was on the second floor of this house?" asked the priest.

"I take it for granted. Burns wouldnt fool us."

"Well suppose I call up Detective Mulligan and find out" accordingly I ather

Carney called up Detective Mike Mulligan by telephone. To his question Mike Mulligan thus replied:-

"The furniture certainly was on the go this morning, when Burns receiving the report from a Simcoln park policeman sent me to investigate. I witnessed the grand procession myself. The music was 'beautiful' with sarcasm on the word beautiful. "It was headed by a base violin, a grand piano, house grand pipe organ, guitars fiddle, banjo, a bass horn, and - and well enough musical instruments to make the parade look like the Craziest and the funniest."

thing I ever set eyes on. All the musical instruments were playing with all their might, but not keeping time, and each playing a different tune. The seaman was called over by Burns. He wants the recent owner of that crazily possessed furniture to reclaim or dispose of it before it returns to that haunted house. Burns himself went to investigate after calling up Pernod.

"Sets every body go to the Park at once" Father Carney said.

Off they went to Lincoln Park, the Virians, the three priests Evans, and the 'O'opus' and so on.

Now while they were gone to Lincoln Park, nobody was left in the seaman's house.

Therefore a tragic and unusual thing happened. A half an hour later Andrew John Idoner, came walking up the street on the opposite side of the grass him.

He didn't believe the stories about the place and never had. He didn't believe in devils, and though he believed in ghosts he feared them not. He was no Catholic despised and hated them.

He looked quickly about him.

Everything was quiet. The snow was deep on the ground there was not a single person in sight. He went in through the gate and soon was wandering from room to room.

He since Permod had drove him off had reached the depths of vexation and bitterness against the little Virians. When he reached the second floor he heard a certain noise (the universal click) but thought something snapped in the wall. He reached the library, slowly opened the door which Permod had forgotten to lock.

As he partly went in a shade suddenly went up by itself, and though he was slightly startled his eyes lighted on the immense Paloo as it stood in the middle of the library so proudly on the roller platform.

And he frowned at it as if it were an enemy that had already

helped the little Virians do him all kinds of harm, and was plotting new mischief for today.

He laborously and slowly pushed it out, headed for the stairway, stepped back a little distance, and then like a little savage, he rushed at the Paloo, grasped it with his wicked little sacrilegious hands, and gave it such a violent shove towards the head of the stairs that the sacred instrument fairly flew away from his angry clutch and immediately disappeared over the edge and slide down.

As if borne along on wings Andrews rushed off down the hall and never once stopped until he had reached

the empty music room. For he did not in the least wish to have any one who may be in the house, spy him. He could hear the piano as it was, apparently to destruction, constantly driven on by stronger forces.

He could tell by the sound, it was turning one somersault after another. There came very loud crashing somersaulting sounds, of unusual volume, as it sprang high into the air, and crashed down to the steps again. It rolled over and over as it hurried on to 'ruin'.

It sounded to him as if parts of it were already flying in all directions through the air.

Andrew was unable to restrain his wicked joy

at this glorious sound, and he elicked his heels together and jumped as high as he could. He laughed aloud, he stamped his feet 'blissfully' he danced around in circles. He was fairly out of his head with delight at the destruction of his supposed 'enemy' for he felt sure only good would come out of it.

Now he was certain the little Varrans could not use it to drive the 'ghosts' out. But Andrew had not yet had time to consider what happens to one who had done a wicked deed, nor had he ever thought of the consequences to follow.

When all was quiet he went cautiously

to the head of the steps he received a shock. He stood there gazing fixedly at what he saw. Had he not destroyed the hateful old Palace to make an end of the Virrains fight against the yhosts, and to keep them from doing any thing in the house at all.

Yet he couldnt understand what he saw. There at the bottom of the steps stood the Palace not the least bit damaged. It couldnt have happened. And still it was true all right for there it was.

But that was not what was troubling him. Another sight made Andrew tremble and he was seized with a great fear for he also noticed that the upper center and lower

portions of the stairs, and a portion of the balustrade was totally wrecked, so he couldnt get down, or any body get up to him.

Or rather to say there were no steps there. The door to the rear stairs were locked and impossible to break open.

Only the Virrains owned the keys to those. He by his wicked act was trapped.

Until this very minute the thought of his naughty act had made him happy. But now he saw what had happened.

Suppose the stories about this house were true, after all? Andrews blood ran cold to think of it.

Trapped in a grappin house by broken down steps. Then there was no way to get out by the window and when the Virians coming back learned what happened to the Paloo and steps. His blood ran cold anew to think also of that.

He was more afraid of the Virians than of anyone else alive. He was between two fires, the Virians and the Grappins. The Virians could seize him and have him sent to prison, or the Grappins could by the same means kill him in the manner that Paulina died.

Andrew saw all this happening as in a vision and he grew so frightened that his hair stood on end. He was in a

state of despair.

In the meantime the little Virians, their father and their friends made the trip to Simcoln Park but because of paralysis of traffic caused by the Wednesday and Thursday snow storm they had the greatest difficulty in getting there, and therefore leaving Seseemann's house at eight o'clock, it was ten thirty when they got to Simcoln Park and it was nine o'clock when the bad boy trapped himself in Seseemann's house by trying to demolish the Paloo.

The Virians after traveling through the park for a time didn't discover anything until

they reached the bridal path
alongside the auto driveway
by the Park Lagoon, near
the big bridge.

Here they discovered
all the furniture standing
still in a straight line with
all the musical instruments
in the lead, but all silent.

Burns had seen the
Visians come and hurried
forward to meet them.

At first Pernod and his
sister didn't know what
to do. They certainly didn't
want the possessed fur-
niture and musical in-
struments back in Ses-
saman's crazy house.

"I had Sesman try
and phone to the owner
to come and reclaim
them," said Burns. "He
argued with Sesman,
so I grabbed the
telephone and told him

he has to take them
or some way dispose of
them, or face arrest."

"But if the spirits can't
be driven out?" objected
Pernod.

"What then?" asked (Pernod)
Burns.

"I don't know, but I don't
want them coming back,"
said the boys. "They help
keep the house crazy."

But when the priests
tried to drive the spirit
out of the furniture
and instruments, there
came a strange unearthly
sound and everything
charged upon them
the musical instru-
ments going into
a terrific uproar of
wild unearthly musical
discords and assum-
ing the leadership.
The priests scattered

scattered right and left one sprawling headlong in the snow but fortunately escaping the onslaught of the big heavy table. On they came rushing down on the little Virians Evans and the Octopus.

But they defiantly stood their ground the very Virians in the front. When very close Evans was going to counter charge the table, when suddenly every thing halted. The furniture resumed line formation and tore away swiftly down the road so fast nobody could overtake them.

The tenants who had deserted the furniture didn't show up, defiantly preferring to pay a fine or go to jail, than re-

claiming that furniture, and I don't blame them. There was no use for any one trying to recapture the stuff, so the Virians and their friends returned home in Burn's car.

At twelve twenty-two they stopped at the main gate. What was their surprise to see the same outfit standing in a long procession on the general walk towards the main house entrance.

Everything had come back ahead of them but for some reason didn't go back in the building.

The Virians, Evans and the Octopus defiantly filed past them but Margaret and Ingridie

clung tightly to Violet and Angelina. The three priests cautiously kept their eyes on the household outfit as they followed, but nothing happened, furniture also belonging on the first floor apartments was among them, even from the vanity of room.

But they observed to their astonishment that the dresser with the dangerously possessed looking glass had not been with the procession.

Peemed looking at the outfit with a sarcastic grin on his face was just turning around when he heard Daisy from the entrance suddenly scream at the sight of her luggage being the first to go in. "Oh, I need everybody."

"Please come in right away. Oh heavens!"

They all surged to the main entrance in deathly fear that something might have happened to Daisy. But she cried again, "Oh, come in here and look."

They all rushed in at her call and their eyes followed the outstretched arms of the excited child.

They were staring at an astonishing sight. A little way off from the totally demolished stairs stood the immense P also.

"Why what is this? What do I see? The P also standing down here and the stairs halfway up."

so badly damaged we
cant get up" cried Violet.

"Why how can that be?"
the others cried out in alarm
and dismay, "It was in the
library this morning."

They all stood stock still
from sheer fright.

"It wasnt done by no
banishes I'm sure" said
Joice "They couldnt have
the power to work any
phenomenons on it and
they dont dare touch
or go near it. Some
one came in the build-
ing and thruugh
carelessness turned
it down. I'll bet it
was that crazy idiot
David Reely. He did
it once before."

"We cant get up
this way" said Pernod.
We'll have to use
the rear. No wonder

the spirits couldnt
bring the furniture
in. They couldnt
work anything up the
steps."

Yet they discovered
they did not have the
keys to the rear en-
trance door. They had
left them at the other
entrance to residence
at West Monroe street.

"I'll go and get them"
declared Pernod.

"I'll take a long
time to get there and
back." declared
Violet.

"Cant be helped" de-
clared Pernod "We
cant stay down here.
And who ever is trap-
ped up there, it serves
him right. It surely
aint our fault."

Pernod and Angeline

went off together as they left, Empress Virian said:

"I never thought David Riley was such a goofy lad. He should have more common sense."

"I'd turned it over on us once before on the third floor" said Violet "It landed against the big view window shattering all the glass and falling out to the ground below. We had to work awfully hard to get it back up again."

"How did he happen to get it going down these steps I wonder?" asked Webster

George. When going to the edge of the busted stairway he called up loudly

"David Riley. David Riley. Are you there?"

He received no answer.

"I smell something like roast meat burning"

he thought to himself. "Just like some key up there" piped Daisy "He couldn't get out by the rear as everything is locked."

"And if Perriod takes two hours to get back" said George with a very sober face.

"He'd be trapped up there two hours longer" said Jennie "and if anything awful happens to him his parents can't blame us."

"Certainly not" exclaimed George. "They can't prove we let him in, even though he got in while we were here. And he certainly was not in this building before we left."

Perriod came back later than two hours as traffic was still at a standstill as a result of the awful Wednesday and Thursday

snowstorm. Then they all hurriedly started for the rear.

"Now we'll find David Riley and he'll not leave this house until he explains all this," said Pernod.

"That is if the demons didn't beat us to it" said Angelina in a shaky voice.

Pernod opened the door and after all were in he locked it again. They soon were on the second floor hall which appeared sort of smoky. The corridor was clear, that is no one was in sight.

"David Riley," cried the little girls in a chorus.

But there was no answer. There was a slight odor of burnt flesh in the air but just then they thought it was some thing burned in the oven up in the attic

kitchen stove.

"Spread out!" whispered Violet to her sisters, and the four boys. "Each take a separate room. Who ever sees David first don't let him past, even if you have to knock him down and cry out. The others will know what we're up to and follow suit. And if the demons got him it ain't our fault!"

But though they looked every where they found no one, every room on the second floor was vacant.

"I can't understand this but he certainly couldn't get out with the steps broken" down" cried Jennie "and its impossible by the windows as they are held shut by a phenomenon."

"How about the window facing the Elm?" asked Pernod.
 "It's always been open since the branches crashed it in."

"Then the tree got him."
 They ran to that window, but they could see by the undisturbed snow on the sill that he did not go out that way."

"Then where in the world is he?" demanded Pernod.

For a moment no one could answer. Then Gora and Violet went to the steps leading down to the first floor, and went down them as far as they were good, but there were no steps a the frame work further down. Try to go down here and you'd get killed.

They rejoined the rest.

"He couldn't get down those steps, and the upper part is dangerously

shaky," the two said together, "Three of you boys guard the lower part of these steps leading to the third. The rest will go up there and find out if he's up on the third, while I and Gora will go up to the attic and see if any meat was left in the oven that burned."

George Garner and Pernod stood guard at the foot of the stairs, the rest went up quickly, Gora and Violet continuing up to the attic.

While they searched Violet and Gora returned white faced and suspicious.

"No meat burned in the oven" they said fearfully, "Oh I'm afraid, afraid."

"There's no one in

this floor either" said Catherine.

"No one in the attic" either said Violet in a trembling voice.

"To escape to the roof was out of the question, as there was no way up to it, known by any one except the Williams themselves.

They all looked bewildered. Feeling scared that something awful might have happened to the boy they returned looking apprehensive into their own room from under the attic. No body was there as well as the second room.

"Look there" said Idette, "smoke coming from between the door of that room across the hall." She pointed towards the door.

They quickly rushed across the hall, Jennie being the first to push the door open saying to Pernod

"The boy is not anywhere to be found—"

She choked off her words in a rush of horror, as she took a step backwards, her eyes turning frantically towards Pernod and looking at him with frightened beseeching eyes.

She was shaking with terror and horror but trying gallantly not to sob or scream out.

"I'd give all my money not to have seen this" she whispered "Surely this is awful—"
For a time she would

not let the other little girls go near the door. Outside the crazy house lay a quiet abandoned residential district wrapped in the stillness of a very early spring but very cold and again snowy afternoon.

Permod gently showing Gemmie (asku) aside went to the threshold of the room, the others following staring in, the smoldering interior strong with the odor of burned flesh.

A fierce local fire phenomena had raged. They moved forward slowly pulling their coats up to protect their faces from the blistering heat.

Eyes strained to peer into the smoke filled room. The

small burned mass reclining on a still smoldering davenport, all that remained of the davenport once had been a small human being, only the face remained unburned.

"Andrew Idemner" gasped Permod.

Instantly the Oklopus went into action. He went to the phone and called Detective Burns while Erann, Robert Vuran, and 'Sebastian' got 'buckets of water' to rouse the smoldering furniture.

Permod and some of his sisters at the same time hastily brought ropes and drag hooks from the nearby third

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floor store room and managed to pull the davenport away from other still blazing furniture. The three men then arrived with buckets of water to put out the fire.

Burns receiving a frantic call from the Grappin house hurried with Mike Mulligan, Reseman and Wenthworth and two other others to the address where they found the little Vivian girl in fear and horror and bordering on hysteria and collapse despite the ministrations of their friend Dr. Brown who dared the terrible death house. To the officers who had entered he said grimly: "They have seen some-

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thing awful, something so terrible that they're suffering from severe shock. Please don't try to question them now but go look in the room on the third floor.

Before the officers turned to go, an elderly pleasant faced woman came forward.

"I'm Mrs. Jerry their house keeper" she told them. She motioned towards the sobbing little girl her face was pale and she was obviously laboring under a terrific nervous strain.

"I can't tell you much about what happened save that some bad boy, probably an enemy of theirs got in here somehow and trying to wreck their place, broke down

the steps, got trapped here and met a terrible fate. We haven't been able to get a coherent story yet."

The woman moved forward and bent over one of the weeping little girls.

"Angelina dear!" she said softly. "These gentlemen are officers. They want to help you. Do you feel like you could talk to them for a little bit?"

The little girl made a most desperate attempt to pull herself together, but the abject horror of what she had seen was too much. She pressed her hands against her face and whispered:

"His face! fate was horrible. He got overwhelmed in a fire phenomenon. He got in this house while we were gone after the furniture." —

The physician said warningly: —

"These little girls must have rest. I've given them each a hypodermic. Perhaps in an hour or so any one of them will be able to talk to you."

While the little girls slept, two of the officers removed the little body the room having cooled by now.

As the mass of charred flesh was placed on the floor in the hall, the coroner said that he believed some phenomenon killed the boy before he was burned.

From the black crush flesh of the little human being the detectives removed some articles stuck on there. They assumed the foolish

lad had been surprised by a fatal fire phenomena in the room and died in a terrible and unusual form. At the same time other officers made a minute inspection of the premises but holding blessed crucifixes in their hands, as they did so.

But they could find no evidence how the boy got in except by the main entrance. They looked at the Palco, the broken down steps and the top.

"From the looks of this" the officer in front observed "the crazy kid hurled the Palco down the steps breaking them instead of the instrument. I snapped in the building by the disaster he got killed in a fire phenomena while the little Virians

were after the crazy furniture in the park." When the Virians had awakened somewhat from their initial terror, they made a gallant attempt to answer the officers questions with intelligence.

"We went after furniture that by means of supernatural powers ran out of the house to the park." Angelina said in a low voice. "When we returned we found the Palco down there and the steps all busted down. We couldn't get up that way so we came in by the rear after I and Pernod went to get the keys. We searched for the boy thinking it was a raid."

Riley untill we came to that awful room - "involuntarily her eyes turned fearfully toward the inner door - "a boy burned to death was found in that inferno of a room".

"Can you tell me who the boy might have been, Angelina?"

She nodded, whispering:-

"A boy by the name of Andrew Idner. He must have thrown the Paloo down the steps to get even with us when poor fool, the instrument would have been his salvation."

When the parents were notified of the horrid fate of their wayward son, they were in a bad fix, the mother was

prostrated and in hysterics. The father hearing known of Pennod's threat as told to him by his son and a number of school children, tried to claim that Pennod positively had something to do with their boy's horrid death, and wanted the worst way to swear out a warrant for the arrest of the little Viriam.

But the police and city authorities knew the little Viriam much too well, knew it was the boy's fault and arrested the father on the charge of disorderly conduct instead. And he was held also for his boy's death.

The battle of the
Grappin house and
how it progresses.

The whole thing was that the naughty lad had pushed down the very trusty instrument, head over heels down the steps that would otherwise have been his protector. No matter where it was the fiends never approached that place though it did seem to fail to drive them away. Even in the dangerous library you could have safely lain down beside it and go to sleep.

To make a long story short about his fate nothing had really happened however to the bad boy, until he had reached the third floor lying desperately to

find a way to get out when things commenced to happen. Those luminous hands that tried to throttle Marjorie suddenly appeared in front of him.

He fled to that extra room, across from the two rooms under the attic, but though once on he was smitten down by the luminous hands, that changed to a cremating fire phenomenon.

And the demons that produced that magical horror were all the time in the horrid library working at that distance.

During all the next day the distracted father strove hard again to get a warrant sworn out for the arrest of the little Virrins, but all the police and detective

forces knew better for the boy alone was to blame for his sad fate. The very City Commissioner the Mayor himself had often announced before this, that parents alone are responsible if they allow their children foolishly to go into the insane Grapkin house. They should watch diligently to see and find out where their children go for many, even grown-ups often disregard the sign on the gate.

Jack Evans being good at carpenter work in no time rebuilded the steps and put on a new ballistrade.

All this time the furniture outside had made no move to go into the building. They all thought it was because the steps were

down, but after Evans replaced them brand new the demons even then did not move the furniture.

Evans believed it was because of the Palor standing below so he carried it back up to the third floor.

The fight, the Octopus decided must begin above and progress downward. But thinking of it at the time Pernod informed him the roof was also possessed.

"Say my boy, are you a protagonist, or trying to kid me and commanded the Octopus."

"I might be a calamity game" grinned Pernod "but I'm certainly not kidding." And he

he told of the Irish roof contractors who tried to fix the roof, and how the demons interfered in every way."

"And that part of the roof ain't fixed yet" added Perrod.

"Well then, I'll have to make good to that rick-name my enemies call me" he said. "I've got to use my eight arms with all my suckers working. Is there any way up to the roof?"

"Yes, from the attic skylight."

"Big step ladder?"

"No steps."

"Roof level?"

"Yes."

"The fight will begin on the roof, and today" he said. "But what kind of blocks us he added in the condition you

sisters are in from shock over that boy and his dreadful fate. And they alone only know how to work Paloo."

"But the doctor won't let them out of bed yet until he says" declared Perrod.

"Well at any rate the Paloo must be up there first," said the Octopus. "I'm going right up there and look the Paloo over."

An astonishing sight met the Octopus, eyes as he reached the roof.

There would you believe it all the furniture that had been outside in the grounds, that large set of furniture and musical instruments that had gone to Lincoln Park, was up on the roof, but grouped

in a sort of battle array. At first he couldn't believe his eyes. He called down to Pernod who answering got the information that all the furniture was on the roof.

Evans who had come up to the third floor bringing the Paloo, set it down, and with Pernod ran to the third floor window to look into the grounds. Sure enough the furniture was gone.

"There's a crazy house sure" Evans exploded, as he went back to the Paloo, and then going up towards the roof Mary Owen's sister Margaret leading.

Evans cried "Don't you go up there. Get down, danger, the demon, he's going to kill you."

"Wait" added Pernod to her. "don't go up there". She didn't hear him, and certainly paid no attention to Evans, and soon also observed the strange sight.

"Get off this roof you little fool" commanded the Octopus.

She retreated to the steps and a few down as Evans came standing the Paloo on the roof.

He too observed the scene with unusual surprise. Pernod fearful for Mary Owen's sister came racing up three steps at a time Margaret on the roof again. Pernod almost sprawled on the roof as he reached it. But Margaret

was standing in front of the Paloo and was there for safe as long as she stayed there.

"Could your sisters join us?" asked the Octopus.

Pennod shook his head.

"I don't think so" he said, "The doctor said they must stay quiet here comes the three priests."

"Father Bryan, Carney and Casey joined them."

"I thought something was wrong" said Father Carney "I actually saw this furniture work up the side of the building to the roof and do it quickly too."

"Here's something strange about this" growled the Octopus "This phenomenon is no ordinary kind of menace."

"How asked Father Bryan."

"See how each article is arrayed in three ranks? Our work up here is going to be fiercely opposed."

"What?" cried the three priests together "It seems impossible."

"It's a fact," said "and (went) we can't do anything up here unless Pennod's sisters are up here" he added firmly "and the dresser with the deadly mirror is in the front of the whole shebang" said Father Carney "What is the main menace then?"

"And if the furniture rushes us they'll knock us all off the roof" declared the

Octopus.

"Margaret" said Pernod firmly almost angrily "Get down to the attic below. If the furniture rushes the Baloo wont save you in this case especially up here, you'll get knocked off the roof. Get down I say."

She obeyed in a hurry as a face on the mirror eyed her savagely.

Pernod followed Margaret's sister down the steps to the attic below.

"Well of all the fool things going up there alone said Pernod crossly. "If the demons got you there you'd be killed. Dont you do anything like that ever again. If you want to go only with my sisters. Now dont leave me untill I

reach my sister's room, as its not safe for you here either. And I didnt like the way the demon face on the mirror scowled at you. That demon wants to get you the worst way. Im going to phone Dr Brown, and tell him the situation. I hate to delay but he knows best."

Margaret followed him to the phone.

"I wish to speak to Dr Brown" said Pernod. "Its important."

Pernod waited patiently. Dr Brown came the answer.

Pernod told who he was, and quickly but carefully explained matters.

"We got to examine

them first my lad" said the doctor "I'll be over as soon as I can. Hold everything. don't do anything rash."

"All right" said Pernod, and replacing the receiver, he added to Margaret:

"Go quickly to my sisters room and stay there, and don't ever go up to that roof without my sisters being with you. That dresser demon has you numbered. I'll go for you."

She obeyed but somewhat reluctantly. He went in too closing and locking the door.

He stayed there like until the doctor came. After he admitted him, the doctor examined them carefully and said:-

"I think after all

a little excitement would do them good and make them forget what happened. They can get up right away if they choose choose."

Pernod (got up) went out as his sisters got up to dress. Within a few minutes, dressed warmly enough they were upon the roof. Margaret now allowed to follow too, but stayed close to them. The face on the mirror was still there and the phantom eyes still glared at little Margaret but then looked sheepishly at the little Virians girls.

"This is the limit" said Violet "Somebody didn't watch this crazy

furniture as we told them.
We could have stopped this
if we had known."

"What are we going to
do?" asked their father
who had followed her and
her sisters.

"I don't know" answered
Violet but the demon of
that furniture ain't going
to drive us off this roof
under any conditions.

Pernod dear get the Paloo
step ladder will you—"

"It's right up here" said

Pernod "I brought it as I
followed Evans—". He

suddenly grabbed Margaret
and jammed her between
his sisters.

"For Heaven's sake stay
between them will you
or I'll lock you in

my sister's room," he

turned almost savagely.

"You are sure careless about

your safety. If the hands
of the muna get you
by the throat you'll know
what a real choking is.
Look at that dresser min-
or I don't like the way
the banshee face looks
at you."

"We're going to work
this Paloo" and start
now" declared Violet to
her sisters. So let's
get busy. Every body
stand close by so
the demons can't
do anything. Pernod
dear watch Margaret
closely and don't let
her wander away
from us. Joe dear
go and see what's
keeping Maryone"
Joe went to do
her bidding.
As Violet mounted
the steps Jennie handed

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her the flash powder while the others got ready to have the candles lighted.

"Look out" cried the Octopus "I think the furniture is going to change"

"Everybody stay close to the Paloo" commanded Violet "They won't come too close" and she lighted the thirteen candle sticks. They burned well, as there was no wind, not the slightest breeze. It was ten above cold weather however.

Then Jennie said to Evans who she knew was very brave -

"See that oblong table over there, the library drawing table? Evans,

you and Sebastian get it at all costs one of the priests wants to use it for an altar. While we work the

Paloo, Mass must be said up here?"

Evans and Sebastian charged for the table, a foot stool suddenly flung itself at Evans hitting him on the head but unhurt, he and Sebastian reached the table each taking an end, though one of them could easily carry it alone.

At this the invisible evil spirits raised a howl.

Two chairs rose up into the air, and flew at Evans like a flash if hurled by invisible hands, but Evans dodged and missing they struck Evan. Emperor Uran standing by the Paloo with such force that he fell over in a heap greatly astonished. The Emperor got

up and felt of himself to see if he was hurt, but he was not. One of the chairs had struck his breast and the other his left shoulder yet though they knocked him down, they had not hit him hard enough to bruise him.

Something also had struck Margaret who kicked her heels against the roof and howled as loud as she could although she was not hurt a bit.

Then came a sudden terrible commotion. Instantly the nearest furniture started closing in on the two strong men, while invisible hands struck repeated fist blows right and left. Even the dresser with the dangerous mirror moved for Evans but with a

shove of his mighty foot he sent it over backwards with a crash that shook the roof. An invisible demon raised a heavy chair and struck at Sebastian, but he jumped out of the way picked up a thick board lying on the roof and as it came back at him, he with a swing sent the chair flying.

Then there ensued a terrific odd conflict. The big once runaway table rose high in the air and tried to drop down on the two men, the grand organ and piano shaking the air with musical noise tried to bear them down and the big bass fiddle swung at

them trying to strike them down, Evans kicked over the piano, his mighty fist rent the screaming fiddle flying, and he upset the grand organ which however righted itself again, and they had escaped the table by leaping out of its way.

By the action of the out fit it could be seen the demons were working the phenomena either by magic, or by means of the lifting and swinging power of their arms.

Evans however had managed to pull the table forward despite the melee.

Again the dresser with the deadly mirror made for Evans phantom arm stretching from the glass to clutch him by the throat, but this time he

nearly knocked it off the roof. The demon possessing it raised a terrific banshee cry and rushing the mirror at both men, but Evans gave it such a kick, that it slid against the other furniture toppling the library table and upsetting a big wardrobe with a thunderous crash that shook the whole roof from end to end.

At Violet's bedding in the meantime Joyce was off the roof and down the stairs towards and into the attic as fast as she could go.

For she remembered too there was a lot of things she wanted to do and have done if she

or her sisters didn't want the furniture to remain there on the roof. And there the crazy stuff was at any rate. And it was plain the demons had determined to keep it there.

Joice to her dismay met Maryorie downstairs on the second floor, standing near a window close to the dangerous elm tree. Joice gasped:

"What in the world are you doing here? And what sort of dressing is that?" she added gazing at Maryorie from top to toe. Her look seemed to dwell on Maryorie's one piece bathing suit in this dangerous place. "What does this mean any-

way" she continued "Have not I and my sisters strictly forbidden you ever to go tramping about this dangerous place again, while alone? Yet here you are at it again and looking like a perfect little nudest, a perfect temptation to the grapphin"

"I wasn't going to tramp about I was only going to take a bath while the demons went with the furniture up on the roof." Maryorie answered, frightened, a little.

"Oh? What? Going to take a bath alone? Going to take a bath alone in this frightful death house if you please." Joice clasped her hands in her ex-

citement. Committing suicide! Oh if my brother and sisters should hear of it. Taking a bath right in this murderous Grapphin house. You'd better see that a phenomenon don't do to you what it did to Paulina & Lammigan. And you'd better look out that Pernod doesn't learn about you going to take a bath here. And what is there that you defy the banshees of in this crazy Grapphin house?

Are you not being taken care of and watched by us, just as if you were one of us? Is there any protection you lack? Did you never in your life see such a terrible crazy place or such dreadful

things to happen? or such awful deaths to occur as here. Tell me that?"

"No" Maryorie answered. "And don't I know it" Joyce went on excitedly. "There's nothing horrible that ever escaped you. The hands of fire almost got you on the steps. You and your sister have been attacked often. You with us also have seen Andrew Hermon's frightful death. And yet I cannot imagine such a reckless creature as you are trifling with the demons. You're so well off with us you don't know your own good luck and therefore are reckless. You know we can't

protect you at a distance even if we have angels and some of their power. Get your clothes on and come up, your sister is with the rest of us on the roof."

Just at that moment Evans sent the dresser flying against the furniture with such a terrible crash and force with Maryorie came just in time to see see the commotion.

Joice had not been been able to find details about the crazy furniture, climbing the side of the house and was very much excited (angry) by the fact.

Jo in her encounter with Maryorie she had had no

chance to go into details as to what phenomenal powers the furniture demons were lacking, and she did not know how to undo what the possessed furniture had started on the roof.

She was all the more excited as she had not expected the strange phenomena to occur.

At the sight of the turmoil on the roof she did not know what to do. But she grew all the angrier inside.

"Stay close to me and my sister Maryge" Joice said struggling hard to appear calm. "The demons are dangerous up here, just stay close

to the Paloo."

"Violet and her sisters frowned as they saw Maryorie and Violet said"

"Why didn't you stay with us Maryorie? We know where you went you naughty"

A severe frown was on Violet's face and her voice was suddenly disapproving.

"I wanted to take a bath" Maryorie answered.

"You know I could charge you with deserting us" said Angelina and I

punish little deserters by throwing them out of our company did you know that and

besides a little girl like yourself ought to be like an ashamed to disobey us"

Maryorie hung her head and felt almost

like crying.

"What would you think Jennie asked if you should lose our companionship, what would you do in that case Maryorie?"

"I feel awful bad" answered Maryorie shortly. "Well let me tell you something Maryorie."

The next time you go flying about this place alone even if you happen to escape and we find you at it, you needn't stay any more with us.

That's our solemn warning. You'll get it like Paulino did and it won't be our fault."

Jack Evans and Sebastian despite all this trouble with the furniture had brought the table twelve feet

closer to the Paloo. He had sixteen feet more to go. There was a lull in the disturbance and the furniture had resumed its former array. The dresser, with the fearsome looking glass again in the lead.

"Wish I had a couple of big axes" said Emma-pera Vivian who now got ready to start the Paloo. Holy water spray. They had three gallon bottles of it on the roof.

"If we had known of this we might have brought along several other useful things" responded the Octopus. "But we dropped into this adventure rather unexpectedly." Soon as Evans

lifted the oblong table again the furniture moved forward in a charge towards everyone. This time, the dreadful dresser in the lead, with long glass arms stretched out before the mirror.

Marjorie and her sister, had especially attracted that fiend's notice because they had no angels. So these two little girls became the center of their second attack.

But Evans with a big davenport in his hands was ready for them and when he saw them coming he used it like a club.

Crack, crash bang! went the big weapon against the foremost of the out fit, and they were battered

right and left with such force that the blows scattered them right and left with a great noise. But too from the sprayer of the Paloo came sprays of Holy water which was dreadful to the invisible fiends for the action of the furniture stopped and all be came quiet for a moment.

Unknown to them, ten ants who still remained in taller houses not too far off, men women and children watched the strange conflict from their windows on house tops.

Evans thought he had won the fight with ease. But the Octopus was not so confident.

"The furniture is

impossible to hurt" he said. "and all the damage Evans has done to them is to knock a few splinters off and not daunt the demons. And it is my opinion they will soon renew the attack."

"What made them quit so suddenly?" asked Webber George. "The Holy water of course. Don't you remember Holy water is greatly feared by them?"

"Suppose we escape down stairs" suggested Marjorie. "we have time just now and I'd rather face the phenomena than all this."

"No" returned Violet stoutly. "it won't do to give up for then we

will never win. Sets fight it out."

"That's what I advise" said the Octopus "they haven't defeated us yet and Evans is worth a whole army"

But the demons were clever enough not to try to crash the furniture against Evans this time.

The whole outfit advanced, the invisible demon having been joined by many of those on the roof and the third floor, and ground, and they flew unseen carrying light and heavy furniture through the air, with the purpose to drop everything on the fighters.

A rumble carried the big table and dropped it to get the three men and Evans but they dodged out of

its path and as it landed on the roof it sounded like a great clap of wild thunder. The shock and concussion caused some of the little girls to fall flat upon the roof, and the grand piano and organ bore savagely down upon the Palace, to crash against it and topple it over. Marjorie screamed, the fallen Victims were in the path of the big musical instruments.

Evans ran, and again picked up the davenport that lay nearest him. He crashed it against the organ, knocking it over, but shattering the davenport, but on came the piano, but the instrument sprayed

by Holy water stoppped in its tracks and the demons wheeled and escaped again to a distance. Even during the lull dragged the oblong table up to where the priests wanted it, and it was sprayed with Holy Water.

Then having tied the table securely to the Palco, they awaited further developments.

By that time the other demons had retired. For a while the Barnhees hesitated to renew the attack. Then a few of the furniture carried by invisible demons, advanced untill another spray of Holy Water made them drop the furniture and retreat.

"That's fine" said Remod. "We've got them on the run sure enough"

But only for a time" replied the Octopus shaking his head gloomily. "There's only enough Holy Water for six more good sprays, and when it's exhausted we'll have a terrible melee on our hands before more can be brought"

The invisible demons seemed to realize this for they sent a few of their band, time after time, to hurl lighter furniture, and draw the Holy Water from one of the sprays.

In this way more of them were touched by the Holy Water more than once, for the main band kept far away.

and each time a new company was

sent into the battle. When Violet had sprayed Holy Water the last time, she had caused no damage to the enemy, except to keep them at a respectable distance, and so she was no nearer to victory than in the beginning of the fray. Jennie and James in the meantime had gone to get water to bring it up and have it blessed but had not returned yet.

"What shall we do now?" asked Angelina anxiously. "They'll attack before Jennie and James come back."

"We must win against the next attack," said the Octopus. "We will get near Evans, so he can help us, and each one who ain't fighting

must expose into sight any holy article they've got. I'll use this big chair although it isn't of much account in the affair.

Marjorie and Margaret must get as close to the Paloo as she can, when some of the more dangerous furniture attack them. I haven't anything for you Permod."

"I'll use this long board," said the boy. "It will make a fine club. I'm strong for one of my years, so I'm likely to be more dangerous to the enemy than they think."

When next the evil spirits began advancing the furniture forward, they began wailing shrieking and yelling blasphemies

as if they had gone mad, even the phantom of the mirror gave a dreadful shrill scream and at the same time, that horrid familiar cry, came shrieking from the awful Elm tree below.

The hellish Gargoyles advanced unseen as thick as bees, all the furniture rising in the air, or moving forward swiftly as if carried by many unseen hands.

Marjorie squatted down close to the Balcon which proved a great protection.

The chain the Octopus swung broke into a dozen pieces at the first blow he struck at the oncoming big table & soon pounded away with the club until he had knocked aside the smaller fur-

niture. Evam performed some wonderful fighting, but for a time all their bravery seemed to amount to nothing at all.

Foolish Margaret, terrified ran towards the opening to the attic but the large furniture clustered about her with a crash and bang so that she could not reach the steps.

Long glass arms from the mirror wound round Margaret and held her fast. Margaret screamed. The Octopus and Sebastian clung desperately to the legs of the big piano so weighing it down that it was helpless.

Margaret's scream couldn't be heard, so

loud did the piano roar
crazy music, with the
organ joining in adding
to the tumult of the un-
seen demons, Evans who
has the shrewdness and
watchfulness of a cat, saw
Margaret's peril, and made
for the furniture with a
and another davenport
he had captured. If
any of those hands ever
get the little girl by
the neck, he feared she
would be a goner.

But for a moment
the heavy furniture
clustered about him
so thickly and tried so
hard to wedge him
that he no longer
had room in which
to swing his arms.
Suddenly little Mar-
garet was grabbed
by the throat and suddenly

strangled as if by a
glass snake. Her bul-
ging eyes, contorted face
open mouth and pro-
truding tongue filled
Evans with mad des-
peration.

He therefore exerted
all his main power
and by his mere hands
crashed the attacking
furniture aside saying
prayers loudly at the
same time.

Invisible fiends tried to
pummel him with
fists, but despite the
blows he rushed head
long for the dresser.

The fiend seeing
him coming yelled
for help still retain-
ing the strangling
grip on little Margaret.
Other unseen fiends
came grabbed up the

dresser and started running off going fast with the help of their wings. But the Octopus, Sebastian, and Emperor Virian coming from other directions closed in on the dresser.

It then rose in the air circling above them Margaret still showing signs of conscious mess by struggling squirming and kicking.

Evans was dumbfounded but he made a leap into the air grabbing the dresser by the leg with one hand and grasping the Paloo with the other. To defeat his purpose other unseen demons grabbed hold of the dresser while others unseen on the roof pummeled and kicked

Evans. However the other three men came to his aid and finally drew it down. At that moment Jennie and Joice and James came up with good sized buckets of Holy Water on each hand already blessed by Father Carney who had followed them.

Seeing the situation Father Carney grabbed some Holy Water in his smaller dipper and sprayed it at the fearful face on the mirror.

The face disappeared with a reproachful look at Father Carney the glassy arms and hands vanished, and Margaret sank to the roof gasping for air.

The priest quickly grabbed her up, carried her down, rushed her into the room of the little Virriams and made hasty efforts to revive her.

During this time the phenomenon battle continued.

All the other furniture was closing in on the little Virriams and the Paloo, and the shrieking wailing discord continued.

Evans made for the furniture and by his strength hurled them right and left. A wardrobe, a bed, and another 'dresser' was flung so badly that they flew from the roof and fell to the ground with a crash, but the deep snow prevented them from

being injured. As he made for it the grand piano, an immense thing, it was reared high up in the air and came down on him, bearing him under before he could leap aside. But Evans having actually the strength of a giant had with one peculiar movement of his body sent the thing flopping bottom up onto the roof with an unusual bang and stood to await the onslaught of the organ.

"Look out the demons are rising with it to drop it on you Evans" shrieked Violet.

As Evans dodged out of its path it narrowly missed the Paloo as

it came down with a terrific bang.

Either Bryan though almost struck by a flying chair reached the Paloo with the four pails of holy water, and the sprayers were charged to their fullest capacity.

Then Violet let the evil spirits have it right and left. The moving furniture suddenly stopped and they could hear the scurrying of many invisible feet.

Yet at a distance the unseen demons kept up their terrific yelling and bellowing.

Then suddenly Violet to the surprise of the boys and the Octopus, lighted a vast red rug like objects on each side of the

Paloo crying at the same time.

"Get to the steps and down away everyone no questions! Quick!" Everyone obeyed in a scramble Evans the last one. The octopus believed it was the red rug light outfit that was going to spray something fierce but Violet cried:

"I lit them to prevent it if I could. By a smell I suspected the demons were going to resort to the fire phenomenon. I hope (right) red lights might or might not stop them. It did in the house of Calvernia."

Everyone no detected the smell of something like brimstone

and black damp, Evans went down, unraveled the immense hose and drew it up the steps with Sebastian down stairs awaiting the order to turn on the water.

But as there was no one up on the roof now the fiends did not resort to the fire phenomenon.

But to the surprise of all the evil spirits were massing the furniture and all the musical instruments around the Paloo hoping to keep the little Vivans and the others from ever getting to it again.

They would have been successful without a doubt if they didn't have to reckon with Jack & Evans.

and the three other most powerful men.

"I'm going to scatter that junk" cried Evans in Abbreannian, "I won't stand for any more nonsense."

They all rushed for the furniture.

"Shall we use the Paloo again Princess Violet?" asked the Octopus, still staring pensively at the demon possessed furniture. He got no further on did Violet answer his question.

Instead she and all her sisters gave a loud scream and two clutched Evans' arm.

Sebastian taken by surprise fell over backwards and the Octopus raising

his head inquiringly gave a bellow of terror. From the dangerous dresser mirror a long glassy form, something like a branch had sprung with a buzzing sound, and while the company gazed in round eyed astonishment it stretched towards the tall flag pole on the roof, entwined round it, grasped in any one firmly by the throat, and then shot straight up into the air. Man, yowling and screaming, kicking and struggling on the end of another second she had arose half strangling ten feet up. "Bring her down. Bring her down." screamed Angelone trying to climb the bean pole.

"I doubt if anybody can save her now," groaned Sebastian running round distractedly. A vast form somewhere hit him on the head bursting into pieces and almost knocking him down.

"Do something do something," begged Violet at which James Andrews dashed towards the steps leading down to the attic.

"I'll get an axe from the store room," he called over his shoulder "and chop down the flag pole."

"No, don't do that," roared the Emperor starting after him. "Do you want the fiends to make that ax attack us all."

instead and hack us to pieces?"

"Oh oh cant you think of something else" cried Violet "and hurry or she will be killed. It aims to choke her."

The Octopus put both hands to his head and stared around wildly. Then with a triumphant wave of his hat declared him self ready to act.

"The Palco Holy water sprayer" cried he.

Mounting the step ladder Violet turned the spray on full towards the dresser which just had time to make a flying leap, surge forward, seize Violet with glassy hands around the legs and with a terrifying sound

soar upwards and in a trice grabbed Garner Andrews and they too had joined Marjorie.

"George George" wailed Francis, "Dwelling crowding up to his friend. "We're having a pack of trouble my knees are all a tremble"

"Now dont you worry" advised the Octopus sitting down by the Palco resignedly. "I'm frightened myself but that's because this is so extraordinary. queer things happen in this hellish nut house but they usually turn out all right. Why this will give Violet a chance to reach Marjorie and save her that's all."

"Doubt that" sniffed Sebastian rubbing his head where the vase had hit him. "She may be also strangled."

"But think of Evans - you leave things to Evans" said Paul Francis.

But it was no use. Both men could do nothing no matter how they tried.

"Say what's that draft" cried Emperor Uman.

"What indeed?"

In the highest trees beyond a very phenomenal cyclone whistled and before the three priests and Emperor Uman had time to catch their breath, they were blown high into the air and next instant were hurtling towards the dangerous

Elm like three cannon balls faster and faster.

The others used their quick presence of mind by either throwing themselves flat, clinging to the balustrade, or racing down the steps leading to the attic.

Violet and Garner held tightly by the glass arms had risen with the shrieking demon possessed dresser half way up as high as the flag pole.

First it looked as if another pair of awful glass hands would also grip her by the throat but it was not long before the demon seemed to change his mind, but they were almost astride of Maryon who

though not actually strangled was held so tightly by the neck that she couldn't talk, and had all she could do to draw her breath and was gasping desperately.

"Make the sign of the cross" commanded Violet "Then it'll let go of your neck"

But all the sound that came from Maryorie was choked coughing. Her hands were held, she couldn't do it.

"Give me your big knife" said James to Violet "I'll cut her loose"

Violet with great difficulty secured hold of the flag pole and tried to break loose from the glass hands that gripped her by

the legs while James searched for the knife.

"No no," cried Violet backing away in alarm, "you can't cut off the arms, and if you could, we would fall and it's far below"

"What shall we do?" cried James in dire distress

"Maybe if we take hold of the flag pole we can keep Maryorie from going any higher"

James jamming down his cane so it wouldn't blow off nodded approvingly and grasped the pole.

Violet had a bottle of Holy Water in her pocket, but to use it would cause them to be released so

suddenly they'd fall to the roof far below. They both decided that the best plan was to try to work their way down the pole to the roof and drag Marjorie with them.

"I think we can accomplish it," answered the little girl "but I will devotedly cross myself to make sure."

"Not too fast not too fast!" warned Garner Andrews looking nervously down ward, and then over his shoulder at the long wriggling glass outfit which at one end still gripped Marjorie by the throat with the same tightness.

"Here your sisters down there all looking up" cried Garner.

all at once.

"And theres Angelina Cronburg" screamed Violet peering down anxiously "and Jennie Turner, Angelina Jennings and everyone."

"But where's my father and the three priests?"

She pointed downward when a sharp tug from the dresses jerked them all back.

But they were slowly descending nevertheless, and slowly they floated the dresses to the roof landing gently.

"Come along and get to the P'alsoo first" said Garner Andrews as Violet was about to look for her Holy Water Bottle to throw at the mirror. But

Violet clutched him in alarm.
 "Hold. Hold" gasped the
 little girl. "I've got the crazy
 old dresser down, but if you
 leave me well shoot up
 into the air again"

James and Violet looked
 at each other in dismay.
 Surely enough the dress-
 er had stopped acting
 up, but nevertheless it
 was all they could do
 to hold it down for the
 stubborn demon was
 trying to go up, and
 fiercely fiercely protest-
 ing. "Semme alone
 you heavenly little wild
 cat semme alone. The
 crazy kid got to
 be choked. Semme
 alone"

They had fallen
 quite a distance from
 the furniture itself
 and the other com-

batants had their backs
 turned, so had not seen
 their singular arrival
 or descent.

"Hello" called James
 loudly. "Then help help"
 as the dresser jerked
 him high twice into the
 air. But Violet's sisters
 and the rest were star-
 ing at the musical
 instruments which were
 literally dancing wildly
 and playing crazily
 music music so lus-
 tily that they did not
 hear either Violet's
 or James's cries.

The first one and then
 the other still hold-
 ing onto the dresser,
 were snatched off their
 feet and although Mar-
 jorie with tears in
 her eyes begged them
 to leave her to what

ever fate was in store for her, they held on with all their might. Just as it looked as if the dresser would pull all three into the air again. Jennie Virran happened to turn around.

"Look look" she cried, tugging Joyce's arms.

"Why Violet and Marjorie came down at last thank dear God and His Blessed Mother" gasped Jennie

Turner rubbing her eyes "To Violet and -"

"Help help" screamed James. Waving one arm wildly without waiting another second all came running towards the three unfortunate ones.

"Somebody here take hold. puffed Violet out of breath with her desperate efforts to keep

the dresser on the roof.

"Tim heavy" said James who alone remained on the roof. He clasped the back of the dresser. Pernod seized the other end and Violet now free of the arms from the mura sank down exhausted on the roof.

Jennie Turner now pressed forward.

"Was doer zis all mean?" "How deed eet geet youse too Violet?" asked Jennie Turner staring in amazement at the strange spectacle before her.

Father Carney the two priests, and Empira Virran now came back to the

roof. I thought they appeared badly scratched and frightened they were really unhurt. They had shot through the air by the force of the mysterious wind and falling at the edge of the roof managed to grasp the sill of the third story window, and there they hung until Evans following their flight hurried down stairs, and to the window, and drew them in before the deadly tree got them.

"Oh poor Marjorie" gasped Violet as the men approached. "The demon won't let her go and might choke her yet. Oh my bottle of Holy Water"

She felt hurriedly in her pocket "It's gone"

"It must have slipped out of your pocket and fell somewhere, and shall never be saved until the Holy Water is thrown at the dresser", cried Bernad in an agitated voice.

As there was a lull in the disturbance every body, not holding the dresser, searched for the bottle.

Without her knowing it Marjorie had taken the bottle (it was not stealing) to save herself, but the evil spirit wouldn't let her open it to sprinkle the water. It was then seen the glassy thumbs of the demon murder was working down to the hollow part of Marjorie's throat in the center

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close to the upper part of the chest if pressed there hard, but not hard enough to strangle it causes a fearful fit of coughing from the tickling torture.

Such torture has been done to such persons in older times and when persisted long enough without stopping first caused insanity from the torture and then death.

First there is a continual terrible tickling feeling that produces incessant violent coughing, the unbreakable coughing brings on pain. Yet you can't stop coughing, you soon go mad but still cough then die.

It seemed the demon of the nunna was going to do this to Marjorie.

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To make things worst the demons of the furniture were crowding the household good around the dresser in hopes that nobody could come to her help.

Violet told of the grave danger Marjorie was in and Evans and Sebastian went down quickly to the third floor storeroom to try and find some axes.

Not believing that Evans would be fierce enough to use axes on the big valuable musical instruments the barnsheer brought these in the lead but keeping them quiet this time.

Marjorie already had started her wild fit of coughing knowing

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the torture was already starting, but Violet sprayed the furniture with Holy Water from the Paloo, and the shower even reached a part of the dresser, but missed the mirror and glassy hands.

The furniture stayed the unseen foe fled, the dresser demon remained but bellered fearfully loud and blasphemed.

The others could see Maryorie squirm, struggle and hear her cough most violently, and they at once moved to her rescue.

As they did so, suddenly a fire ball formed between them and the victim glowing frightfully hot but miraculously catching nothing.

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"Everybody scatter" commanded Violet, as she drew a pistol "I'm going to shoot!"—"No, no please Violet dear please don't" yelled Angelina grabbing her arm, "Are you crazy Violet dear. We'll all be blown to bits. Remember how the thing explodes. Remember how one blew up that big barn."

Violet reluctantly reluctantly replaced the pistol. The fireball didn't move however. It remained stationary to their surprise, but grew very big. They could still hear Maryorie coughing and Violet saw her frantic struggles and and flushed purple face.

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The Octopus picked up the bottle of Holy Water but Jennie caught his arm.

"No that will explode it too" she gasped. "If it does the whole upper part of this building will be blown off and all of us into oblivion"

"What the heck can we do?" he demanded. "This is the first time I've been so easily stumped."

"Maryjorie got my bottle of Holy Water in her hand" exclaimed Violet excitedly. "Why in the world doesn't she use it Maryjorie?" she screamed. "For heavens sake use the Holy Water!"

"But her hands were held by an unseen power and she couldn't while her coughing was growing worse and tears produced by the

9166

torture streamed from her eyes. Violet with a dipper scooped up Holy Water from a bucket and ran towards the dresser, but some unseen object hit her in the face almost knocking her down.

But she didn't spill any and reached the dresser.

Then some unseen foot tripped Violet but as she sprawled and spilled the Holy Water it missed the dresser but not Maryjorie's arms. She felt her hands free, and grabbed the stopper of the bottle, but suddenly such a crushing grip was on her throat that she dropped the bottle and hung limp with protruding tongue and bulging eyes.

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Fortunately the bottle rolled at Violet's feet. As quick as a hen dives its head for a kernel of corn, she snatched it up and just as the men came with six good sized axes, dashed a portion of the bottle's contents at the face on the mummy.

The Octopus ran for poor little Marjorie, picked her up as she fell and lay gasping, and quickly carried her down stairs to have her attended to by Mrs Jerry.

Chapter 64 th. 9/68
The roof is cleared of demons for good and then -

To our brave friends the first day of the battle was lost. Axes accomplished nothing and Sebastian was slightly injured. Twice they had been forced to flee to the steps because of the fire balls, antics, and a fire phenomena.

The demons also resorted to dense clouds of black smoke, gases, a miniature tornado on the roof, and also almost made an upside down turning movement of the roof.

By crashing heavy furniture at it the Banshees upset the table twice and once the little Virians.

were almost played by unseen fiery whips which repulsed their attempts but left no injuries & though giving them considerable pain, and temporary suffocation was inflicted.

Even six big chandeliers came to join the fight, and spirits possessing the suits of armour brought them up to the roof to join the battle.

At supper in the attic kitchen Sebastian said:

"I guess we'll have to give it up. We can't defeat them."

"How you talk" retorted Angelina. "Why are you in despair. The banner just didn't let us get the Palos to working. Once we do

it they'll go off the roof and never come back."

"I don't care what happens" snapped Violet. "We've got to win to morrow and that. all there is to it." "We can!" declared Catherine. "Wait until we bring up the rest of the articles for the Palos. We'll show them."

"They may redouble their attack" put in Father Carney.

and "I'll counter attack" put in Violet stoutly.

"The demons wouldn't even let us use the table as an altar to say Mass" declared Father Casey.

"And that was the cause of the attack" added Father Bryan.

"And that was the

astounding thing that ever occurred" remarked Father Carney.

"I got a plan" declared Joyce. "I had thought the matter over. You know the big crucifix down on the second floor."

"Yes"
"We will bring that up to the roof"

"The demons will abuse it" said the Octopus.

"Oh no they won't. They can't this time. We had provided against that. The image is caged in."

"But suppose the demons throw furniture at it"

"The cage will resist it. Its standing in the rear of the attic" added Jennie. "We bored a hole in the top of the ~~crucifix~~"

cross, the top part is free of the cage, and inserted a large vigil lamp blessed and consecrated by the Cardinal. Oh we'll have fun to-morrow. It'll stand alongside the Paloo to-morrow, or I'll take four spoonfuls of Cod Liver Oil at one time. And anyone knows how I hate it."

"Hate what?"

"Cod Liver oil of course. Taking cod liver oil is the most horrible thing in the world, but I'll take it if the dear Crucifix don't stand alongside the Paloo to-morrow. But hereafter Mary and Margaret must stay in our room until we've won the

camp fight!"

But why did the old demons attack Margaret and Marjorie?

"To distract us from our work", declared Gvice. "We might have made some headway if the two little girls had not been on the roof. But they are reckless and won't do as you say".

Knowing what was in store for them the next morning they went to bed early but, locking their room door, so the more merry of the fiends would not come in to disturb them.

But strangely and fortunately nothing occurred to disturb them or keep them awake.

The next morning they arose unus-

ally early, around four thirty. They had their breakfast at five thirty. After clearing table and dishes they got ready to resume the battle.

Evans with cage and all carried the monstrous crucifix, the others carried the rest. When they reached the roof, they found all the furniture arrayed in a wide circle around the Paloo but smaller ones standing upon the bigger ones.

On the middle of the roof stood the possessed armchair and chandeliers with the dangerous mirrored dresser in the lead.

by a strange haze

haze covered or hovered above the roof and there was a strange odor, bad enough to almost make you gag. The odor was like lipsen well advanced in the disease.

"The demons are ready for us even now" whispered Violet to Pernod. "I wonder what they'll do to day. We've even got possessed armored figures with weapons like those of old time knights to contend with and those dreadful chandeliers are with them."

Evans though carrying the immense crucifix crashed his way through the furniture before him hurling everything every which way with great noise. Of course as he carried the crucifix he for that

moment was not at all opposed though there was strange weird sounds in the air. Despite all musings he got the crucifix standing alongside the Paloo sooner than any one expected but then with some desperate opposition on the part of the demons.

Then to surprise the fiends Evans drew some of the furniture literally around the Paloo to use as a sort of breast work against any phenomena or laughter, and other awful tantrums.

Violet remembering the strange effects a lighted match has on a fire Phenomenon, had a box

of matches. She decided to light gasoline soaked cotton to throw into the phenomenon. The Virians put everything (except the matches) to the Paloo and were set ready for work.

This time they had readily attached to it a very far reaching Holy Water sprayer and incense smoke dispenser and condenser. They decided to start work before the demons began another fight.

Suddenly from some where a chair came hurtling through the air straight for Violet who had mounted the step ladder.

It missed her by a mere inch, the wind of it however as it passed, sent her sprawling backwards.

It hit the cage guarding the crucifix and bouncing back gazed the Octopus on the left (shoulder) shoulder knocking him flat on his back.

Violet was on her feet again, a little dazed but unhurt. Next as she started to mount the step again, there came a big upholstered chair sailing through the air.

It struck the upper part of the Paloo almost upsetting it and bounced off the big 200 pound chair merely hitting Perrod on the head as it fell. He jumped away in time, colliding with Angelina, and both

rolled and rolled on the roof in the manner of two wrestlers. Just as Penn and his sister regained their feet, every one received a terrific stinging shower of roof stones and gravel, and awfully hard stone filled snow balls thrown swiftly by unseen hands. And before they could dodge they were hit every where. Francis Downing receiving a snowball in the eye and put out of the battle altogether. Others however received no injuries. Though Evam and Sebastian together at one time received a stone filled snowball between the eyes, and Father Bryan one on the mouth. Violet had to get

down from the step ladder to escape the shower. As this went on the demon set up a bedlam of bellowing. Then for a few moments nothing was thrown though the tonightly images now became racing and the chandeliers to start moving forward.

Evam took advantage of the lull to secure the axes he had brought up, and got ready for strenuous action.

Evam decided each man was to handle one.

"Eef ze image of ze knoits, and ze Chandeelien come on ze charge leet heem hane leet"

he said.

But so far they didn't make no attack because the defenders were too close to the Paloo and crucifix and, the demon possessing the knightly armour didn't dare.

They themselves were stumped this time. With heavy objects they tried again by violently flung them through the air, but they did not seem to know how to throw straight.

The attack of the dreaded possessed armoured came all of a sudden with out warning or signal. With a rush of iron shot feet and a great clanking sound, and then a shout from Evans, a terrific sound of axe blows and

the unseen spirits crying out in a fury of rage as to sent cold chills up and down your back.

The Octopus looked over his shoulder and saw another hollow steel hall knight not far off crossing axes with Emperor Vivian.

"That's the image that killed little Pauline" some one cried.

"Look at yourself" said Evans, and as the Octopus turned back to his place he saw Evans passing his axe through the possessed image's body and with a powerful swing, toss it off and send it flying through the air, away and the roof, and

down to the ground far below. It was none too soon for the Octopus to look to his own part, for his head was scarce back before five unseen demons carrying an immense pipe for a battering ram ran past him and took post to ram it at the caged crucifer and reel it over.

Violet in position on the ladder in front of the Paloo saw the long pipe coming as if by itself and shot a spray of Holy Water all about it.

The Holy Water must have sprayed them for they sang out with startled exclamations in horrified voices. Moses gave back a step, and the

rest stopped as if disconcerted. Before they had time to recover she sent another spraying shower at them, and at the third spraying the whole unseen party threw down the long heavy pipe and ran for it.

She could see and hear the pipe fall and heard unseen foot steps pattering away.

But Crum's simulacrum was only a knot of possessed armor made one rush of it various weapons at the ready against the furniture position and at the same instant something struck against the Paloo and was dashed

into a thousand pieces, but a possessed iron figure leaped over the furniture and landed on the floor behind Evans.

Before it got to its feet, the Octopus brought his axe down upon it with all his strength, but it whipped straight round, and laid hold of him, the spirit roaring out a blasphemy.

But the Octopus threw a shower of Holy water over it and into the iron.

The unseen spirit gave the most horrifying cry, fleeing from the knightly ornament which fell to the floor of the roof.

The foot of a second one whose legs were dangling over a wardrobe,

struck the Octopus at the same time upon the head, and at that he smothered another dipper of Holy Water and doused it, so that the image with the fiend, leaving it slipped or tipped over and tumbled in a heap on his companions iron body.

Then he heard Sebastian call for help.

He had kept his position so long that it seemed he would be victorious single handed but one of the knight like images, while he was engaged with the others, had run in under his guard, and caught him about the body.

Sebastian was striking it with his left hand, but the

possessed ornament clung like a leech. Another had broken through the furniture barricade, and had his battle axe raised. The entrance was thronged with men.

The Octopus caught up a dipper of Holy Water, and fell on them in flank splashing everywhere.

The iron wrestler dropped at last, and Evans coming to the aid ran upon the others like a bull roaring as he went.

They broke before him like water, turning and running and falling against the others in their haste.

A big sword in his hand flashed like quicksilver into the

huddle of the fleeing possessed ornaments and the Octopus followed throwing Holy water and even sprinkling them, there came the scream of a spirit and the image sank down and lay still.

Evans drove the rest down the roof.

Yet he was no sooner out of his position than he was back again, being as cautious as he was brave. And meanwhile the other foes kept running and crying out, as if he was still behind them and they heard the image tumble one after the other to the rear of the dresser with the dangerous murmur.

The territory around the P also was a sham-

bles, three armored ornaments lay inside the position, another lay across a dresser, and there were the men victorious and unhurt.

Evans turned to the four images and hurled them one after the other off the roof to the ground below.

"Here, five of those accursed Hollow knights out of the way" cried Evans in Abreannian, and then turning to the Octopus he asked in English if he had done much execution.

"I winged a few" he said.

"And I are settled four" said Evans, "no I are less not enough except meant yet 'I ay will be back again. I o I are watch I reencu- I been es but ze slight begin"

The Octopus settled back to his place keeping watch with both eyes and ears. Evans too was exceedingly watchful. Then all of a sudden he saw an immense wardrobe come sailing right through the air direct for the Paloo.

He instantly seized a big dresser and flung it swiftly towards the on coming wardrobe.

They collided in mid-air with a great banging crash, and fell to the roof shaking it like an earthquake.

The concussion of the falling objects made the Paloo vibrate but it did not topple over.

Violet seeing her chance lit the incense

in the smoke dispenser just as a big table crashed against the Baloo, the shock again knocking her off the steps, and causing her to sit into an empty pail. As she fell, the same terrible chandelier that chased Alice Morrow came bounding through the air toward her, its pipes and other fixtures increasing in length as it came swiftly on.

It leaped the numpart of furniture and one pipe got Violet around the neck beginning to choke her.

But Evans and Sebastian leaped for it each with a swinging ax and a d and a dipper of Holy water.

That Sebastian dashed first, and being free, he grasped the now unpossessed chandelier, and hurled it from the roof where it crashed among the trees below.

At this moment a thick volume of white strong perfumy smoke was pouring from the dispenser but Violet getting back up turned on the condenser so that the smoke grew so thick as to spread across the whole roof while the big rigid light on top of the roof portion of the Crucifix was lighted by Jennie.

Less than a minute after that all

the furniture around the Paloo and crucifix began to spin around and enclosing them and the fighters revolving with terrific tornado like speed as if whirled by a tire men down furniture twisted, and as they did so they made a deafening racket mingled with the musical bedlam of the big and little musical instruments.

Faster and faster they whirled and began to move in a forward direction as a cyclone does. Yet to the amazement of all no wind was doing it. Every one sprayed Holy water at the

mass of whirling objects but without effect. It was a tremendous phenomenon worked by the banshees at a distance.

Every body crowded as close to the Paloo as they could, as one half of the whirling circle of furniture crowded closer and closer as if to crush them and the Paloo.

Violet being on the Paloo ladder started the long distanced sprayer in the direction of the unseen imp just when the cyclone of furniture was within eight feet of them.

Then the whirling of the crazy furniture gradually

c stopped but honours the dresser with the possessed mirror was close to all the little Virran girls and the features of the mirror glowered at them most savagely.

But before the demon could do anything to them, the little Virran girls crowded against the Palso with their backs to it.

The scowl on the face changed to a diabolical fiendish grin for without the little girls knowing it, seven of the possessed armored knight like ornaments were sneaking up behind.

Being inside these hollow suit of mail images made the demon bold, and

they did not fear the Palso that way. All of a sudden simultaneously the seven little girls were grabbed by their throats from behind by iron hands or hands of mail and though often choked by Glandelimians, and twice by the chandeliers were never before strangled like this in their lives.

Though the pressure made their eyes bulge and their tongues stick way out it caused intense pain on and in their throats, so that to struggle would make it too intense to bear.

Evann seeing what was happening hurled himself

forward, Sebastian and the Emperor followed with dippers of Holy water.

The demon threw some of the furniture in their way. Fearing that the iron hands would quickly do serious injury to the little girls throats Evans tore at the furniture flinging everything right and left, and just as the little girls sank limp from pain, and agony for a in the two men dashed Holy Water at the hollow suits of mail, which released the little girls and sank down flat with a great clatter.

The little girls gasping and rubbing their necks nose to their feet, and Violet

defiantly walked back up to the top of the Paloo ladder while her sisters proceeded to give her every assistance possible.

The Octopus and Jack Evans this time stayed close to them to make sure that nothing startling should happen to them again.

"Have you got your matches ready?" whispered Jennie to Violet.

"Why?"

"My instinct tells me the demons might resort to a fire of the moment." "Well yes, and plenty of cotton soaked in kerosene," answered Violet "I've also got

long sharp pointed
sticks and a bow".

"Good"

But as yet no fire
phenomenon occurred. Every-
thing was quieter than
usual. Suddenly out of
the corner of her eye
Daisy caught sight of
a number of people
who from roofs and
windows of buildings
taller than Mr Sese-
mann had been ex-
citedly watching the
strange phenomenon
fight from windows
and roofs.

"Look every one" she
cried indignantly.

"What's wrong?" they
cried.

"Look at the curiosity
cat rubber necks over
there. But they're too
yellow to help us."

"Yes" piped Catherine
"and when those images
sneaked up behind us
to wouldn't shout a
warning."

"Aw let the curiosity
cats rubber neck
period" "Maybe there's
a meddlesome re-
porter among them
who'll see that this
nutty fight is put
into the filthy news-
papers."

and if it is, I'll
[sew] sue the news-
paper companies" de-
clared Empress Vir-
ian. "They ain't sup-
posed to do this
without our consent."

"Hey" cried Jennie,
to the people look-
ing from windows
and roofs "Do you
want to come over

and help us? We'd be very much obliged."

"I'd put my head in a lion's mouth first before I'd come on that crazy roof," cried a man.

"Why didn't some of you warn us when the suits of mail sneaked up behind us?" demanded Catherine.

"We didn't see that" cried another.

"Oh stuff" yelled Pernod "you people have no right up there gawking at us fighting demons if you won't aid us, and warn us when the possessed knights are sneaking up on us from behind".

"What Pernod says is true also" yelled Daisy "We try to drive

the demons away and you only stay there and rubber, and spoil the whole show. Seeing you there makes the banshees want to show off and they might get you there".

"This is a free country, and there's no law against right seeing".

"Free Country?" cried Angelone sarcastically. "Why half of you so-called Americans pass under an American flag, or by it on all days, and act as if it don't exist. And you call yourselves Americans."

That last argument shut these people up and some of them

slunk away, but the
badder and some more
snippy not remained.

All this time the Ban-
sheen didn't do anything.

"I noticed those people
looking at us yesterday,"
exclaimed the Octopus.

"But I had no time to
draw your attention to
them."

"That makes me mad!"
cried Violet gawking at
us and won't warn
us when they should."

Over half an hour
passed and all was
the same. Every-
thing remained stat-
tor dry.

"I wonder if the
demons are gone?"
asked Hettie. "It seems"

"Hey you kids on
the roof" screamed
a little boy from the

opposite roof. "Here,
something wrong with
that dresser behind
you!"

Perrod and his sisters
looked around at the
dresser with the facial
mirror. They were
shocked beyond words
at what they saw.

The mirror seemed
or did form into
some long hood
protruding head with
a fearful long wide
open glassy mouth
and teeth resemb-
ling those of an all-
igator but twice as
long.

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It was evidently trying to reach them, to snap one of their arms, or a leg in the horrid glassy jaws.

And the horrid thing apparently magically alive, and consisting of stretched unbreakable glass was howling like a mad dog of the infernal regions.

The little girls within easy reach, jumped out of the way.

The Octopus dashed Holy Water at it, but the crazy horror was only a phenomenon worked by the demon and the ceremonial had

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no effect. Now a terrible uncanny growling and snarling noise came from the open glass mouth, and as the little girls started edging away the possessed dresser started to draw toward them, with a snapping sound.

Evans decided upon action. He went round, and with Holy Water took the enemy in the rear.

Yet the crazy dresser appeared to defy Evans for it pressed forward with arms now adding to the monster.

Evans in a rage and with his rubber gloved covered hands grabbed hold of the dresser, and violently

flung it down along the roof where it crashed headlong into the possessed chandeliers beyond.

From the sound following there was a terrific commotion among the surprised demons.

So far they were being repulsed and they knew it!

Standing near the furniture was an immense heavy wheel chair. So with savage fury six unseen demons grasped the chair and to Evan it appeared to rise by itself six feet up and then fairly fly away from the angry clutch of the unseen foe and immediately made a swift graceful curve through the air turning

one corner scull after the other. It rose high in the air aimed for Evan as it crashed downward.

But it missed him and crashed to its destruction against the Palco.

Parts of it flew in all directions, its wheels its back its padded cushions falling upon the heads of Jennie and Joe while Angelina got crowned by one of its wheels it fit nicely too some how or other.

It did evidently appear as if the demons were very poor throwers.

"But even they once aim right" said the Octopus grimly "It'll be too bad for the one that hit."
"That's something

We got to look out for," said Father Carney. "I never thought the demons would throw things - look out here comes another."

This time it was the possessed dresser with the dangerous mirror. As it passed the leg of it grazed the top of Emperor Viriam's head, knocking him down and landing on the roof some twenty feet away.

Emperor Viriam was not hurt however and rose to his feet, just in time to dodge a big easy chair that came flying past. It struck the flag pole, shunning it, and landed on the roof bottom up.

Then as if by itself it arose in the air

and was again flung by unseen hands, direct for Evans, a bull eye aim this time.

But Evans leaped into the air and caught it with one hand and then flung it off the roof. Then to the surprise of all the grand organ and the piano came towards Evans at the same time in the fashion of a boy playing leap frog.

The piano came so quick it had him under it in a hurry, but by sheer strength he hurled it off with a motion of his back, sending it across from him and crashing against the still oncoming organ, and causing it to kerflop

also on its side with a big bang. Then things commenced to happen. Every article of furniture was thrown which was on the roof, at one time. It was a profound miracle that no one was hit, though the objects crashing here and there simultaneously certainly made a terrific noise.

Nothing this time even hit the Paloo. The only things that didn't leave their places on the roof, was the suit of mail or mail armor, and the chandeliers.

From the opposite direction all that furniture was again thrown at one time, by the unseen fiends, but every body knew how to dodge

and again no one was hit though this time the Paloo was hit by the dresser with the facial mirror.

A few minutes after certain parts of the crazy furniture flew at them and the Paloo from three directions at one time, banging together and mingling in the awfulest confusion and making the wildest racket.

The demons tried it again for two or three times, more, and they either couldn't throw straight or missed them on purpose.

Then just as soon as this stopped a most extraordinary unbelievable thing occurred.

The roof to the surprise and dismay of every body began

to sway back and forth by its lengthwise, in the fashion of the seats and floorboards of a swing. The motion was not by any means gentle either, but swift and rough, and every one had to cling to the cage of the crucifix flagpole, or the Paloo, or be flung off the roof.

The roof moved with terrific speed back and forth increasing every minute and then stopped so suddenly that if our friends had not held to the bars, of the cage, flagpole, and Paloo tightly they would have flown clean off the roof to the ground far below to their deaths.

Then the demons resorted to another tremendous phenomenon.

I thought no one, not

even I could understand how it could be done, the roof started to spin around with a speed of the merry go round.

This caused a sensation of dizziness to our little heroines and hero's but still they held on most desperately determined not to give up no matter what happens.

The turning movement increased to a terrific speed for five minutes, but every one, to 'keep down' as much dizziness as possible kept their eyes tightly closed.

The roof had sped around at the rate of twenty four revolutions a minute, and I can't understand how they stood,

it but they held to their
refuges, like leeches, yet
the demons were not
daunted either. There was
a momentary pause after
the rotatory motion of the
roof stopped.

Then a still more
extraordinary manifestat-
ion occurred. One end of
the roof started to rise up,
without making the
slightest sound.

"Up, up, the" whole roof
gradually rose like one
end of an immense
jack knife bridge, up, up,
it went and it appeared
evident the banisters
were determined to
make every body fall
off the roof includ-
ing the crucifix Palco,
and furniture.

The roof in deed
rose to a very dangerous

angle and yet none of
the furniture slid down
to the edge, and stranger
still the 'ceiling of the
attic remained perfectly
in its place as if nothing
happened.

The Palco didnt move
because it was surrounded
by the furniture. But
the cage and crucifix
with some of our friends
including two of the
little Varrans (cleo) cling-
ing to it was mov-
ing down towards the
edge of the roof.

But when ten feet
away from the edge
Violet suddenly
thought "wiggled her
left toe and said
that prayer devoutly
but quickly, but at
that the roof went
back to its former,

position so suddenly that whole cage jumped high into the air, and came back down with such a dreadful thump that those clinging to it sailed over the furniture bey ond and landed sprawling on the middle of the roof in three or four directions, where they rolled over several times before they stopped.

The others nearly went with them but they were holding fast to the poles and flag pole and that saved them, and then there followed several curious sounds that led them all to suspect the demons were laughing at them all. It was the most unusual experience that Violet

and her sisters or the others with them had ever had in their lives.

And all through this the curious spectators still crowded the distant roofs, having watched the scene with awe, amazement, excitement and also with some amusement. But there were no reporters among them, or any newspaper men.

Every body wondered how the spirits could do that and also more so, how the fighters on the roof stand their assaults.

The action of the roof was the most amazing thing of all, especially where it tilted up wards so astonishingly.

Nobody now doubted the condition of Mr. Sese-mans house, and were glad they were not in it. They were willing to help but too scared to go near the place.

After the last antic of the crazy roof nothing further seemed to occur and all our friends were given breathing time.

It was now dreadfully still up there and no movement of anything.

"I'll bet they're planning for something else," said the Octopus, "unless they have exhausted all their resources."

"That's impossible, incredible," said Penrod. "For us to whip these demons up here is up to God Himself."

The working of the Paloo does not seem to do a bit of good. They keep at a distance or defy it, and us and fling everything at it. I'd bet if we didn't have it up here we would have been out of luck long before this. It certainly is our protector, even if it does not drive the foes off."

"I'll tell you what," declared Violet. "I'll put the other sections onto the Paloo and work everything. Then we must surely win."

"I suppose if we do win, we'll drive them all back into the building or into the grounds," said Father Carmel. "They're

stubborn these demons "
 "And we'll win in the
 end" said Pennod. And
 I wish that inquisitive crowd
 of curious would move
 away from those roofs."

"I too wish that" com-
 plained Jennie. "I believe
 they cause the demons
 to become more excited
 and therefore increase
 all these phenomena.
 We so far are no nearer
 victory than when we
 started. I'm really
 wishing Mr. Seeman
 had never learned of
 us. You know we
 have to get back
 home to our our dut-
 ies some time. Our
 war torn country
 needs needs us bad.
 Our good Uncle has
 sent us pleading
 letters several times."

"But if we quit now
 the demons will pester
 us wherever we go."
 declared Angelure. "We
 got to stay here untill
 everything is done.
 We've got to win on
 those demons at any
 cost."

"To morrow" said
 Jennie "I'm going to
 study our dary and
 find out if all the
 phenomena are
 the -"

"Hold on. wait a min-
 ute" said Pennod
 "I know what you
 are going to say.
 I've been figuring
 out this business
 Mr. Seeman says
 his place has been
 troubled for over five
 years before we came
 to this country to

drive out the glandelin-
 tam spies. It's impossible
 that we had the mis-
 hap of (driving) driving
 the demons from the
 Calverine house into Mr
 Sese man's. His house
 was possessed long before
 long before we fought
 them in that big farm
 house near Collis Junc-
 tion, therefore both
 have been possessed
 at the same time".

"We could have un-
 knowingly drove those
 from the Calverinian
 house to this one mul-
 tiplying their number".
 declared Angelina.

Pernod looked at
 Angelina strangely.

"Do you think that
 could be possible?"

"Yes"

"But don't you consult

the miraculous medal
 angel on that?" sug-
 gested Garner.

"I've tried that" an-
 swered Pernod. "I can't
 seem to get any sat-
 isfactory answer."

"Maybe the angel
 doesn't know" said
 Violet.

"Maybe you are right".
 said Pernod.

"It is terrible awful if it
 could be true" declared
 Joyce. "but can it be,-
 my gosh, what, that?"

They all looked in
 the direction she was
 pointing, and observed
 a most startling
 sight something they
 had not expected
 to see.

Something they
 had never dreamed
 of. Something you

wouldn't even believe.
 There came swiftly bounding towards them, an enormous dog, a dog so large that it appeared three times the size of a horse.

But the most startling part of it was it appeared glowing like molten lava, a iron and from it streamed enormous tongues of flame that radiated a frightful unbearable heat.

Pernod and his sisters at the urgent request of the priests and other men beat a hasty retreat towards the opening to the attic below while with the fire hose run up from below the men blessing them selves stood their

their ground. As soon as the fire dog phenomena came close enough the nozzle was turned on and a stream of water poured directly at the fiery monster with terrible force.

At the contact the terrible monster rose into the air bursting into a fearful rolling cloud of singling flame that spread clear across the roof over head.

It threw such a terrible heat that the men had to crouch low and also make for the exit towards the attic but before they got there the terrible phenomenon gradually subsided, but for a moment the

heat still prevailed and there was a strong brimstone smell in the air and a strange yellow haze. It was some time before any one dared go back on the roof.

But they gradually did and crowding close to the Pallo awaited the next development.

Then something else happened that filled them with amazement.

Every article of furniture, the slits of wall and the chandeliers made a hasty retreat from the roof going miraculously down the side of the building as they had come up. To see them hook as if there was an earthquake there were many strange

puffs of smoke on the roof and then all became perfectly still. At this moment some distant church clock was chiming the fourth hour in the afternoon.

They waited on the roof until it was six o'clock, but nothing further happened. They walked all over the roof to investigate to be sure but there was no further manifestation no sound.

"I wonder if the demon have finally been licked?" asked the Odopus.

"If they have we have only won so far on the roof" said Pernad "and yet have the whole building and the grounds to demonstrate with." "Yes."

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"And though we've got the stations of the cross set up in the grounds no one makes them but ourselves" added Gemmie.

As was the plan Evans went down to the room under the attic to bring up the box full of good sized crucifixes thirty of them. A good number of them were fastened to the edge of the roof, some facing out, some facing in and a good man sized one stood on the middle of the roof.

"If I at don't keep a zern away nozing weel" said Evans. "Some one will have to stand guard up here all night to see if everything

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is all right" declared Father Carney. "So I'll be the one. If anything happens I'll awaken you all."

Every one had a hearty supper that night in the attic kitchen.

The first night after their battle on the roof passed by without any disturbances coming. Though the three priests took turns at watching on the roof during the night nothing happened except a sort of heavy snow flurry and coming of colder weather.

It was the last week and a half of the month of March and with the passing of two more days it will be the first Sunday after Easter.

Pennod or his sisters did not like the idea of weather? winter weather continuing so late in the year but did not complain.

The next morning after breakfast while Violet was washing the dishes and Pennod wiping them, Jennie coming up to them said:-

"I'd like very strongly to know what in this attic, that makes the devils so afraid of it and the two rooms below it?"

"No one seems to know not even Mr. Sessman" answered Pennod wiping the last dish "Why do you ask?"

"It may be the means of helping us drive the devils out of the whole house?"

"By golly that's a bully idea, if it could be found" cried Pennod "We ought to search for it!"

So after they were finished they made a very diligent search, but look where ever they could, they could find no sign of anything.

"But what ever it is, it is here somewhere" said Violet. "Nothing can make those devils come into this attic - say" she suddenly added, "I've got an idea - Evans dear, would you mind going to the music room and bring that Edison up here? See that the record 'Nearer my God to Thee, does not slip off. You can carry it easy!"

Five minutes passed and Evans came back to the attic bringing the Edison with him.

"What's the idea?" grinned Permod.

"Why if it's in here" giggled Violet "The Edison will be free from demons and we can play it to our hearts content" "He was right."

Round two begins on the Third Floor.

"If there is anything peculiar in this attic that the demons dread" continued Violet after the Edison had been set up into a corner "then where in the world is it?"

"Maybe it's something invisible" suggested Garner.

"This is no time to joke, please" pleaded Angeline.

"I'm not joking indeed I'm not. I'm positively in earnest. If it ain't invisible then tell me why we can't find it? As far as I can see there's no place to hide anything."

"Maybe there's a secret compartment in this attic" said Wilber.

George "and in there the mystery may be".

"But Mr. Sesserman says there's no secret place anywhere in this crazy building" declared Father Carney.

"There can be a secret room or a few of them without his knowledge" argued George. "You know Detective Burns found two which were used as store rooms by tenants."

"Who was in charge of the construction of this house?" asked Paul Francis.

"Mr. Sesserman told us that it was erected by the Baum-Bridge Construction Company on 1924

South Canal Street.

"Why don't you call that company up

and find out?" suggested George to Pennod.

"It's a good idea but I can't do it from here" answered Pennod. "They won't answer us. I'll have to do it from a drug store."

"What's the matter with them?"

"They are afraid they will be possessed by devils through the telephone."

"Maybe they might be. Better call them up from a drug store" "I'll do so" said

Pennod and out he went.

While he was gone the search was renewed, and even extended down to the two rooms under the attic but still they could find no trace

of anything. Evans in the meantime had brought the Palco and the big crucifix down to the attic for it was their intention to start using it for the expulsion of the demons from the third floor.

Perrod was gone for nearly thirty minutes and then he returned.

"Yes" he said "There's two very large secret compartments in the attic, but we will have an awful difficulty to locate the secret ways to open the secret door in the walls for the push buttons are in some section of the attic floor."

"If they are" said Joyce "it's a wonder we didn't accidentally

step on one of them and cause the secret door in the wall to fly open."

"Set's search for the hidden push buttons suggested Violet."

"We'll have an awful job grimmered Perrod. The buttons have the same color as the floor."

"We'll try it just the same" declared genuine.

They made the most careful search over all the floor, even pressing here and there with their thumbs and fingers but to their disappointment couldn't find the secret push buttons or anything that needs to bring us to

light the secret compartments. Temporarily they gave it up. Day passed and they went to bed that night very early.

They (m) you must know sleep in one of the rooms under the attic. This room very large has a stairway alongside the wall by which you get up to the attic.

At about twelve thirty that night there began upon their door such a violent battering as if light person with a sledge hammer a piece at one time upon the upper panes of the big oaken door as to be easily heard even outside on Jackson Boulevard.

Whatever it was appeared to rain against the door such a shower of terrific blows that a new noise accompanied anything it like the ringing of a big bell, was drowned, and all who were awakened were obliged to hold their ears lest they should be rendered deaf for life.

There came a terrific thudding crash that shook the whole house like an earthquake, the very floor of their own room seemed to heave and then the noise was added most profusely up and down the hall and out side as well.

sorts of big tin dishes, kitchen cooking boilers and all sorts of very heavy kitchen utensils were flung back and forth rapidly and violently and also were being very rapidly beaten or roughly flung against the walls as rapidly as musket shots. At the same time twice the big door to their room was flung violently open by an unseen power and then slammed shut with a vehemence as to shake the room and cause books to fall out of a book case.

The noise was most unbearable and it frightened both Mary and Margaret.

The dreadful din continued for about thirty

minutes, and then gradually subsided into a silence that was nearly as awesome as the bed-lam had been. A foul smell pervaded their room.

"It was a crazy noise," the woman said. "The Octopus in a solemn voice 'Mary and little Margaret are still very scared for I see they have covered their heads under the sheets and blankets.' I warn that nobody must go out into that hall to night as the protecting Paloo is not out there but in here."

"We have not heard the Grand Church Organ smash for a long time" which perched up. "Don't mention it,

"or we might again," answered Permod.

They hardly slept the rest of that night for sounds came as if the army was using the hall for military drills of the most loudest kind for two or three hours, accompanied for the rest of the night till morning by loud piercing wailing howls as if from big droves of wolves wild cats and some such dogs at the same time.

At the Octopus's advice one of the room lights was lit to console the two frightened little girls and left on, but never the less Maryrie and Margaret kept their

heads under the blankets and it was a wonder they were not smothered.

No one spoke a single word at breakfast but when the dishes were cleared away and every thing straightened out Violet said:

"Evans dear while? and my sisters again search for the hidden button will you put the P'alsoo and the big crucifix at the west end of the hall. We are going to try to drive them out the third floor to day."

"With pleasure" he answered. While he proceeded with getting the P'alsoo and crucifix down from the attic to

the room below Pernod and his sisters again fished for those hidden buttons the others helping them again.

Evans brought the Paloo and the crucifix to the room door and opened it.

He started forward and suddenly stopped, and stepped back.

"Free goodmees" he exclaimed "Zis es ze leement."

"What's the matter?" demanded the Octopus.

"Ze wholeum hall and side. Idem es allum bottom cup! oop!"

The Octopus flew to the door. It was so, the whole third floor hall was upside down, but this time not the end windows.

"Well I'll be!" he

exclaimed "Wait I'll go and let them alone know it!"

He flew up the room steps to the attic three at a time and burst in upon them.

"What's wrong?" they all exclaimed attracted by his sudden appearance.

"The whole third floor is upside down," he exclaimed excitedly.

"That whole long hall? impossible?" cried Father Carmey incredulously.

"Come and see for your self then!"

They all went down swiftly but in an orderly manner and found the Octopus was telling them the truth.

"So that was that awful thudding sound we heard last night" observed Pennod. "The demons are trying outwit our purpose to expell them from the third floor. I suppose Violet dear you could right this hall as you did the other dome ceiling room?"

"Yes I could" answered Violet "but something warns me not to do it untill we win the exirction battle up here first. If I do it now, the demons will be so enraged we ll have double trouble with them in our efforts."

"And worst of all theyre added in union down here since we evicted them from the roof" said the old Japsus. "From the

roof they came in here, and into the flats below driving in the possessed furniture too. I have a plan which may help us. Who are the ones among you little girls who wrote your daries about this and the Calver-Union devil house affair?"

"We all did from what we memorized" said Jennie.

"I was thinking" said Paul Francis, "that while the most of you continue the search for the secret push buttons the rest examine the last exam one to 1 and compare the daries to find out for sure if your suspicions are correct about dressing

the extra demons from the Calverinian house into this place."

"We did do that and several times over, and it's easy done" said Jennie. "What phenomena occurred in the Calverinia farm house are in the old dairy which we wrote, and in English over there. We wrote the phenomena we witnessed and heard, and what tenants and the Siamese told us in a new dairy and separated the new phenomena from the ones exactly alike in our old dairy. They both correspond most correctly. But the strange phenomena in here are far more terrible than any in the

Calverinian farm house at Collis Junction, and very dangerous."

"And the phenomena of both trees there and here are the same?"

"Not exactly. The Calverinian tree don't know you about, and only is dangerous at night."

"Any apparitions to correspond with those here?"

"We heard there were two but didn't see any there. One was said to be a shrike and fifteen feet tall. The second was a hideous floating head. That appears here but only Perinod saw it." "Were they any strange

shadows over there?"

"Yes and the same ones here too"

"Set me with Pernod and you helping examine those two dairies while the rest search for the hidden buttons."

So while the rest went up to the attic, Paul and the two Virnians went to the big writing desk. Jennie handed both dairies to the Octopus.

"You didn't write down about the deaths of Paulina the other little girl the boys and the 'hobo'." he said after twenty five minutes of examining them had passed.

"I had, not for our dairies," answered

Pernod We put that in a composition book instead. Here it is."

The Octopus nodded and looked the description over.

"Humph" he said. "Those tenants must be crazy" he said reading an article in a New Dairy No demon can possess a crucifix."

"I know it. Optical illusion" giggled Jennie, while Pernod grinned.

"Optical illusion is right" laughed the Octopus "But nevertheless I can't see any catch here. Whether you accidentally drove any demons or all of them from the Calverman house

to this place is a very hard problem to decide. I'll call it a draw."

"Why not ask the angel of the miraculous medal?" asked Jennie, of Pernod.

"I did several times" he answered "and he does not seem to know as he says he wasn't with us at the time. Why couldn't the angels who possess you and my other dear sisters enlighten you some how or other. They were with you and your sisters when you cleared the Calvinian house."

A new light dawned on Jennie & he said:

"I know. You asked the medal angel to ask them to night."

"I will" answered Pernod "But I wonder if your possession angels don't change off. (You) you and your sisters act a little different at times according to the angels who possess you. Suppose the angels -"

"Oh go on Pernod" said Jennie seriously "they would pass what we did on to each other. I'll bet the medal angel does know, but for some good sensible reason does not yet want to tell us."

"Well if that's so it's unusual then. But let's go up and see how they are progressing with the search."

When they came upstairs they found out they had made no success whatever.

"I don't believe there's any push buttons on the floor," said Violet discouragingly. "Suppose you call that contractor on head up and make him give directions how to find them."

"I asked him and he said to come to his office to morrow and he'll give me the papers," Pennod declared.

"What's the telephone number?" asked Violet.

"I'll ask him myself."

"Dinner at 11:00," said Pennod. "I'll go with you though." Within ten minutes Violet was

explaining the situation over the phone. "Why you little dumb-bell" came back the answer. "You've wasted a lot of time. The push buttons are on the floor on the north east corner in the music room on the second floor."

"What?" cried Violet abashed.

"That's what I said. They are according to the papers. Why do you wish to open the secret rooms?"

"I hear something queer about the attic that makes the phantoms dreadfully afraid of the place and we suspect it's in one

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of the secret room. If so we could use it against the demons."

"Well then listen" came the answer "use your heads and look in the north-east corner of the floor in the music room."

"What?" screamed Violet. "The music room?" I said. "are you deaf?" There are two buttons for each room. But remember those secret rooms are of even size and very (wiser) large. And there's no danger of being trapped if the door does close in on you as there's a knob on the interior side of the door. You can get out without the use of the buttons, but not get in."

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"Well of all things" exclaimed Violet as she hung up the receiver.

"What's the matter?" asked Pennod.

"He says the push buttons are in the north-east corner of the crazy music room, of all rooms."

"The music room?"

"Yes, didn't he tell you different?"

"No" said Pennod. "He told me nothing. I thought they were in the attic. He said from and nothing else to me."

"Well let's get back to the Crazy Grappling house and look."

They returned as fast as they could into the house and spied

for the second floor in double quick time. As they reached the music room, Pennod quickly flung open the door. Every musical instrument was in place except the Edison which was in the attic. The grand piano stood in the north east corner. "Hang it" growled Pennod. "Of all parts of the room it would be there."

"We'll have trouble trying to get into that corner. The demons will enter here."

They went upstairs walking on the third floor ceiling just to their room and explained the situation to every one. "The demon have the situation well

in the music room" said the Octopus. "But we've got to get to those buttons. Come everybody, let's go down."

"I'll stay up here and take care of Margorie and Margaret" volunteered Joyce. So all, except Joyce went down and defiantly crowded into the music room.

"The crazy piano is over in the corner" said Pennod pointing.

"Evans dear" cried Violet will you please move the piano?"

Certainly answered Evans putting on his rubber gloves. For no one here could touch or possess objects with bare hands.

But as strong as he was he couldn't move it and though he was awfully powerful enough to throw such objects about like a bundle of paper he was not able to budge it an (nick) inch.

He tugged and pulled and tried to lift it but the grand piano might as well have weighed a million pound.

He was flabbergasted.

"What's the matter with the crazy thing now?" he growled. He tried again but to no avail.

The Octopus the priests and even their father lend a helping hand but it was the same.

Under his breath the Octopus said something about the demons that though it may have been no use,

couldn't be found in any dictionary or prayer book.

"It's a new kind of phenomena" he then said loudly "they know our intention and won't let us reach the buttons."

"I'll dare to crawl under the piano and find them" said Catherine and she dived under before any one could stop (her) her, but held a crucifix and muttered a prayer as she did so.

"She lifted up the end of the carpet but as it was dark underneath, couldn't see them.

"Bernad dear have you got with 'you'?"

"Yes here it is."

But still she couldn't see them as they are the color of the floor," said

Catherine again.

"Why in heck did the contractor have to make the buttons the color of the floor for? I'm afraid we never can find them that way alone."

"Wait said Pernod 'I've got an idea as things look kind of funny to me. Does it not strike you that one of the broad legs of the piano may be standing on the very spot where the buttons are?'"

"My gosh" cried the O'clapus "If that is so we are surely stump-mad, for the demons by some prenatural power prevent us from moving the grand piano. They don't want us to get into those secrets rooms."

"Why eef 3 at ees so, we can take ze axie and smash ze way ein" said Evans.

"Oh no we can't and must not demolish anything" said Violet.

"It couldn't be done" declared Pernod (Are) The walls are made too solid for axes. We'll have to fight the demons without the mystery."

But his sisters were not the giving up kind though in fact neither was he they secretly knew it. Pernod tugged at Evans' coat attracting his attention. He followed Pernod out side into the hall.

"Bring the alcohol down here to take."

music room" he said with a wink of his eye.

Evans understood and flew upstairs. It was expected something would interfere with his trip to the third floor. But nothing happened. He crossed the ceiling of the upside down third floor hall, reached the room the Paloo was standing in and soon was on his way back.

"Here it is" he said bringing it into the music room carrying it with the ease of a prosaary crucifix.

He stood it right into the middle of the music room.

Suddenly from out out of the second floor hall there came a terrific doleful sound loud and piercing. It

had the tone of a lamb's bleat but a hundred times louder and filled the long broad hall with its sharp echoes. Some of the little girls went out thinking a lamb had wandered into the house and couldn't find its way out.

But there was nothing in sight.

"It sounded really like a lamb in distress" they cried "But oh so loud."

"I don't think it was" said Father Carney.

"A lamb can't bleat that loud" cried

the little girls.

"A hall like this could make the sound seem much louder" argued Pen-
nod. "It took two

"But not loud unless it was really a lamb and the demons increased the sound" cried Daisy.

"But then where is the lamb?" asked Father Bryan. They waited listening for the sound to come again. But now every thing was very still.

They went back into the music room.

Evans pushed the Paloo towards the grand piano, Violet preparing to spray Holy Water.

Again came that doleful mournful cry. This time the horrid cry came close to the entrance of the music room, echoing back and forth like a lamb in mortal pain. Again they rushed out but the hall was

clear there was nothing in sight.

"It must be a new noise phenomenon" said Pennod. I believe the darn demons are trying now to win our sympathy. The cry was enough to almost make me sob but I firmly believe demons are doing it. They're trying to trick us."

"And the sound was so plaintive so distressing" said Violet tearfully. I couldn't stand it. I too was almost crying. And also it made me feel oh so queer a feeling as if I had sadly wronged my best friend. I hope that awful cry doesn't come again."

They again returned to the music room. Violet was about to work the spray of the Palace when again the loud bleating came so sadly and pitifully, and still once more the voice cried out in appeal.

Again they ran out.

"What's the matter?" called Violet "Why do you cry so for help?"

There was no answer.

"Maybe a lamb is in the building" said Perriod "And the cry is increased a hundred fold and transmitted all the way down here by the demons. Lets look and see."

They left the music room to start the search. As they started to they saw an opposite door slowly open and

Violet's own pair of shoes an old pair of button shoes walk out across the floor with no feet in them. It was such an absurd sight they couldn't suppress from giggling.

Then the little Virram threw them selves into strategic positions to intercept and capture the shoes and then something happened that even a monkey could not have perpetrated.

As they closed in on the shoes they flew up to the ceiling and started walking there. While at the same time there came a strange creaking sound.

"What's that now?" giggled Cat Perriod.

"I'll bet its one of those banshees rocking a chain in that room" said Daisy pointing.

With electric flashlights snapped on they all rushed in to find an empty chair rocking vigorously in the room as if some one had left it in a hurry. But how did he leave?

All windows were closed and locked and the only exit was in the kitchen.

But Violet and her sisters believed a spirit made it rock by pulling a black thread of horse hair tied together from a hole in the wall.

I took for a thread Paul: they said. I am sure in inspection

brought to light nothing of the kind, but that did upset them. They suspected that the spirit that was doing it had looped the thread around the rocker and when he heard them coming let go of one end and pulled the rest of it out of sight.

So they stood in a circle around the chair put out their flashlights and dared the demons to rock the chair again.

And that is exactly what he obligingly did. Instantly the lights went on but nothing could be found to account for it.

The investigators had ran out of ideas when when Angelina sug-

gested it might be done, by a electro magnet under the floor if the chair had iron, brass or steel in it.

Examination showed the chair innocent, of all metal and to further confound them the chair rocked just as actively in other parts of the room. At this even Angelina gave up.

The group passed on. Wandering were they half way near the door than a scraping sound on a shelf attracted all eyes to a small but ghostly white thing which could be seen moving from one end to the other.

Flash lights concentrated on it but the diminutive "spook" instead of vanishing turned out to be a milk bottle with no

clue as to what had made it move. It made a surprise for the Octopus who had never seen a milk bottle act alive. A shade ran up by itself with a snap and when that had been pulled down a big table covered with kitchen utensils turned over with a crash that made every one jump from the concussion, and the utensils made the loudest noise ever heard in the building as the overturning table made them fly violently in all directions.

When all became silent again there was a squeak as a drawer containing the silverware opened of its

own accord followed by a rattle of the silver within and then small objects were seen floating around in the air. As often as the lights were turned on, the floating objects were found to be ordinary knives, forks and spoons.

Just as they reached the door a big kitchen milk bucket jumped from its perch on the wall, landed nicely on the Odopun's head, jumped gracefully from his head to his politely crown violet, and then bouncing off with a magnificent curve, landed on the floor ten feet away behind them. It was astonishing up right and very well - kidding when the lights caught it. Although the little Virians

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knew they positively had defeated the hellish Polle geists on the roof, they realized from these manifestations not altogether new to them they were going to have a most difficult time on the 3rd floor.

When he first came the Odopun, helped by the priest had secretly by night and day examined the house for secret workings or any thing else that might account for the phenomena but found nothing. They returned to the music room to again fight with the grand piano.

demons would not let them get at the secret buttons. The P also was brought back to the hind floor for to begin the fight there, and which was started but the evil spirits contested back manfully.

This convinced the Virians that the banished Poltergeists had much more power and were much braver than they thought, and yet they were some what as harned of their conviction be cause the resisting manifestation were all so silly. But they couldnt

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understand why the demon could ever come from the infernal regions to clown so crazily and violently like that.

If the demon Poltergeist would show themselves it (ma) might have at least made some sense.

But this crazy tossing around of things, violent phenomena, and terrific noises was dreadfully preposterous.

Perrod and his sisters had firmly believed they could easily oust the infernal poltergeists.

But that is where they were all wrong.

A Poltergeist may be the most peculiar creature ever heard of but she happens to be the most honest

authenticated in the world and in spite of his unnatural antics about the only one (from) whom really scientific investigators have any respect.

If it does really happen, demon poltergeists hardly ever haunt really holy places like churches, empty houses, or ancient ruins.

nor do they intrude upon the homes where live persons, who frequently attend the sacraments, or where live the elderly and quiet.

The ones essential to attract poltergeists demons is the trespassing of an unwary little girl just around eight or nine, a fury that causes death dealing strangling phenomena

though occasionally a boy at that age will also meet a similar fate.

The crazy grappun house of Sese man had just these little trespassers Paulinia, and the orphan child.

The hobos were also killed by a fatal phenomenon when they came in to steal from the place.

The little Virriams knew what happened and always had a secret inward dread the same would happen to Mary one and Margaret, if the two were not watched.

Many psychic investigators had said.

Set the little Virriams give up of their own accord and abandon the Sese man house

to its fate and the demon poltergeists will follow as sure as the lamb followed Mary, and make life not worth living for them.

While the Virrians were preparing for battle on the third floor there came whistling sounds followed by thuds.

Sights showed a fork and knife stuck by their points in the wall and still quivering. Their were uncomfortable close to the heads of one of the little girls. Hearing simultaneously a noise near the kitchen stove on the third floor the Virrians rushed for the room let go their flashes and every one saw some little girl backing away from

the stove as if in terror at the sound. But she was not in a position where she could have been responsible for the movements of an old fashioned flat iron which caused the noise.

There also was seen what looked like a human hand reaching for the little girls throat. It had the appearance of an adult hand, not a child's and apparently of living flesh and blood but there was no body attached to it.

Bernad rushed on to save the little girl and there was no one there. They realized they had been tricked. For a moment they stood there didn't know

what to do. They were not the kind to be discouraged however and having everything in readiness they started immediately to work.

The high crucifix was stood on the floor on ceiling rather as the crazy corridor was still upside down.

"What if the hall rights itself while we are working?" asked the Octopus nervously.

"I suspect it in time I could stop that in @ time or in a hurry" said Violet. "Dear God has given me power & more power than the demons think I have. I and my sisters could do three or four things to prevent it from

righting itself until we see fit to make it do it. I don't fear the demons won't do it for they know better."

Violet was right. Violet and her sisters on account of their angel possessed condition have angelic powers to a certain degree and they have a conscious power to a tremendous extent to levitate objects any where if they will to do so.

This power too which through God's Holy Will they'll never lose is not necessarily supernatural though it seems so. It may be an entirely natural one though not understood at all. They could stay under

water all times, without drowning, and Glan delinian soldiers had never been able to keep them prisoners on the account of strange unknown powers, or been able to capture them, if they were on their guard.

As the Virians battled half way down the Chabl barns hees went through their usual acts with a few added features.

To day the constant every day and night universal click was as constant as a terrific musketry clattering fire.

Suddenly a whole thirty foot partition between two rooms fell close to the Virians with a crash a portion ripping upon them all and the P also danging them some

slight injury, and then replacing itself as if it had never fell.

That occurrence shocked every body especially the Octopus who was unprepared for it.

"The demons are determined to beat us at every effort" he said tersely. "They simply won't give up."

"We will have to win." answered "We must -"

One of the bigger rooms down the hall appeared to be on fire. The door flew open as if thrown out by a human hand and the flames lapping outward roared jubilantly for the floor of the upside down hall.

Fire & heronemon. Always a thing of terror when on the loose

in Seseemann's house was far more than that to Permod and his sisters fighting grimly to clean the place of demons.

It was an implacable enemy against whom ~~but~~ which even they themselves were almost helpless.

As if by magic the ominous fire spread along the floor ceiling of the hall. Red waves were already licking at the flooring, and for a few vain minutes they fought with a hose to drive them back down the hall back into the room.

Then the fierce heat drove them back into their own rooms yet as they battled to prevent spread

of the inferno phenomenon there was one dread question in the minds of every one.

Would it quickly envelope the entire house as it had done before exempting no room, whatever.

They gazed anxiously at the room of flames. It seemed to be a searing white hot shell.

But even as they looked another room door burst open and something in the form of a fiery red-lion cat stumbled out.

He was all aflame. Half way down the hall he went just as Violet with a liquid pistol squirted Holy Water at it. He then turned

into a ball of liquid fire, and then there was some thing like the flash of liquid fire and he disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

The gaze of the devil fighters remained fixed on the glowing room in horrified fascination.

It was a raging mass of flames, a miniature hell more vivid than any priest would picture in his sermons.

Then with a tremendous crash the walls between the burning room, and the one the fire cat phenomena burst out fell in.

Then it promptly replaced itself.

The fire changed to crimson blood color, green, then a gleaming

blue and slowly subsided, but leaving the room just as it had been, as if there had been no fire.

"Well can you beat that?" cried Gorce. "I thought it sure was going to envelope every part of the building and rout us out."

"They'll conjure up something that will yet," declared Jennie. "They are far more harder to beat than we thought."

They fought hard that day, that dark miserable day and well into the night without hardly pausing for a bite to eat or a wink of sleep.

They were resisted with phenomena,

after Phenomenon galore.
The Universal Click became
a mad bedlam. The
Grand Church Organ smash
was a "drummer" noise
The fire phenomenon
raged three times more
enveloping the entire
hall in an inferno and
driving them back into
their room, the flames
trying to reach in after
them.

An invisible force tried
often to topple over
the Palace four times
the demons tried to
turn the hall back
suddenly to its former
position but Violet
defeated them each
time. The hall chan-
deliers acted wildly
and tried to reach
down to strangle every
one. The demons

caused the most terrific
noises beyond belief
and then there came
a sound as if the
whole hall, floor walls,
and ceiling were going
to burst to pieces, but
the good brave fighters
manfully stood their
ground.

It turned out to be
the craziest bedlam
the whole party ever
heard and some of
the worst phenomenon
they had ever seen
occurred phenomenon
beyond description,
beyond belief.

And also the whole
hall seventy five
times shook like
a terrific earthquake
and once the two
walls made a move-
ment as if to come

to come together to crush them but strangely the phenomenon ceased before it did though it was followed by a similar action of the ceiling and floor but this was more swifter and menacing and only stopped by the length of the Palo and crucifix as the ceiling and floor were too solid to be pierced through by the objects and the objects too strong to bend.

Invisible hands tried to throw Evans, the Octopus and the priests to the floor every time between the mormons, but they sagely fought them off.

Finally the contestants fought against the Poltergeist.

friends had to quit from sheer exhaustion at 11. A. M. with the phenomenon raging worst. The party were well tuckered out and must get some rest. It was decided as a draw.

Before going to bed they planned for the next time to fight without ceasing by night and day shifts.

But for the rest of the night the phenomenon on the hall kept them awake so that desperately they had to take a sleep potion to get some sleep.

The following noon was the hour they really awoke and arose. They ate some dinner and then decided on their plans of the incessant

and ruthless fight to re-
new against the ban-
shees. All was quiet now

"The best thing we can
do" said Violet "is to go at
it in a day and night
shift."

"I know what" said James
and George together. "Let us
boys and the men and
priests take the night
shift and Pennod you
and your sisters 'take'
the day shift."

But Violet shook her
head & "no"

"Why?" they asked.

"I'm afraid to leave the
men alone by them-
selves. Yesterday and
last night the banshees
assaulted the men often
and fiercely. If they were
left by themselves
they may be killed.
No I and my sisters

must divide the shift
among ourselves."

"With Pennod we are eight"
said Jennie "The worst is
at night. Set me and
Catherine also to the fight
on with the men during
the day, and the rest of
us carry it on during
the night and early morn-
ing."

But Pennod couldn't
agree to that right away.
"I'm afraid to leave any
of you alone. -"

"But if something
starts happening we
could easily arouse
you" explained Vio-
let.

"But suppose the
demons won't let
any of us go into
the room to arouse
you?"
"One of the boys

can by staying on guard!
 So Jennie Hettie and Catherine were to fight by day with the men and the rest to fight by night. This was to be done for a week if the foe resisted that long and then the rest were to take it up by day. It was a most tremendous chance but they had to take it in order to win.

So again they prepared to work, this time the Octopus and Jack Evans set up an altar at the windowless end of the hall. So this morning being Sunday the priest could start the new round against the powers of darkness. With six Masses two Masses by each priest.

Pennod and George were to act as altar boys. Father Bryan started the first Mass with the first prayers at the foot of the altar.

As the priest said: "I confess to Almighty God to our Blessed Mother and all the Saints that I have sinned" a loud round object passed closely to his head striking against the wall above the altar making a rebounding to floor with a bad form of noise. The priest prayed to the finish and went up to the altar.

I saw the wall came in the bang of the universal Click a thousand times.

Nevertheless the priest paying no attention kissed the altar and went to the book to turn the pages. An object the size of an apple, struck him in the back of the neck, but still paying no attention he came back to the middle of the altar saying -

"God have mercy on us," three times.

Pernod answered "Christ have mercy on us three times." Then still in the middle of the altar the priest lifting his head praised God. Eight times, and (eight) each time louder came the universal click.

As the priest praised God from apparently nowhere came

a rotten tomato also hitting the priest in the back of the neck. Still he didn't stop. Pernod beckoned to Garner.

"Get me a large piece of sheet iron" he whispered. "It's in the attic"

Garner went off to obey. When the priest turned to the altar to say "Dominus Vobiscum" (The Lord be with you) another tomato got him in the face. Violet helped the priest clear his face.

Pernod's angry face was a sight but he said nothing waiting impatiently for Garner and the sheet iron. The priest began

to read from the book the Holy Epistle. During this time nothing happened, not even when he read the Holy Letter.

Then as the priest went to the middle of the altar and kissed the center Pen-rod, started to take the book to the left side, when without any reason which he could not explain it began to shake violently in his hands so that he had to hurry.

As the priest read the Gospel every one made the sign of the cross on forehead, lips (not f) and heart and said loudly.

"Here we are dearest Lord. We stand up to show that we will always take your part in the fight

against sin and the Powers of darkness. As the priest in the pulpit read the story about Jesus, something but the Epistle and Gospel book and sent it flying from his hand.

garner genuflected first then brought it back to the priest. In doing that a rotten orange got him on the side of the face almost knocking him down.

Soon the priest came to the part of the Mass where he says the Apostles Creed. They kneel when the priest kneels. "I believe in God the Father Almighty Creator of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ His only Son

our Lord who was conceived
by the Holy Ghost born
of the Virgin Mary, suffered
under Pontius Pilate, was
crucified, died, and was
buried.

He descended into Hell,
the third day He arose
from the dead. He ascend-
ed into Heaven sitteth
at the right Hand of God
the Father Almighty, from
thence He shall come
to judge the living and
the dead.

I believe in the Holy
Ghost, the Holy Catholic
Church, the Communion
of Saints, the forgive-
ness of sins, the
resurrection of the
body and life ever-
lasting.

Amen.

For every word
reputed a phenomena

of the same kind
happened, the tapping
of the walking cane,
and there are 110
words in the Apostles
Creed.

Still they were not
repulsed and the priest
continued the Mass
even though the floor
began to heave and
rock like the
deck of a ship in a
storm.

The priest now turn-
ed to the small
congregation. But no
one seated them-
selves as they had
to be on their
guard to defend the
priest if he got
violently attacked.
As the priest
came to the part
of the Mass where

he holds up the golden plate on which is the bread called the 'Host'.

Pernod held up in back of the priest the large piece of sheet iron garnes had brought to prevent the infernal Poltergeists from hitting that sacred sacrament.

As he held it up the priest said:

"Take oh my God this spotless Host which I offer to you for my sins, for all of us here present fighting the banshees and for all who love you. May it bring us all to Heaven."

Amen.

As the priest held up the gold plate the sheet iron Pernod held began to shake

and vibrate like thunder. But nothing was thrown. Then he held up the golden cup which is called the chalice. In this chalice is wine mixed with water. As the priest prepared to change it into the blood of Jesus they prayed:-

"We offer this chalice to you my Lord and -"

At that moment there came a noise like the growl of a lion and again the floor threatened to heave. Yet they continued "May it save us and the whole world. Amen."

The walls and floor above made a noise as if the upside down third floor hall was going to suddenly go right itself. A violent

was on her feet in an instant as the others went on with the prayer: Have mercy on us O God have mercy, With the bread and wine O God I offer you, my heart and soul."

The hall slightly swayed back and forth sideways then replaced itself without going back to its former position.

During the Savallo, when the priest was washing his hands the hall turned into a bedlam as loud as the noise of a boiler factory. Not even at the Oate Enaten when the priest kissed the altar and turned to the little assembly to ask them to pray did the fish and noise cease.

How in the world could the priest and the others endure it. Nevertheless holding their hands to their ears they prayed "Oh my God, may this Holy Mass which we offer with the priest please you."

At the preface all became quiet and the Virians said:

"We are thinking of you oh God. It is right oh God to thank you at all times and in all places We join the angels in praising you oh God."

At the Sanctus.

When the bell started ringing every-body knelt down and said: my way.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of hosts, "Heaven and earth are full of your glory. Glory to God" They waited expectantly but at this time nothing occurred.

When the priest kissed the altar this time they knew the wonderful moment of the mass was near and said with the priest,

"Oh God we beg you to take and bless our gifts"

Then there came eleven distinct vibrating knocks under the floor actually under the very priests feet.

Nevertheless the little audience continued.

"We offer them to you for your church

for our Pope and our Bishop and for all Catholics". There came eighteen louder knocks under their knees.

Yet they continued on.

"Here a loud prayer for those we love"

There came ten still louder knocks under their knees and ten simultaneously above their heads.

"I hear the prayers of all who are now praying at this mass"

This time there (flo) followed twelve knocks but not so loud. They concluded.

"Keep us safe through the prayers of mass, our mothers

and all the saints."

Then came fourteen knocks under their tones loud enough to have been heard through all the building, ending with piercing wail down at the other end of the hall. For a moment the priest himself was too shocked to move.

But he quickly recovered.

The bell rang again, and from it the little congregation hoped that while the priest was holding his hand over the bread and wine, that would cause the banshees to go away.

Very soon now he will say the same words holy words that Jesus said at the last supper and that sure ought to

help. For at that part of mass they knew a wonderful thing will happen. The bread and wine will be changed into the body and blood of Jesus. And surely the demons will be scared of that.

The priest now bent low over the bread and he said:-

"This is my body."

"Not yet holy" said an uncanny voice.

Pernod sneered.

At once the bread was changed into the body of Jesus. The bell rang when the priest knelt and then held up our Lord.

They all looked up at Jesus and said loudly:-

"My Lord and my God" and then bowed their heads. Their hope was increased for all was still and quiet. Now the priest took the chalice bent over it and said:

"This is the Chalice of my blood"

At once the wine was changed into the blood of Jesus. Again the bell rang.

"Will you stop ringing that bell?" came the voice.

The priest knelt and then held up the chalice. They looked at it, and said:

"My Jesus mercy!" "You'll need it fools" came the voice a third time.

The priest con-

tinued to pray. They all then said:

"Oh God in memory of Jesus (wh) we offer you the Holy spotless gifts you have given us. We beg you to order your Holy angels to bring our gifts to you. We pray that all those that receive the Sacred Body and Blood of Jesus at this altar may be filled with Grace. Amen. Remember O Lord those dear to us who have died."

Remember also all the souls in Purgatory free them from their sufferings and bring them quickly to Heaven." After this prayer

had been said the ceiling of the hall way swayed back and forth, eighty one times with strange rasping and cracking noises. The little Virians before Holy Communion, said the Communion prayer and then when the priest said the Pater Noster recited it with him most devotedly.

There are fifty six words in that prayer. There came fifty six thundering universal clicks on the hall followed by a strange weird red glow travelling down the hall floor above like the flare of a dynamite fuse at night. It disappeared with a thundering crash,

that shook the hall like an earth quake. Yet they recited

"Deliver us O Lord from all that is bad. Through the prayer of Mary our Mother and all the saints grant us peace."

"Why cry for peace we're giving you free entertainment" growled a voice.

The priest now broke the sacred Host and then said:

"May the Body and Blood of Jesus help us to get to Heaven Amen."

"It sends us all bad persons to exile" shrieked a horrible voice. A strange hush followed that terrible cry."

It was the same horrid wailing doleful cry they had heard at night and sounding right in their midst shocked them all. Many would have fled but Violet grabbed her arm.

Despite the horror and terror it occasioned him, the priest bent low and with firm they said in a husky voice three times:-

"Savior of God who takest away the sins of the world have mercy on us"

There came forty six louder universal clicks in every direction from floor ceiling and walls being as deafening as the reports of

big cannons. Even three of them sounded from the (sound direction of the very altar. Then there was a strange, rumbling sound as if the ceiling was rising to meet the floor but it stopped.

At this they said "Oh God Jesus Christ by dying on the cross you have given life to all. By this" mouth full of "hiss" interrupted a voice but they went on unheeding "Your Sacred Body and Blood take away all sins" "Not clothes sins" said the voice. "Set us not be parted from you"

any time. Let our Holy Communion be a continuous help to our souls and bodies Amen. From a following this prayer came forty seven loud taps from the invisible walking stick.

The bell rang three times. The priest said: three times.

"Oh Lord I am not worthy that you should come under my roof" - not prof' has. I heard a voice at which I made a horrible grimace but say the word and my soul shall be healed."

There came seventy sounds as if from a man hitting he- any blow against

the wall directly above the altar with a sledge hammer. It sounded as if the last blow was struck at the altar.

But nevertheless the priest received Holy Communion. While he did that the little congregation said:

May the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ our Lord keep our souls always pleasing to God for ever and ever Amen.

At that moment there came a series of the same loud hammering sounds twenty times this time much more vigorously,

and as the priest
now opened the Taber-
nacle door to give
Holy Communion to
the small congregation,
there came a fierce and
terrible tumult our cry:
"What have we to do
with Thee Jesus Son
of the most High God,
I beseech Thee do not
torment us, since you
wont let us go"

Though the others
were silent in their
horror, the priest
turned, blessing them,
and said:

"May God leave
have heavy mercy on
Sesernan, old crazy
House and of course
all sins of people
by stopping this
nuisance."
Then he held

up the Sacred Host,
and said:

"Behold the (So) Saml
of God who takest
away our sins."

Then he said three
times again:

"Oh Lord I am not
worthy that you should
come under my roof"

"poor goof de poor
hcof" cried the same
hcof voice" but

say the word, and
my soul shall
be healed" - toe nail
to be peeled, one
more came the

voice. Then even
then, there came
sixty nine universal
clicks even though
the priest held the
Sacred Host in his
hand preparatory to
giving it to Pennod

Yet even the Banshees tried to do something to interfere when each of the others received Holy Communion and something unseen tried to trip up the priest when he went back to the altar saying:

"Oh Lord may this Holy food which we have received keep our hearts 'not tarts' cried a voice, 'and our souls' 'not heels' again came the interruption - 'forever, and also enable us to win the fight against the power of dark men, Amen'"

Thirty one times to the surprise and dismay of all the unpurposed altar itself swayed back

and forth and up and down, so to enable the priest to replace the Holy Eucharist into the Tabernacle, Evans and the Octopus, with Sebastian had to come and forcibly hold it still.

Then an unseen hand gave Evans a smacking wallop on the side of the neck (left) but he struck back and believe me, strange to say his fist made contact with something invisible that went crashing and flopping amid obscene curses and blasphemies all the way down the hall.

To think of Jack Evans knocking a banshee on the jaw.

During this incident the others recited these prayers after Holy Communion.

"Oh Jesus, little round white Host you've come to my heart small,

Although you hide yourself I know you're God who made us all. Oh welcome my great God so dear, I'm glad you've come to day, I love you so. I'll listen well to all you wish to say, I'll tell you then of those I love and pardon.

Oh Jesus teach me how to know and love you more and more. Oh Sacred Heart of Jesus I place all my trust in you. Oh Sacred Heart of Jesus Thy Kingdom Come.
After this a chime in

in hall, used by Violet, jumped away from her and flew back and forth ninty three times as if two unseen spirits were tossing it to each other.

But Violet cried aloud others following:

"Dear Blessed Mother, dear St Joseph, dear angels come in spite of these infernal Poltegeists and adore Jesus in my heart. Save Him, I thank Him" - "not spare Him" - cried the voice - "Welcome Him as you did on the first Christmas night"

The windows in the hall rattled and banged loudly 36 times as if they were going to smash

to pieces, and the walls jumped out of place and then replaced themselves with the noise of a dynamite explosion. But undaunted Violet again said loudly:-

"All for you dearest Jesus" - "Allus for youse feather the goose" full of Caloose de toose" came a voice. But Violet continued "I know Mary our Mother. Amen".

Then twelve times the chair upon which Angelina was sitting jumped high up and down with her on it to her bewilderment.

"Leave off you naughty naughty spirit" she cried between gasps. "Are you crazy?" It wouldn't but bounced

her (higher) higher. Then she said aloud:-

"My Soving Jesus I have you now, I close the door as you go in and hold you in my heart forever. Begone clownish

Barnabee, I love only Him. My Lord and my God. He made all things He knows all things. He can do all things. How good He is. I bow my head,

"If you got any" said the taunting voice-

"and adore Him alone" she went on "Dear Jesus help me to remember that you can see." - "to the sweet song of the bee" once more came the taunting voice,

But she still went on. When I am fighting

the powers of darkness here,
when I'm Church and school
when I am in the dark
all alone, - you can see all
alone, Begone and leave
my chair alone naughty
Banshee."

The chair stopped jump-
ing only when she finished
to her surprise.

"Oh Jesus dear" "not dark
to fear" again interrupted
the voice, but she went on,
"I thank you for coming
to my little heart" "not
cat, not puss or 'puss
hurn" came the con' voice
once again "Shut up
Banshee," "I and my
sisters dear God thank
you" - "not crank you"
interrupted ~~you~~ for
the voice" but she
continued "We thank
you for the sacra-
ments for giving

us your dear mother."
"not wife" came the voice,
"Oh Jesus you said Ask
and you shall receive."
"not freeze de freeze"
once more the voice "but
still she continued "I
ask first to tell us al-
ways, to always to obey
right away as we always
did to forever tell the
truth -" "the behind gets
the boot" growled the
voice. "Shut up" - "I
be always kind and
gentle like you -" "not
I or jam is climbed
by the Jew in 1492"
said the persistent
voice. But still un-
daunted she pressed
the prayer "And
let us work against
the house of Mr
Bese-mann Amen"
After this her chair

jumped up fifty six times much higher this time and at the last leap came down to the floor with a loud noise almost throwing her out. They all then cried:

Stay with us O Jesus stay. Teach all ignorant ones when and how to pray. O my God I offer you this day all I shall think do or say, writing it with what was done on earth by Jesus Christ thy Son! "Not shoot the bundle on" repeated the mocking voice.

At the Post Communion when the priest read from the book at the right side of the altar all was quiet.

When the priest

bowed at the middle of the altar and the little congregation said: -
 Oh Jesus you said?
 I am the Good Shepherd we your little lambs know you! There came a tumult in the middle of the hall as if a whole flock of lambs were bleating at one time. The congregation continued on, but when they said "We love you dear God" a tumult of wailing voices cried out Phoeey focey hocey! When the virgins cried out "Oh God we thank you for all you have done for us" came the uncanny cry loud and woe-ful!

"He never came for us!"
The Virriams paid no at-
tention but continued:
'Through Mary our Mother
and all the saints we
will follow you to Hea-
ven -'

"Millions upon millions
will go to perdition
with us, oh woe woe
woe is 'the day' shrieked
a tumult of fearful
uncanny voices the
worst cry the Virriams
had ever heard. "We're
cursed, we're cursed, oh
we're cursed we're
cursed and 'so are
ye 'all"
All the others
were filled with hor-
ror and terror at
the awful diabolical
sound but Violet
herself continued -
May this Holy Mass

please you oh Holy
Trinity

"It aint offered for
us" again came the
horrid voices a little
closer this time

"For God's sake shut
up" yelled Perrod,
That cry was getting on
his nerves more as
he is.

"May the dear Mass
help us" said Daisy
"It wont help us" wailed
the uncanny voices
"May it help all those
for whom we have
offered it up through
Christ Our God Amen"

"It aint offered for
us"

cried the weird voices.

As the priest gave
the blessing all knelt
blessed themselves
and said:

"May Almighty God, the Father Son and Holy Ghost bless me, Amen."
 "He does not bless us" wailed the voices, most dolefully, twelve times and a chain flung by unseen hands almost struck the priest in the head.

After the blessing, undaunted the priest went to the left side of the altar, and the little audience stood up making a little cross on their forehead lips and heart while the priest was reading the last gospel they all said:

"When God sent His own Son on Earth the Jews received Him not"

"We wouldn't let them as He came not

for us" shouted the uncanny voices. We made them unworthy of Him. That our revenge"

Violet cried: Set us who know Him receive Him. Set us keep Jesus always in our hearts."

"That what you always will do and we hate you" cried the spirits. "Oh woe is the day for us and all Hell that you snakes were born. You will forever love Him and thank God for sending Jesus Christ to save the human race. He did not come to save us!"

"You had your day of Grace and threw it away so you have nothing to holler about"

cried Pernod, angrily: "So will you shut up."

They knelt with the priest when he knelt after rising they said:

"Thanks be to God"
"What have you to be thankful for?" again cried the awful voices, "you didn't win. Mr. Serenham's house is still ours"

Pernod growled something to himself.

"It don't do any good" yelled a banshee defiantly.

The priest came down from the steps and all knelt saying the prayers after mass with the priest.

"Hail Mary full of grace the Lord is with thee Blessed is the fruit of thy womb"

Jesus. Holy Mary Mother of God pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death Amen" said the priest three times. "One hundred and eight times the voices cried out after wards - "she does not pray for us"

They paid no attention but said:

"Hail Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, Our life our sweet mess and our hope. To

Thee do we cry poor banished children of Eve. To Thee do we send up our sighs mourning and weeping in this valley of tears"

"Not belly full of gears interrupted a voice."

"Turn then most gracious
 advocate thine eyes of
 mercy towards us and
 after this our exile show
 unto us the Blessed fruit
 of Thy womb Jesus. Oh
 Clement O loving sweet
 Virgin Mary. Pray for
 us O Holy Mother
 of God that we may
 be made worthy of
 the promises of Christ"
 "Sure you're the poor
 banished children
 of Eve all right" cried
 a vociferous most
 ruefully. "But you're
 far better off than
 we are. I have no
 mother of mercy to
 us, no sweet mess
 to us, nor our hope.
 It would do us no
 good to cry to her,
 to send up our sighs
 mourning and weep-

ing in our worst and
 hopeless valley of tears
 & he does not turn an
 eye of mercy towards
 us or show us the
 Blessed fruit of his
 womb Jesus. I he don't
 pray for us, and we
 are not worthy of his
 (promises) promises. What
 are you hollering about
 there? You foolish mor-
 tals are better off than
 we are."

"Set us pray" cried
 the priest loudly.
 "Oh God our refuge
 and our strength look
 down with favor upon
 the people, who cry
 to Thee -"

"Will He" interrup-
 ted the voice -
 and through the
 intercession of the
 glorious and immac-

ulate Virgin Mary, Mother
of God -

"She's not our Mother!"
cried the voice again -

"Of her spouse Blessed
Joseph," - "you mean mouse
not spouse" came the

mocking voice once more -

"Of thy Holy apostles
Peter and Paul -"

"Great
was the fall" came the
derisive voice -

"And all
the saints" - "not box of
paints" came the mock-

ing voice - "mercifully
and graciously hear

the prayer which we
pour forth to Thee for

the conversion of sin-
ners and for the

exaltation of Holy
Mother Church through

the same Christ Our
Savior Amen."

"Not, if we can keep
it will, there be con-

version of sinners" repeat-
ed the voice.

"Shut up" yelled Perrod.
"St Michael the Archangel,

"Who?" came the voice,
defend us in battle - "What

battle Gettysburg or Water-
loo?" - "be our protection

against the malice and snares
of the devil -"

"I have
no snares, and don't

call me a devil, I'm
an unfortunate fallen

angel, not even a poor
ghost" came the voice

again.

"We humbly beseech
God to command him" -

"Command who me?"
came the sarcastic

question - "and 'do
thou a prince of the

Heavenly host by
the Divine Power

thrust into Hell Satan
and the other devil

spirits who roam through the world seeking the ruin of souls. Amen."

"Why don't you thrust us into Hell?" asked the voice. "It would be easy"

"Most Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on us."

"What for, you kids don't run and never will" cried a tumult of uncanny voices.

"Most Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on us"

"Most Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on us."

The two Masses were not interfered with much, or no."

It is a wonder they could say Mass.

When Father Casey walked towards the altar that section of the floor in front of it

magically gave way under him, when Peter helped him onto a chair, saw it crash down throwing the priest to the floor when Father Carney started saying Mass, a wall partition crashed in on the altar, a cupboard door flew open letting a shower of large dishes crash to the floor, fountains of water spring up from between cracks in the floor, a phantom beam raced about the hall and then there were some phenomena especially at the Offertory and Canon which did not occur at Father Bryan's Mass. This was a surprise

to them. The main phenomena were two at the Offertory of the Mass said by Father Casey, and one at the Canon of the Mass said by Father Carney.

They were very extraordinary and exceedingly violent but did not interfere with the Elevation at Father Casey's Mass though it appeared as if an earthquake was going to demolish the whole building at the Elevation during the Mass said by Father Carney.

Even the first at the Offertory of Father Casey's Mass was as if a convulsion of the walls and "from above" was going to tear the whole hall asunder,

the second at the Offertory was as if the walls of the Hall were going to explode so loud was the noise. It was added by a thundering as if from long radiator steam pipes and more were in the hall.

The second phenomenon at the Elevation of Father Carney's Mass following the terrific shock that convulsed the whole building, was a terrific fire phenomenon threatening to envelope the whole hall.

By means of throwing lighted matches Violet held the whole conflagration back though it raged towards the center.

The mystery of
the attic, secret rooms,

"If the powers of darkness dare to try to hinder the Mass, what chance have we got?" complained Webster George in a discouraging tone. "And the demons said God doesn't want them to go."

"There is something really fishy about all this," admitted the Octo prus. "They don't come into our room here, or the room above, and the attic they abhor. There can be a real possibility though, that the bravest of the demons worked at a distance. But I don't believe the fun friends are half as afraid of the Mass as some say. But also they did

often try to interfere with Masses said by saints and priests in Europe. They have often assaulted priests saying Mass, overturning altars and so on. They hate Mass more than anything because they know it saves souls and that it is futile to be offered for them. I do not believe they fear it because I read of a woman who was placed on the altar during Mass with the Tabernacle door open and the devil wouldn't leave her but gave vent only to frenzied fury. They knew our intention for these Masses and therefore were very

troublesome But I expected that. The three priests Bryan, Carney and Casey held out manfully so they've won this round and won it magnificently. What will happen when we follow up the masses with a grand fight will be a wonder I'm sure. What that demon said about God not wanting them to go I'm sure is a black lie."

The last Mass being over the eldest of the little Virrans their father and the Od'opus went to retire for daytime sleep to be in fit condition to continue the fight when the daytime contestants left off. The youngest with one of the priest Father Carney

and Pernod prepared for the day's action. What they were going to accomplish or how it was going to turn out no one knew.

Maryorie and Margaret were cautioned to stay in their room at all costs during proceedings for the demons it was well known had them specially marked out for the most dangerous of phenomena and the most violent too.

After considering the matter over Pernod said:

"What we should really do is to make another attempt to locate the push buttons to the secret

rooms in the attic. That will be our fight to day and if we are not successful or night shift can take it up where we left off. But why those buttons should be in the music room gets me."

"Should we tell Mr. Sessman about those secret rooms?" asked James.

"Not now. It would not be wise."

But how are we going to do it. The demons even defeated Evans and the men when they together tried to move the grand piano."

"I went down to that contractor and got the paper. I did it after noon" said Pennod.

"I didn't take time to look at them. They are in our room

Let's go in and look them over"

"But we will disturb the others"

"We'll look them over in the other room. You go in there and I'll noiselessly get the papers."

This was obeyed. The room rejoined them, a slip of paper in his hand.

Pennod let them all see and read it.

"It tells everything but doesn't say anything about defeating a possessed Grand piano"

growled George.

"How could it when it wasn't written for that purpose" said Pennod.

"The Grand piano is holding down on us all right. But we must win. I'll place the paper

back in my desk, then
downstairs into the music
room with us."

In a few minutes they
were in there and head-
ing for the Grand Piano.

It was a bright Sunday,
the sun streamed in,
in dazzling sunbeams
through the windows
and though the last
of March, it was not
cold.

Because of the bright
sunlight they hoped
to have an easy chance.

It was up to Evans
the big strong man,
to move the mus-
ical instrument.

"I believe some one
without my know-
ledge nailed it to
the floor" thought
Evans. "I'll take
a look."

But it was not so.
The whole problem
was that it was an
infernal phenomenon.
The Poltergeists didn't
want them to find
the push buttons.
They dreaded the con-
sequences if Pernod
and his sisters found
what was in one of
the secret rooms.

For sometime they
were barn broozed.
"I'll try an exorcism
prayer," said Father
Carney. "All of you
recite it with me."
This was done. Then
Evans took hold of
the piano.

He began to budge
it, but all were
astonished and
dismayed that the
immense organ

was very close to them appearing to wedge them under it by a crushing descent as it was risen high in the air in an upright position. It had come close without their hearing it. Then as they dodged it they with terror and alarm heard outside in the hall a terrific noise as a continuous fire of the heaviest artillery as if two mighty armies were engaged in battle.

"The phantom battle from the possessed library" whispered Daisy.

This was followed by a terrible strange convulsion of the whole house, of long duration after which they heard only isolated detonations

not with the former frequency, but very much sharper. Their persistency caused them to pass four hours in the music room in considerable anxiety and what made it worse all the musical instruments began an uproar, that drove them out into the hall.

Then outside in the grounds there arose such a frightful phenomenon conflagration with such a fearful hissing noise, and in the manner of a volcanic eruption that the whole district was panic stricken and the entire city soon heard of it. Even superstitious

flames of the most fiercest intensity that could ever be, clouded the sky added with pes-tilential smoke envelop-
ing the sky over one quarter of the city. It brought all the fire department men of the entire city but all the fire fighters could not even face it.

It was the worst fire I have seen or re-
cord and yet fierce as the heat was, not a single tree in the Engotten forest of Mr. Sesserman prop-erty was even scratched though through the searing flames it looked like a lonely tortured and mottled thing on that north

east and west sec-tions of Jackson Boul-
levard. Houses of wooden construction across the street started to smoke and the firemen had to play on them to prevent a conflagration.

All this because those inside the building were trying to find the push button to the secret room.

Hidden always in the corridors of forgotten forest lurk the an-
swers to all the horrible spine chill-
ing mysteries built up since Mr. Sesserman's property be-came a house of terror. The deep recesses of its glooms are shunned

by every one, not even
 any one dare approach
 the main entrance gate
 and birds never go near
 the grounds.

In fact this almost
 fairy like wood land
 now enveloped in a
 terrific fire phenomena
 has become a symbol
 of great evil probably
 because of the great
 number of stories true
 ones that are told of
 most fearful and un-
 expected happenings
 in that strange place
 of unspeakable
 horrors.

The dread secrets
 it holds are too many
 to number and many
 of them have
 faded out over the
 course of months.
 Only the sinister

rustle of leaves in the
 summer remain to whis-
 per these dread horrors of
 the past hence the strange
 name by which the
 grounds came to be
 known.

On account of this
 awful fire phenomenon
 now raging outside
 and in great portions
 of the house too, it did
 appear to Bernad and
 the rest a very dan-
 gerous pass time to
 try to locate the
 push buttons of the
 attic's secret rooms.

They had to fight
 hard to get past the
 the two huge mus-
 ical instruments
 that miraculously
 followed them
 into the hall threat-
 ening to close

in to crush them. With the abatement of the fire phenomenon there was an all pervading pestilential stench of real hellish sulphur which greatly molested the inhabitants of that part of the city surrounding the Grappin house.

Later that afternoon they repaired to the attic then Pernod said:

"There's something in the secret rooms of the attic that the evil spirits fear more than an Elephant does a mouse. It might be something that would settle the whole situation if we got hold of it, and the demons know it. Therefore they put us for their own personal

safely I've a mind to dynamite the wall of this attic."

"That would ruin the fine handwork of the upper part of the building, probably ruin being and repair what we are so anxiously hunting for, and also couldn't be done without Mr. Sessernan's permission."

"If we can't do that than we're surely worsted" declared Pernod mournfully. "If the Poltergeists want let us get at the Push buttons what are we going to do?"

"We can't give up now" said Catherine "That would be dangerous

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for even us we got to figure
a way to get at those push
buttons. But I hardly don't
believe they're in the mus-
ic room.

"These papers say they
are" declared Pernod "I
did any one without our
knowledge try to touch
us" he added to him-
self on second thought.
Maybe the push buttons
are on the wall.

"I'd dare go in and find
out" confessed Daisy.

"No, no not alone" warn-
ed Pernod "I'll go with
you."

They both went
in but it was not
so. There were none
on the walls. And
besides the floor
and walls were
of a material which
no sledge hammer

could even drive a nail or spike. It was mystifying, discouraging. "Hem" when going out Lettie said:

"I'm suspicious about something concerning our P. aloe" "If it drove the demons out of the house in Calvernia why in the world doesn't it do it here?"

"Did we get all that belongs to it?" asked Daisy wonderingly "I always have a feeling something is missing."

"Who or what Company in Abbeannia manufactured this marvelous instrument?"

asked Father Carmey.

"The whole blooming crazy Virian family."

damn the little rats" cried a voice from an unseen person.

"Hold your infernal tongue" answered Pernod.

"What hold it out?" asked another voice still further off.

Pernod and the others repaired to the attic to continue their conversation without interruption.

"Yes its true as the crazy demon admitted declared Pernod. Violet Jennie and Joe and also Angelina composed the plans of it. But I've often looked closely at it and cant see what missing."

"Who was in charge of its deliverance over here?" asked Father Carney.

"We couldnt pronounce the name of the shipping place of deliverance in English" said Daisy. "We could not say the words, and if we tell you in our own language you wouldnt understand it."

"You still got the address?"

"We know it by heart" "Why not cable gram them and find out if they sent all that belongs to the Paloo?"

"We did four days ago" declared Pernod. "It takes a long time for them to get our cable gram on account of the war. If we do get an answer I cant expect it on the missing articles for another week yet."

"I never knew the demons to defy the Paloo before" confessed Catherine. "It was too easy for us at the Calvinian house, no work at all. Here we can't do a thing in spite of it".

"If Violet or Jennie gave it a good once over they could tell if anything was missing" said Lettie.

"Did they do it?"

"No, none of us had any time. We can ask Violet about that at supper time".

The party during the rest of the day by means of the Paloo tried tirelessly and desperately to clear the third floor hall and I rather Carney did an act of most solemn con-secration every where but they were repulsed at every turn

by fierce phenomena. At supper time in the attic kitchen they promptly put the question to Violet. She looked surprised.

"No I didn't look to see if there was anything missing" she answered. "Do you suspect there is?"

"I fear so" said Daisy. "What makes you think so?"

"Because you must remember when we worked against the demons in the Calvinian house the devils didn't resist any longer than a week. Here they even dare to attack the Paloo. They didn't dare to do it there".

"I know it is very strange very strange indeed" declared Violet. "I and Genevieve with Angelina and Joyce will examine the Paloo very closely But I can't understand why the demons resist the Paloo just because a few parts might be missing. We will not bother about the push buttons to night but will examine the Paloo. How long did that fire phenomenon last to day. It brought the fire department. I heard them"

"Four hours."

"That ain't as long as they usually do last. But if any thing is missing, and we send for the missing parts they will take

a long time to reach us"

"Bernad suspicious already cabled to the station that sent the Paloo" said Daisy.

"Bernad is always very thoughtful" declared Joyce. "He always goes and does things before hand, and saves us a lot of time. Well right after supper we will examine the Paloo most closely."

After wards when the others had gone to bed the four older girls went to look over the Paloo.

Violet still had the plans of the Paloo and by that they could tell if any thing was missing. She had it with her.

"We'll examine and compare the Paloo with our plans" she said. The plan has a list of all the parts."

They studied the plans carefully and then proceeded to look over the Paloo. They gave it the once over every where taking carefully a note of everything. At first the most diligent scrutiny did not reveal a single thing that Daisy suspected was missing.

"I believe she was mistaken" said Joe. "There's nothing missing I can see, though something about the Paloo looks queer to me." "I can't find a thing missing either" said Angelina as she climbed up the step

platform" poor Daisy was - "say there is something missing right here" she pointed with her index finger.

"What's missing?" cried the three others excitedly.

"The Sacred Consecration light reflection the awful terror to the demons" declared Angelina. "It's not attached."

"Good Heavens" exclaimed Jennie. The main thing we need most."

"Father Bryan" would you go see if we left it in the Paloo Casket" asked Violet.

"It's not there" he said returning the casket is entirely empty."

"Every one looked at each other.

"And the transformation -

ion slide detachment reflector which reveals spirits supernaturally is also missing" added Angelina. "And two sacred candlebras, that's all."

"What was the matter with those people not sending the whole outfit?" complained Violet bitterly. "No wonder those gosh darn demons made fools of us."

Pennod sure was very thoughtful in believing Daisy's suspicion and sending a cable gram," said Joyce. "If we had to send a cable gram ourselves we'd be delayed too long."

"If the demons are defeated now we'll give him all the credit—" stated Jennie.

"But he won't take

all the credit" interrupted Violet.

"We'll do it secretly" said Jennie.

"If those things are missing it's no use working the dialo further as it'll be dangerous" continued Violet. "No wonder the demons defied us."

"Come let us try to find the push buttons" added the Odopus.

"I don't see where we can do anything when Pennod and our younger sisters couldn't" objected Jennie. "And the music room is nearly as dangerous as the library." "It's worse far worse" added Violet. "The demons work magic with the grand piano so that the strongest man can't move it. And the whole outfit

might seriously injure all of us yet." However they repaired to the music room, it was pitch dark in there and Pernod had to use his flash to find the electric light push button to snap it on, which he did.

To their surprise the great organ now stood where the piano had and was by itself apparently, playing a tune softly.

There was something foreboding about the organ that for the moment warned them not to go into the room.

The upper part was developing into strange green flames the start of a fire phenomena. "It's a fire phenomenon" whispered Violet to Garner. "Go get some

matches and a bottle of Holy Water. One of the priests will go with you."

A minute or so passed and the boy returned with the desired articles. As no one had entered the room, the fire did not increase.

Violet lit a match, attached the flame to a kerosene soaked cotton on the end of a stick and flung it arrow like at the phenomenon.

The green fire slowly disappeared like fire does when the last of the oil is burned out.

"Wonderful" exclaimed the Octopus. "But there's something strange there, that a small earthly flame will do that."

"Hellish spiritual

fire and material flames
cant mix" said Violet.

"I never heard of that before"
declared the Octopus.

"We discovered that when
we drove them from the Cal-
veninian But we only can
do it. Somebody else tries
it he ll meet with dire
disaster."

"Why?" asked the Octopus.
"That we cant understand
ourselves" said Jennie. "And
if we did did ~~not~~ know
it, it would be very
unwise to reveal the
secret." added.

"We might as well make
a try for the push but-
tons again" advised
their father. "Maybe
the organ aint hexed
like the piano is"

They darely entered
the dreaded music
room, and while others

stood on guard their
father and the Octopus
followed Evans towards
the organ. Violet held the
holy water sprayer in
readiness, yet it was
like before.

I thought the powerful
men put all their strength
to the task, the grand
organ couldnt be budged
noways. Then the other
heavier musical in-
struments started act-
ing up in such a
bad manner that
they thought it wiser
to clear out of the dread-
ed room before it
was too late.

They went back to
the third floor un-
molested by any
phenomena.

While up there they
again looked the

papers over carefully to see whether the push-buttons were really in the second floor music room or not. But directions showed they were in the mentioned music room on the north east corner.

But to their surprise they read what they didn't notice before

"Music room, third floor"
 "Good Gosh!" cried Jennie
 "And we wasted all our time downstairs."
 I thought the contracting manager said second floor.

"Everything goes in faith of those infernal polter geists" complained Angelina bitterly "I suppose they'll see to it we'll find difficulty there too."

"And where is the room and is it empty?" asked the others together.

They decided to look for the other room knowing it should be in the same location where the second floor one was.

Not thinking then they came to the door, saw the words "music room" and then stopped short (and stopped short) and looked at each other blankly.

"What's the matter?" asked the Odorus.

"Why it's the room we're occupying" cried Violet. It was empty when we moved in it and we wasted all our time down in the second floor music room. To think of us being phoozies!"

by the demons this way. They bluffed us to throw us completely off the track knowing we were in the wrong room."

"They always do things of that kind" said Violet firmly "We ought to have known all about those demons. Father Bryan you know told us all about them the other evening. They must be very shrewd fiends and know more than any human does. I wonder what Angelina Anonburg would have said if she knew how we were fooled but I'm sure neither of us would ever have thought such a thing would happen to us." Angelina gave an

impatient sigh and submitted to the inevitable. They couldn't do anything now because the others were asleep, and Daisy's bed was over the spot where the push buttons were.

The next morning the day fighters were surprised by the information about the missing parts of the Paloo, and of the whereabouts of the buttons. They all without waiting for breakfast flocked back to that room at once.

Daisy's bed was moved away hurriedly. Daisy threw herself on her little knees at once searching for the buttons. As they were the

same color of the floor they were almost absolutely unseen and difficult to find.

She and Angeline fingered the floor but without success. Perrod then produced a magnifying glass.

He handed it to Daisy who was nearest to him. She used it diligently for several minutes then stopped at a certain part of the floor.

"I've found them" she exclaimed.

"Good where?" demanded Perrod.

"Right here" she indicated the spot.

"Press on them" he commanded.

She obeyed.

"I'll see what happened" he said and fairly flew

up the steps to the attic.

At first in the gloom he could see nothing.

Then using his flash he gave a startled cry.

The walls in partitions had swung open in two places.

He went to the head of the stairs and called down to the others to come up.

They did in a hurry but still in good order. They saw the opened partitions. The first secret room they were in was dimly lighted.

On the wall inside the room nearest the partition were two buttons like those of the electric switch lights black and white and under them were the words:

"To use in case the door is closed on you"

The room was vacant. They saw only one big window, but the room had another door beyond. They opened it and saw it led that way back into the attic.

That door also only operated by inside buttons. Outside the door no buttons were seen.

They left and headed for the next room. They stopped at what they saw.

There stood against the wall a good sized marble altar, with the most natural looking crucifix they had ever seen. It had all the qualities of an altar you see in the Church with a gold

door tabernacle altar cloth and everything. Father Casey opened the tabernacle door, finding the aperture empty.

There was something strange, sad and awesome about the life sized crucifix image on the marble cross as his face looked as agonizing as he really must have on the cross on that first Good Friday.

The whole outfit was very dusty and must have been in there for a long time. This room had no outlet and was not very large. They attempted to move the altar but couldn't budge it and on

Investigation found it was securely fastened to the floor, Evans said: "Violet dearum, go geet ze crow barn and we well."

"At that very instant there came a fearful noise below, a terrific grating grinding sound that shook the whole building and made the very tabel made door bang shut again. A simultaneous sound was heard below simultaneously below followed by a series of mighty thundering crashes. The very floor of the attic seemed to heave with a cracking sound, from the concussion.

"Now what?" growled Pernod. They all pushed

down into their room and to the door leading out into the hall.

"My Gosh" gasped Pernod.

"What's wrong?" they all asked.

"Why the whole third floor hall has righted itself" he said.

"Think of us saying mass on the ceiling last Sunday" growled Father Casey.

"But I heard an awful noise further down" said Jennie.

"So did we" the rest said.

"And to think" - began Jennie - when a desperate cry came pealing upward from the stairs leading from the second floor.

"Help, help, for God's sake help."

Every body looked at each other panic stricken "Oh oh please help" screamed more than one voice "Help help."

"They're human voices" exclaimed Perrod.

They all raced down to the second floor. Again came the cries: -

"For God's sake help."

"Those cries come from the music room" gasped Violet.

"Who are they and how did they get in?" demanded Perrod.

"Please please, oh please help."

They flew to the music room but the door was jammed and even Evans could not force it.

"Gettun me ze axe" he said to Garner who rushed to obey. Again came that frantic cry for help but more feeble this time. Garner came with two axes. Evans seized one, the Odopus seized the other.

"Help, help oh please help."

The two men with powerful blows crashed the door into splinters galore.

Then they went into the music room. In half a minute they were paralyzed by what they saw. The entire room was upside down and the heavier musical instruments were topsy-turvy.

Three men in the

garb and features of Chug
Chug Burns of the city were
either under the organ,
piano or the overturned
'Edison' and bleeding badly
in many places.

The two strong men at
once sprang into action.
The barkeepers didn't oppose
them this time and in
a few minutes the five
men were pulled free
and laid side by side
on the floor while Pen-
rod went to the telephone
and called up Burns tell-
ing him what happened.
He and the detectives
who came immediately
summoned an ambulance
but one of the wounded
men with blood has-
ing spurted from his
chest was dead when
he was brought to
the nearest hospital

with the others. The
Coroner said the victims
had been hurled about
the room with crash-
ing violence, the double
phenomenon occurring
shortly after 10 A.M.
Because of the apparent
bravery of the phe-
nomena, the detectives
knew that the Virians
were sure facing a
tough job in fighting
the demons. And indeed
the Virians for a time
were stymied because
of the phenomena.
and the dead burn
was (were) unidentified
while the four others
were still unconscious
though given em-
ergency treatment.
"This is the second
time a bunch of
burns got caught.

like that "he" said. Burns.
 "They either purposely
 disregard the sign from
 skepticism or got in some
 other way," I never before
 heard of phenomena
 that kill or injure like
 that."

"Yes but a rattled phe-
 nomena can bungle things
 too" Inspector Hines
 pointed out. Probably the
 burns tried to steal
 something, and the
 poltergeists blew up
 and let them have it."

Later, that afternoon
 Permod had detailed
 permanently girls out
 as guards at every
 entrance and exit
 ways with strict in-
 structions not to let
 any one in without
 first consulting
 him or his sisters.

This deadly phenomena
 business is "getting on
 my nerves" he said.
 "This is the fourth or
 fifth time reckless fools
 have been killed or hurt
 in this building and
 I won't have no more
 of it. They got to stay
 out."

They spent all after-
 noon trying to get the
 alter loose but it was
 too tightly fastened to
 the floor.

Getting acquainted.

Manifestations, manifestations, manifestations, manifestations, oh dear. Jim so tired of it and hearing about crazy manifestations over there in that crazy house? guess God has forgotten all about the promises he made to those strange U. Viram. In that house next door after all they have done for him. I thought the trouble of the crazy house was soon going to be over.

Gladys voice sounded decidedly fretful and the little face flattened against the window pane. Was a very disconsolate one indeed, as he looked at the dreaded

house across the way so close.

Sarah looked up from her sewing.

"It's very wrong to speak that way about things in the Bible Mrs Gladys."

"Sarah spoke reprovingly and the discontented expression on Gladys' face deepened."

"I don't care if it is wrong. I shall say it if I want to. I know there is going to be another supernatural disturbance this very day - papa said so himself the other day."

Sarah made no remark but stitched away in silence. Gladys drummed with her fingers on the window

glass and looked out at the pouring early spring rain. After a minute or two she began again.

"I don't see why those Viriam kids got to stay in that crazy house if they don't win. Every body else is talking about them. And I just saw two little girls not any bigger than me on the opposite side of the street approach the gate and look at the sign and then run away as if they were having an awfully big scare. If papa were at home I'm sure he'd tell me lots about that awful place."

"Well your papa isn't home and while he's away I'm my business to take care of you and see that you don't sick,

Those Viriams will not be able to win in there I can tell you there - not even if their efforts will last a week, so there's no use of your talking any more about it or worry. These phien omemions won't come here, close to the place as were.

I should think you'd be ashamed to be so apprehensive, and discontented. I don't believe there's another little girl in Chicago who has so many things to amuse herself with as you have and if you'd use them you'd forget the pol-tergeists of Seseemam house and their radical antics and

yet you worry and worry
and worry."
Gladys eyes wandered
from the window round
the pretty luxurious
room to the baby house
the 'cooking stove the
phonograph the toy
theatre and the book
case filled with delight-
ful story books. Her
conscience gave her
a little uncomfortable
twinge.

It was quite true -
as Sarah said. there
were not many
little girls who had
such nurseries.

But in a moment
the worried discon-
tent expression came
back into her face
again after all Sarah
didn't understand.
"I can't see much

use in having toys
and things if they
might get possessed
by Poltergeists espe-
cially my phonograph
like the Edison in the
Crazy house." she said
in the same fright-
ful fretful tone as
before. "I wish Papa
would let me just
go and see that sign."
Sarah smiled a
rather provoking little
smile and let off her
thread with a snap.
"I wonder how you'd
like to go into that
Poltergeist house. All
priests and sisters
in this country couldn't
do anything for you
and Poltergeists are
not kind and easy
going. I can tell you."
Gladys blushed and

her eyes drooped. Her conscience gave her another uncomfortable little twinge and in order to change the subject she said rather hurriedly:-

"Well if I went there I'd know what Poltergeists look like and maybe I could help the little Virriams drive them out altogether."

Sarah snuffed.
"You couldn't see them, and the Poltergeists wouldn't treat you any more politely than they did Paulina & Lannigan the orphan child and Sally Fielders the day they came to have misadventures. And re member your narrow escape when George & Stanislaw ran off

and left you and his sister alone in the grounds. O how? I wonder how long you'd like being strangled by a demon? I ain't a pleasant feeling I can tell you."

Glady's lips began to quiver, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Now Sarah" she began in a voice that was not quite steady "you very well that wasn't their fault. How could Paulina keep it if she didn't know what kind of place it was and the Virriams were not in there. And the demons being (after) afraid of Pennod and his sister took the

spite out of Sally Fielders.
Those little girls didn't
know what was going
to happen to them at
all. And how could demons
rape and strangle me?
I wear scapulars, the
miraculous medal, and
a crucifix. And me with
the Virgins the demon
wouldn't have nerve
to do any harm to me
at all."

"Sarah rose and be-
gan folding up her work.
"Well" she said indiffer-
ently "you really are
with out exception the
quickest child I ever
did see. O Poltergeists
a poltergeist and
what difference it
can make whether
you're there with the
Virgins or alone
is more than I can

understand. Now I'm
going down to the
laundry to press
out my new dress.
so mind, you don't
get into 'any mischief
while I'm gone. I
shan't be long."

Sarah left the room
but Gladys did not
move from the low
chair by the window
only she no longer
looked at the falling
rain now trying
to turn into wet
snow.

There was a big lump
on her throat and
she had to work hard
to keep back the
tears.

She felt very sad
and lonely and very
rebellious. Sarah did
not mean to be

really unkind, but she never could understand about things. What might happen concerning the ban-shees of Mr. Sese's house were never of any consequences to her.

Gladys wondered how things would have been, if the Virvians had won, and if she had these little girls to play with. It is clear, if the demon would only stop living in that place - if something interesting would only happen.

It was a little past the third month now, going into April and it was scarcely surprising that the little girl was beginning to find conditions of the house next door

dreadfully monotonous. She got up and wandered aimlessly about the room now looking at one toy, now at another.

She paused before the book case with the idea of finding something to read, but she had read that day until her eyes hurt her and besides she was sure she had read every book in that bookcase at least five times over.

She must ask papa to buy her some new ones. She turned away listlessly, and went on into the room or back room which was also hers, and where she and Sarah slept. This room too was un-

rushed with every comfort and luxury that heart could wish. Gladys walked to the back windows pushed aside the lace curtains and stood looking out with a very faint hope of finding something to interest her.

The view from the back windows however was even less interesting than that from the front. There was nothing to be seen but big trees dripping with branches a down pour of wet snow and the back window of the crazy house. She was turning away again with a rather impatient sigh when her

attention was attracted by something she had not noticed before. The crazy Sese man house next door had a large extension, one of the windows of which was almost on a line with the one at which Gladys was standing.

And there standing also at that window in the act of washing it Gladys saw a little strangely golden haired girl of about her own age. She was a very pretty little girl beyond words with big blue eyes and long golden curls, and she was wiping the window and appeared very busy.

Gladys was sure she had never seen the little girl before, but too that was very surprising, for the house next door was Mr. Sese man's crazily haunted house, there were no people living there they never dared approach the place.

Sarah was apt to rather look down upon the Sese-man house as extremely dangerous, and to remark that she believed Mr. Wenth worth would have to move into a more safer neighborhood but these remarks had never made any impression on Gladys.

In deed it was not often that she thought about the next door neighbor at all, and

as she seldom looked out the back windows she was not likely to know much about them.

But now she suddenly found herself interested in this strange little girl who dared live in that house of horror, and she found herself also thinking how very pleasant it would be if they could get acquainted and if the strange child could come in and play with her. Sarah would probably object Sarah did always make such a fuss about her playing with any children whose parents did not live in suitable houses and keep a good many servants but then papa, mama

and Sarah did not always agree on such matters.

The girl certainly had an unusual sweet face, and she was smiling while making too such a bright pleasant smile as if there was nothing terrible about the house next door.

Almost involuntarily Gladys smiled herself and nodded her head but to her surprise the child did not appear to notice the friendly overture. While washing a lower pane she was looking straight at Gladys and yet somehow she did not act as if she saw at all.

"What can she be thinking of?" said Gladys speaking aloud in her sur-

prise. "She's so busy washing the window that she won't notice me."

Gladys nodded and smiled again in an even more friendly manner than before but with no better result the little girl opposite her window still appeared quite unconscious of her existence.

"There must be something the matter with her," said Gladys more and more bewildered. "Perhaps her mother, father or (mouse) nurse have told her she mustn't smile at people she doesn't know but I think she's very sad. She

does look awfully pleasant, though I don't think she means to be impolite. I'll open the window and see if I can't get her to speak to me.

"No sooner said than done. Gladys threw up the window sash and leaning as far out over the sill as she could without falling out regardless of the wet snow that flew into her face called at the top of her shrill little voice:

"Little girl little girl was hanging the window I want to speak to you."

If the strange child was too busy to see, she certainly heard, for Gladys

saw her stop work lean forward in a listening attitude a puzzled expression on the sweet little face. Gladys heart began to beat fast with excitement.

"Little girl" she repeated, "little girl open your window, I want to speak to you."

At this time there was no doubt that the little window washer heard and understood, she quickly dropped the piece of cloth she was holding and shoved open the window.

"Did any one across the way call me?" she asked in a clear musical voice. The blue eyes were still more staring straight into Gladys' flushed

eager face

"Yes I did" (not captar)
said Gladys promptly
"I want to ask you why
you wouldn't smile at
me. I've been smiling
at you and nodding my
head and while working
you've been looking straight
at me all the time but
you wouldn't smile back."

The color rose suddenly
in the other child's little
face.

"I couldn't see you"
she said. "I couldn't
see anything there at
all. I didn't know
there was any one
looking at me."

"Oh" gasped Gladys
her own eyes grow-
ing big and round
with surprise and
remorse. "do - do you
mean that you're

blind"

The stranger shook
her head.

"No I'm not blind"
she said. "I'm sorry
I didn't know you were
looking at me, but
your window and room
there is darkened
and I didn't see you."

My window is re-
flected and you saw
me. You must have
thought I was very
rude."

"Oh no, no" said Gladys
eagerly. "I didn't mind
a bit. But, but was
my window really
darkened?"

The little girl in
the window across
the way flushed
again but it was
without mistake
and a flush of pleasure.

for her smile was very bright.

"I didn't see you as it was darkened," she said.

"I wish you'd come over here and play with me," she said impulsively.

"I've got lots of nice things to play with, and I'm awfully lonely all by myself. It's only next door you know. You couldn't get wet going such a little way."

The little girl shook her head resolutely though Gladys felt sure she looked as if she would like to say "yes".

"I'd like to come," she said wisely.

"But I couldn't without exposing the interior of your house to grave danger. I here disavow any pretext to

bring me as they're gone away for the afternoon, and I can't dare go out by myself and expose your place. The banshees follow wherever I go."

"Couldn't your nurse bring you and spite the evil ghosts?" Gladys suggested. "I'd ask my nurse to go in for you, but she's so cross and fussy I'm afraid she wouldn't do it."

The little girl across the way laughed outright.

"You must excuse me," she said recovering her gravity with an effort. "but it seems very funny to think of my having a purpose why?"

had one, and I'm almost eleven".

"Well I shall be ten three months from today," said Gladys "and I have a nurse. I know lots of people older than I am, have them too. But if you have not got any nurse couldn't your mother bring you?"

"My mother went home just now" she said. "She went out with Jack Evans to bring home something that came home from my country".

"Why so did mine" exclaimed Gladys quite struck by the coincidence "and my papa is also away. You've got a father haven't you and brothers and sisters perhaps?" The stranger nodded.

her head.

"My father is out too" she said. "He went out three hours ago. I've got a brother and six sisters, the very best brother and sisters in the whole world. Despite the condition of this house we have with the banshees the craziest times together".

Gladys felt her interest in this new acquaintance deepening every moment.

She leaned her elbows on the window sill, and prepared for a comfortable chat. She now was falling very thick now but she paid no attention.

"Well, want one of your sisters bring

you over to play with me then? she persisted. I know you'd like to hear my phonograph, and see all the things in the play baby house. I have not any one to play with me for ever so long."

"My sister would bring me if she could" said the little girl "but you see they're all out too."

"I'm up here in the room beneath the attic with my paloo. They won't be home until six."

"And who takes care of you and your sisters when there aint any body there?" Gladys inquired with growing curiosity.

"Nobody we take care of our selves"

"But how can you

when you're in that big 'crazy' house"?

The child laughed again. "We are not afraid of the Grappin. They're afraid of us. We eat our meals here and the rest of the time we fight the powers of darkness and stay here"

"But dont you ever go out to walk or drive?"

"Oh yes. we go out every day especially Sunday. In the mornings and evenings we go to Mass, and Benediction and in the after-

noon we have beautiful long walks or go to parks. Some times we go for long rides in the strange fast electric cars you have in this city. Oh we have

beautiful turns on all
Sundays,"

"and mostly all the
other you just stay in
the house and fight the
phantom?"

The stranger nodded.
Gladys thought of her
crossness and discontent
just because Sarah Field-
ing kept her in the
house because for fear
of Sese man place
and conscience gave a
sharper twinge than it
had given before that
afternoon. She had no
time to ask any
more questions how-
ever for at that
very moment the
sound of rapidly
approaching footsteps
fell upon her ears
and Sarah rose
suddenly with indignation

exclaimed:
"Miss Gladys, Miss
Gladys, what in the
world are you doing?
Standing by an open
window so close to the
Sese man house I
declare. It does seem
as if I could not turn
my back for five
minutes, without your
getting into mischief
of some kind" and
before Gladys could
utter a word of pro-
test or explanation
Sarah Fielding had
pounced upon her swept
her away from the
open window and
pulled down the
sh. sash with a
bang.

"Wait just one min-
ute please. I'm talk-
ing to a little girl

across the way and I
want to say good bye"
and Gladys struggled wild-
ly to open the window
again, but Sarah was both
strong and determined.

"You really ought to be
as harmed of yourself
Miss Gladys" she grum-
bled jerking the child
back into the room
with no very gentle
hands. "To think of a
big girl like you scream-
ing out of the window,
talking to strange
high ducky duck child-
ren in a banshee
house that you know
nothing about? I
heard voices when
I was in the laundry
but I thought it was
some children play-
ing in one of
the yards. No you

needn't try to open
that window again for I
shan't let you do it
I'm not having any
poltergeist tricks start-
ing in here I can
tell you"

"But she was not
a high ducky duck
child" persisted Gladys
beginning to cry.
"She was a very nice
little girl, and she's
a phantom fighter
too, she told me
so, and the poltergeist
won't come in here,
and she has a
brother and sisters
father and mother
who stay there all
day. Oh Sarah please
let me just say
good bye to her."
"You shall do noth-
ing of the kind."

said Sarah firmly -)
 know all about that little
 girls. One of the tenants
 in this house knows our
 cook and she was tell-
 ing us about her and
 her brother and sisters
 the other evening. They
 must be very princely
 people from a far away
 country, you're not even
 fit to associate with them,
 not even worthy in
 their eyes. We are very
 common people to them,
 and also nothing to
 them. Uncitified and
 beneath their notice,
 for their fathers a
 monarch or great king
 or some thing of that
 sort, and they're fight-
 ing. I am her
 man, for
 wonder what their
 father would say.

if he knew you want-
 ed to get acquainted
 with his daughters.
 And I never believed
 you would have thought
 of such a thing."

Gladys gave an im-
 patient sigh, and sub-
 mitted to the inevitable.
 When Sarah began
 on the subject of the
 Virian children's per-
 fections which really
 were unlimited and
 also about their rank,
 there was never the
 least use in arguing
 the point with her.

Gladys had never
 met any member
 of the Virian family
 until her expe-
 rience this afternoon,
 but she knew
 them all from
 Sarah's description.

and from the newspapers
and if there was one
thing above all others
for which the child
felt would have felt
devoutly thankful that
thing was, that if she
had been born a Virgin,
Gladys sulked for the
rest of the afternoon
and cried a little when
Sarah was not look-
ing.

Even when Sarah
having finished her
sewing proposed to
play a game of lotto
with her she re-
ceived the request in
stony silence. where
upon Sarah lost
her temper again
and Gladys narked
at her spitefully
saying she ^{to}
"boss" not miss

Sarah, that she'll get
papa to fire her and
go on, and the 'after
noon' was altogether
a most uncomfortable
one though Gladys then
being over fiery won
the round and Sally
left the room.

A pleasant surprise
came however just as
Gladys was finishing
her solitary
supper as she refused
to night to eat with
Sarah.

This was a tele-
gram from Mr Wenth-
worth who had been
away on business
for several days -
stating that he
was coming home
that evening and
expected to arrive
at about nine o'clock

Gladys was delighted but Sarah sighed.

"I suppose you'll have to stay up until he comes," she said disapprovingly "but these late hours are most terribly bad for children. These good little Viriam are always in bed and asleep by eight o'clock they say sitting up late spoils their tempers and their digestions."

"Sit up" said Gladys scornfully "of course I shall sit up and I shall ask Papa the very first thing when he comes in if I can't go in next door to see that little girl to-morrow."

"If he does what goes on and happens to you is his own sad responsibility not

mine" said Sarah sarcastically.

When Sarah had appeared so suddenly on the scene, and swept her away from the open window the little girl across the way had remained standing for a moment, her head still turned in a listening attitude but at the sound of the maid's sharp voice and the sudden closing of the window she had drawn back hastily (but unafraid) and having closed her own window had once more proceeded to furnish her window washing at which work Gladys had first seen her,

There was a bright color in her cheeks and for a few moments her happy face was clouded. "I hope she won't receive any scolding" she said half aloud as she dried the window "she was so kind and I did like talking to her so much. I'm glad we haven't any nurse if that was her nurse who came to the window. But if ~~we~~ had and she talked to us that way out she'd go". - She now stood quite still for the next five minutes and the happy contented look came back into her face. The little but very expensive clock on the mantle struck four and with

a joyful exclamation the child took up the bucket.

"Four o'clock" she cried "now I can go to the attic and look over that big exorcism book until every body comes home."

She walked quickly up the steps towards the attic and going into the secret room still left open and taking from the shelf a large clumsy looking volume returned with it to a chair by the attic window and spread it open on her lap.

It was a very odd looking book indeed full of different kinds of exorcism prayers and clean

explanations about the oddities of demons in possessing places and persons and so on, for some time the little girl read on in happy oblivion to all about her. Down below came the loud universal click but she paid no attention.

Some times she paused for a moment to smile over something that pleased her and once or twice she laughed outright.

She was roused at last by the sudden opening of a room door the confused sounds of foot steps a little more distant off and the sound of a sweet clear voice saying

cheerily:

"and what has my little gemme been doing all this wet day by herself?"

Down went the big book, and up sprang the child with a cry of delight.

Next moment her arms were around the new comers face and she was kissing her rapturously.

"Oh mother dear what a surprise. Why its only a little after five. I havent even begun to expect you yet on the others." And passing her hand over her mothers water proof "youre not a bit wet has it stopped raining?" "The rain has turned to a heavy wet snow-

fall but I've had a bit of good luck this afternoon. Miss Windrop ~~never~~ came to see her as I was visiting and when she was leaving would drive me home in her automobile was it good of her. Mrs. Windrop is interested in this crazy house and said she might come and see it.

"And you really had a drive all the way home?" said Jennie clapping her hands. "and all day I've been thinking of you Permod and my sisters coming home in one of those horrid street cars full of wet people. That's just how silly worry it is to

about things before they can happen doesn't it? Now take off your things and come and sit down. I've got something real interesting to tell you."

Her mother smiled then glanced rather anxiously around the room.

"Any of the missing parts of the Paloo come for us today?"

Jennie looked serious as she answered:

"No indeed I'm too bad I know what you're thinking about but unless they come we won't be able to do a thing I know we won't."

The Empress tried to laugh as she kissed the little worried

face but she stifled a
sigh nevertheless.

"We won't despair un-
less they don't come any-
way will we dear" she
said.

"We have mighty enough
progress against the
powers of darkness that
I am really beginn-
ing to ~~hope~~ a little
myself."

Then she turned away
to take off the water
proof, and the hat
that her little daughter
had bought for her.

"And now my pet
lets go down to the
root and tell us all
about that interesting
thing."

They went downstairs
Jennie laughed her
happy little laugh
and all were ready

to hear and gave
Daisy a hand & loving
squeeze.

"Yes I will but first
I must begin at the
beginning and tell
you all about the day
well when you first
left this morning."

I had Marysie and
her sister help me
make the beds and
dusted the room as
is always done and
watered my dear
little Geranium. There
are three new buds
on it isn't that nice?

I was so pleased when
I found them that
I just danced.

Then I examined
the altar in the secret
room the one the
spirits were so afraid
of and examined

and examined it real hard for ever so long it was quite interesting too the table made and the beautiful crucifix. Then I gave all of it a good cleaning and it certainly needed it too, and the work so dirtied me I had to change my clothes afterwards.

Well then it was pretty well near lunch time so I washed my hands and face brushed my hair and on soon as the clock struck one I went with Mrs. Jerry to an ^{am} leaving the house by the rear which is easiest and safest.

We had a good meal to day, lamb

stew and chicken soup. Two people arguing about Mr. Rose man's house and the spooks as they called the devils, and every body listened but we paid no attention. They were all very kind to me and the head waitress asked me questions about the "phantoms" and said she would take me for a walk in Lincoln Park some day when she was not too busy. Mrs. Smith wanted to know why you didn't sent us to an ex-^{an}amary school and I told her it was because we couldn't either of us have time

for such nonsense
 that we could be
 teaching in that kind
 of a school ourselves
 and that the demons
 taught us more than we
 expected to learn. After
 lunch, I came back
 here and did a little
 knitting. During the
 time I knitted I count-
 ed fifty nine uni-
 versal clicks.

Here then from
 sometime a noise
 where there were
 sounds as of un-
 visible people start-
 ing a squabble
 out there in the
 hall.

I then to ease my
 mind as I was
 alone I proceeded
 to wash some
 of my windows.

I was just half through
 with the third one
 and there had come
 the 66th universal
 click when the inter-
 esting thing happened.

All at once I heard
 some one calling out
 quite loud "little girl
 little girl across the
 way open your
 window I want to
 speak to you." I felt
 I felt sure it must
 mean me so I
 jumped up and
 opened the window
 and sure enough
 it was that little
 Irish girl next
 door who is the
 daughter of the
 people who dare
 live so close
 despite the danger
 of the dynamite

house. Don't you remem-
ber you told me about
her last Sunday when
we came home from Mass
and she was on her
front steps with a gentle-
man. You said you
overheard her say we
had such unusual soft
golden hair and that
she would like to feel
it.

She had been nod-
ding and smiling at me
and when I was too
busy to see her and
smile back she want-
ed to find out the
reason why so she
opened her window
and called out. Of
course I clearly ex-
plained things and
then she asked
me to come over
and play with

her. I told her I could
not go out by my-
self without the Grap-
per victorious on us
yet following me
to her home and she
wanted to know why
my nurse couldn't
bring me. I thought
that was very funny
and I told her how
old I was but she did
not seem to think
that made any dif-
ference and said she
knew people who
were just as old as
I am and even
older and have
nurses just the
same.

She is nearly
ten and she has
one and both her
father and mother
are away. I

was telling her about you and my brother father and sisters and was just going to ask her name - when some one came to the window, I think it must have been her nurse, and scolded her for opening a window opposite our Grappin house.

Then they both went away and shut the window, and I was so sorry for I did not want to find out what the little girl's name was.

And was that all the adventure? The Empress asked a little bit disappointed perhaps.

"Yes that was all but it really was quite

interesting don't you think so. Very soon after that it was four o'clock and I knew I could read some exorcism stories till you came home. I had been looking forward to that all day. I knew I could have a good long read. You know I am trying to study those things out as long as I can so I only allow myself to read twelve pages to day but yesterday just as I was beginning to read Miss Jerry came in and she stayed so long that I only had time to read three pages before you came in and that left twenty one

for to days."

Her mother stifled another sigh and her finger tightened lovingly over the little hand.

"How you little girls do love chasing out of a house don't you Jennie?" she said softly.

"Better than almost anything else in the world especially when it's our duty to God to do so."

"If we could be sure the other parts to the P also will come" the good mother said with a rather wistful glance around the handloomly furnished room.

"That is one reason

I shall be so happy if those parts ever do come."

"It will be lovely for us and sad for the demons when they do come" said Violet enthusiastically, "but you must not give all the credit to us. You must give most of it to Pennod see how he blushes and - and - oh mother do you suppose we'll soon enough to have the chance to go back to Calverinia this summer? That would be so beautiful wouldn't it. We ought to have time enough for all that."

"We ought to have whatever happens" said their mother her face growing suddenly grave and troubled. "I can't sit

at least keep you in this hot city all summer they say the summer here dreadfully hot here and I'm afraid you will be ill again with delatona fever again, as you were last year after your deliverance from French Guiana.

"Oh I hope not" said Angelina "It will be lovely to go back to our own country, if we can go soon, but if we can't, it's God's holy will and it won't matter. We can go to Lincoln Park some time and we can smell the flowers and see and hear the birds which will be almost as good as going home." Here was a short pause. Jennie then -

self nestled her head comfortably on her mother's shoulder and the Empress slipped an arm around the little figure. Jennie was the first to speak.

"Mother?" she asked abruptly as struck by a new idea "have n't we got other and better means to drive those evil spirits out. We can't use that altar in the secret room as it's rivited to the floor and the place is a sort of chapel."

Her mother gave a slight start.

"Other means, - why no dear. I don't believe we have - that is none nearer than the slight."

help from the Paloo. There are lots of priests, but all of them could not so far do much to help you and to try general exorcism was extremely dangerous. You remember that don't you?"

"Oh yes they were very kind to us in giving all the aid possible and the Octopus is making up new plans. But I wasn't thinking about the puny aid of the priests. I know they did and are still trying to do all they can - I was wondering if we could find men brave enough to come into this house and loosen the

alter from the floor and move it down to the third floor hall. I am wondering if Evans hadn't any?"

"What put that idea into your head?" every one inquired together in some surprise.

"It was something they said in the big restaurant to day. Miss Scott the owner and Mrs Oakley the head waitress were talking about"

The color that her holy family did not observe rose in their mothers cheeks, and she bit her lips with annoyance, but her voice was sweet and tender as it always was when

she spoke to her little daughters.

"What were they saying?"

"Well Mrs Oakley, you know she hasn't been here very long, and I think she must be a rather curious person asked Miss Scott who took care of the Paloo when we were out, and when she said it took care of itself, Mrs Oakley asked 'if we hadn't other means to drive out the 'ghosts'.' Then

Miss Scott told her all about us, how we spent all the days since January trying to fight the powers of darkness until the arrival of the Octopus, and how all our efforts

was defeated nevertheless.

Mrs Oakley said we didn't know how to lay 'ghosts' as she called them and Mrs Scott said she believed they were not wicked demons but disguised angels who did this to try our courage.

Oh yes then Mrs Oakley asked what was the name of the farm house from which we first drove the evil spirits because she said the Paloo looked like some thing she had seen long ago when she herself was on a tour before the

war and Miss Scott said she didn't know that, but she was sure any one could see that we had angels, and came of angels, and therefore couldn't understand would repulse and outwit us at every turn, and - and that was all except that Mrs Smith who had been listening all the time said it seemed rather queer that we should not have defeated the Grappler at the very first out-set. She laughed in that funny way she does sometimes and some how it made me uncomfortable. And as I finished my lunch I and Mrs Jerry returned home, but I

couldn't help wondering whether we really did fight angels in disguise or not.

The Empress was twisting one of Jennie's long golden curls around her fingers. She was silent for a moment then she said slowly:

"I will tell you all I know about the work of exorcising demons from a house in our country but that isn't very much.

You know I was only eleven when something like Mrs Sese's trouble happened in Calverne City on Center street and I never heard papa mention the awful

phenomenons, but I do remember that once when I was quite a little girl, she told me that her mother had died most mysteriously when trapped in that fearful house, and that she had never had any brothers or sisters.

After what happened to her many priests tried to exorcise and consecrate the place and that made the devils exceedingly angry and very revengeful, and after that no one ever dared go near the place again.

It nearly broke my mother's heart.

Phenomenons and most dreadful noises cleared the neighbor hood, like those of this city, and never sent every priest

fleeing in panic." The little Ursula were learning forward now, drinking in every word of their mother's story with almost breathless interest.

"The spirits must have been very cruel and very wicked" Gemmie said in a tone of conviction to tell your grand ma and beat priests like that but what had the priests done that the fiends created manifestations that the clergy couldn't even withstand on face?"

The Empress hesitated. "Mamma I never told me exactly but I think - indeed I'm almost sure - they created phenomena that killed all of

them. That place was
or is worse than this
house here, far worse
than Mr Sessmanns."

"Oh mother how could
that be, a house possessed
so terrible in the city of
Calverne. It don't seem
anybody would believe
that."

"Well you see that house
is on the southern out-
skirts and mamma
father told lots about
the place. It was not long
after the war began
then when things about
the house grew worse
and people felt more
strongly on those
subjects now than
they did before. Our
grand father had lost
his only brother in
that awful place too
you know, he died

in a fire phenomenon.
Papa had fought
against the demons
too, but on a safer
method but also lost
his life. It was all
very sad."

Everyone was silent
for a moment then
Violet said:

"It was all very dread-
ful but if your mam-
ma had only lived
I'm sure we would
have known her and
every thing would
have been all right."

"I wonder if that
house is possessed
now, and if father
Bryan would like
to know about it?"

"I don't know for
sure though I heard it
is." (said it is.) said
the Empress smiling

"It may still be possessed now, it may be destroyed."

"I wish we could find out somehow if the condition of that house connects the demons with Mr. Seremans' evil spirits?" said Angelina thoughtfully.

"Why my pet?"

"Because if it is so then this situation is utterly hopeless. You said it may be possessed yet and perhaps there fore it may have some connection with this place. I think too the owners of that house must be very unhappy when they remember how unkind and cruel the spirits are I wish

just to please God we could get them driven out from here and there at the same time."

"You dear little tender hearted girl" said the Empress kissing her "I believe all of you would make the whole world happy if you could, but there is the clock striking six and we must hurry and dress or we shall be late for dinner."

The prince and princess were unusually thoughtful that evening. They had very little to say at dinner and even later when they had gone back down to their third floor room and they had recited their exorcism prayers

and worked out some new examples on the Paloo, with the Octopus's help, they had still very little to say except to give directions about this and that.

Now, no allusion however was made to the subject of the afternoon until they were in bed, and then just as the Empress was sitting down to do a little necessary mending before retiring himself Angelina suddenly lifted her head from the pillow, and "inquired":

"Mamma what is the house called that possessed in Calverine city?"

The Empress looked up with a start of surprise.

"Still thinking

about that?" she said laughing. "It seems a very strange thing to say I suppose but really Angelina I don't know."

The place is on Center Street though near Century Boulevard. You see?

was such a little girl when mamma died that she had never happened to mention it to me and I always had a feeling that it was something papa didn't like talking about so I never asked him.

I sometimes wish I had asked though for it seems so queer when people ask me not to be able to tell them what the house is called."

Angelina gave a little sigh.

"I don't suppose we could possibly find means to clear that house too then" she said.

"Her (eyes) mother's eyes flashed and her sweet face was a little hard as she answered:

"I don't believe that would be a bad idea if that could be done, the evil spirit treated mamma and papa very cruelly."

"Yes mamma I know but you know you said that God could help us in both cases if He willed and also you said mamma was sure the spirits could be driven out if the right means was

found, and I know the whole city must be unhappy about it. I think they would be glad to find us knowing what we did in the Calverman farm house especially with our Palo and - and I was just wondering if they wouldn't be proud of us when they heard how we fought the evil spirits in this house and every one thought we were foolish.

And I was wondering too if they wouldn't be just a little bit sorry when they knew how very hard we do have to work at this game."

That very night Penno

and his sisters were surprisingly kept awake by being fed up on the psychic houseplay which consisted mostly of violently tumbling furniture around on the second floor below, and throwing large and small and even heavy articles down the dark corridors.

There would also come dreadful noises from the library.

Also there was the noise as of a large troop of cavalry galloping up and down the third floor corridor with loud commands, shouted as if officers and sergeants.

Not being able to endure the noise they decided to resort to exorcising the spirits

by religious ceremonies with sacred bell, candle, prayer, work'ing of the Palo and everything.

But it did a lot of harm instead, making the demon poltergeists very angry and exceedingly vicious.

As if to get back at the little Virians they even extended the phenomena into their very third floor bedroom.

They knocked down the portiers of all the beds, dumped the water' pitcher on Violet's bed, overthrew the beds of the others, and then the angry fiends even proceeded to wreck the room.

by shaking up every thing in it driving out all the occupants out. When the demons finally stopped the place looked like it had come only lamely through an earth quake.

Even out in the hall it appeared as if the evil spirits were throwing light furniture and other articles at each other, either in a fight or as to play catch catch.

There were even sounds as if lots of noisy footed spirits were walking in perfect marching line up walls and lengthwise on the ceiling and in two directions at once on the floor. All this

kept up all night. Very early the next morning the Vivians moved their bedroom up to the attic and occupied the part exactly opposite the open secret room where stood the magnificent altar.

The Odopus and the other men set the poltergeist disturbed room below to rights but it was abandoned.

Gladys did not forget her intentions of speaking to her papa on the subject of the little girl across the way.

It was after nine o'clock that evening when Mr Wentworth reached home but

despite all Sarah's reasons and assurances that such conduct had never been heard of in the best regulated families, Gladys was still up and dressed and she flew to meet her father at the front door and was soon settled comfortably on his knee.

Mr. Wentworth was very fond of his little daughter. Sarah declared he spoiled her outrageously but she was wrong. Of course the child had an independent nature, but we all have and look down on those who try to rule us.

He listened with a smile to all Gladys had to tell him,

of what she had been doing during his absence, but when she came (then to the account of the afternoon experience, he looked rather grave.

"I really was dreadfully lonely," Gladys finished rather mournfully "it is just horrid never to have any one to play with. Don't you think it was very unkind of Sarah not to let me talk to the little girl?"

Sarah was right not to let you stand by the open window, if she thought some of the demon politicians might sneak in" said Mr. Wentworth with decision.

but I think she might have let you explain matters to the little girl, as that child is one of unusually great importance. I wish I knew of some way to have those nice children come here, and play with you but I thought the experience you, Nancy Stanislaw and her brother didn't turn out very well."

"Now papa please please don't talk about that especially George Stanislaw," said Gladys "pouting" was not a bit scared, and Heaven knows it. But he is a coward. Father Oglethorpe says its a mortal sin to run away from the powers of darkness. I told

you what a bad disagreeable boy Nancy's brother is, and how he always wanted us to do things we possibly couldn't do. He pulled us into the grounds and then when one of those ghosts shouted at us he ran away to save himself and deserted us. I'm quite sure this little girl isn't like her. Oh papa dear won't you please let me go and see her tomorrow. Just think she hasn't the least bit of fear of the spooks, they're afraid of her. So if I'm with her nothing can happen to her. But she wishes I could drive

them out, she told me
no."

Mr Wenthworth hesitated. Gladys' little eager face was raised to his in earnest pleading and knowing the child she spoke of something within him told him he must not refuse.

"Well," he said rather doubtfully, "I scarcely know what to say. You know I don't like the idea of having you going into a house whose reputation is a scandal to the city and yet in this case I know the child you mention and her family, their guardian, and the priest with them and though they don't succeed in driving the spirits they kept

them at a respectable distance. So I don't think there can be any harm in your entering the house to call on the child or her sisters. Sarah will go with you accompanied by a priest of course and she can judge by appearance what sort of a house Mr Sermons is. Don't take the path along side of which stands the killer Elm. But what are we thinking of. Ten o'clock and you not in bed, what will Sarah say to us?

Now give me a kiss little woman and run off to bed like a good little girl."

Gladys having gained her point had

no further objections to going to bed and after bestowing on her father a rapturous embrace she ran upstairs to impart to Sarah the delightful news that papa had given his consent and she was going to see the little girl of the poltergeist house to-morrow.

What ever Sarah's private opinion on the subject may have been she had the good sense to keep it to herself.

She had a great respect for Mr. Worth-worth who paid her liberally for her care of his little daughter and always treated her with kindness and consideration.

She could not

resist remarking that she was quite sure that if she had her way she would never have permitted her to visit a child who lived in a dangerous poltergeist house, but she made no further objections and Gladys fell asleep with a light heart, and the happy consciousness that she should certainly renew her acquaintance with her interesting neighbor on the morrow.

Her determination remained unshaken and even before she was dressed next morning she had run to the back window to try to catch a glimpse of the little girl. In this

hope however she was disappointed though she did see another very pretty little girl somewhat younger who came to the next window to pull up the shade just as she was peeping through the curtains, and she felt sure that this little girl must be one of the younger sisters of whom her new acquaintance had spoken.

She would have liked to have made her call immediately after breakfast, but that she knew to be impossible as her father wouldn't allow her to go through those fearful grounds at so early an hour no matter who was with her.

And also Miss May the daily governess came every morning from

nine until eleven and even papa indulgent as he was would not allow lesson hour to be interfered with.

But Gladys was an unusual child, more good than Sarah, said she was and did not hate lessons, and yet was more attentive to lessons than usual to day and indeed during the sending of the lessons she spoke to Miss May about the restless and troublesome nature of Mr. Seremans house so that Miss May told her almost sharply that she was trifling with grave danger to go in that house and couldn't understand how Mr. Went

Worth could think of letting her go there. As the clock began striking eleven Gladys was on her feet with the joyful exclamation.

"Eleven o'clock Miss May, now I can go can't I?"

Miss May sighed and closed the geography book with an air of resignation but Gladys was already in the closet searching for hat and coat.

"Sarah, Sarah" she called impatiently "Are you ready? I'm through" Sarah appeared stern, nervous, and disapproving, but outwardly calm.

Miss May manifested a desire to remain and chat with the maid, possibly on the

subject of the delinquencies of the Grappin house but the little girl speedily ripped away such dangerous topic in the bud.

"You must please excuse us right away Miss May" she said pulling impatiently at Sarah's skirts as she spoke. "I've got a very important engagement this morning."

"Oh Miss Gladys how can you be so rude?" remonstrated Sarah as she and her little charge having closed their own front gate behind them and passed softly through the grounds were mounting the steps

to the main entrance of the crazy house next door "you know perfectly well there was not the least bit hurry about your going out this morning" Gladys looked a little ashamed but she was spared the necessity of a reply for at that very moment a strangely dressed girl in bright colors came to the open-
ed entrance door and Gladys suddenly remembered something that she had hitherto quite forgotten. She did not know her new friend's name.

"Is Miss - is the little golden haired girl at home?" she faltered feeling suddenly rather shy and uncertain how to proceed.

The girl about Gladys size, looked puzzled as she could not speak English then went away but returned promptly with another, Angelina Jennings.

"Ze leedle Veernan preences youse meen?" the other said readily "yes".

To Gladys relief the girl smiled.

"Oh yes she es at come coz heem sees tars do youse want to see zem?"

"Yes" said Gladys "tell her its Gladys Wenthworth - but I forgot she does not know my name either - tell her its the little girl across the way".
The girl smiled.

again and showed Gladys and Sarah into the parlor while she went upstairs to deliver the message the first girl, remaining. Gladys saw a picture on the wall change places with a mirror and was only interested. Sarah saw it too and acted like she saw something she couldn't believe.

The other girl returned in a very few moments to say that Princess Gemme would be very glad to see her visitor and would Gladys please come upstairs.

It was with a beating heart that Gladys in accordance with their request ran lightly up the two flights of stairs

to the third story and thence to the attic followed more slowly by the disapproving Sarah who felt sure she heard the sound of a cane tapping up the steps some distance behind but could see no one.

They mounted to the attic and there near the entrance above the steps, her sweet face radiant with pleasant anticipation and with both hands extended in welcome stood the most beautiful child Sarah had ever seen. It was Gemme. "Oh I'm so glad

to see you" she said leading the way hospitably into the room. "I told my parents, brothers and sisters about you and they were so interested. They'll be up soon, as they are downstairs working with the Palco in our room below. The Grappen drove us out last night. I didn't believe you would really come but I hoped you might as you're safe with us. Now won't you sit down" drawing for ward a large easy chair.

"Where's some one with us went there?" I thought. I heard another step and the tapping of a cane. "said Gladys looking around.

"I'll explain that later" smiled Jennie. "Is this good woman your governess?"

"No" said Gladys. "It's Sarah. She's my nurse you know."

She spoke rather indifferently but Jennie turned at once to the maid with sweet cordiality.

"I'm very glad to see you too" she said. "Please sit down. There are plenty of chairs but this one's all right. Just wait till I take my book off of it."

What a big book" exclaimed Gladys with eager curiosity while Sarah who really had a kind prominent heart underneath

her prun fussy ways
looked mollified and
murmured a polite
thank as she took the
offered seat. The mention
of the book led to an
explanation from Gem-
ma and Gladys and
even Sarah looked on
with deep interest while
she described the exact
prayers and situations to
them and read a few
of them in answer to
Gladys' eager

"Do you know how
you do it?"

It was all very
wonderful and Gladys
interest in the little
virgin girl deepened
every moment.

"Do you know" she
said laughing
when Gemma had
finished explaining

and put the big book
away in its place
"I didn't know your
name and I had to
ask at the door for
the little girl across
the way. I don't believe
you know my name
either"

"Oh yes I do" said
Gemma "At least I
do know your first
and last name
which is Gladys
Venth worth. Mrs
Scotty told me so
last night at din-
ner. She heard
us talking at the
window and she
asked me about
it. She didn't know
your first name
your middle name"
"My whole name
is Gladys Marie

Wentworth" said Gladys proudly.

"And my name is Jennie Francis Viriam."

Jennie Francis Viriam, what a beautiful name," exclaimed Gladys "It sounds like a name of a person in a book of the saints."

"In my own language its Jennie Francis Viriam," she said. "I heard that every one here calls me Jennie Francis Viriam in its pronounced in this country. Papa likes it because it was my grand mother's name. She was always called Jennie too." "Which ever way it is Jennie Francis Viriam is a very

beautiful name" said Gladys "Have you always lived in Chicago?"

"No we lived far away in Abreahna. There is a big war raging over there and yet its such a lovely holy country."

"Why dont you live there now?" Gladys inquired rather bluntly, with a glance around the richly furnished attic.

Jennie flushed slightly.

"Because we couldnt so far get the awful gnappun driven out of this house" she said. "We wont go back on our promise to Mr. Seseeman. We all failed again just before

yesterday and afterward
last night we were
driven out of our room
down stairs and up here
for a last stand. Our
also hasn't got all
the parts to it and we
have to stay here and
fight it out without us-
ing it. We are corner-
ed now!"

"Weren't you sorry to
find the other parts
missing?" Gladys asked
sym pathetically know-
ing all about the

Palso. Yes indeed it is
such a reliable instru-
ment. It's a very clean
old instrument but
that it wouldn't work
against the Grappen and
that the Grappen would
attack the Palso was
harder for my brother
and sisters than it

was for me because
they depended on it and
had used it so success-
fully in a place in
Calaverinia near McCall,
Bum, and here we've
fought the evil spirits
so much longer.

We cried the morn-
ing the Palso failed
us here so utterly and
so did Evans our big
strong guardian. We
did not know there
were main parts miss-
ing to the Palso."

"I hope you won't
continue to fail"
said Gladys a little
apprehensively. "We
haven't got no spirits
in our house close
to this one as we
don't live. It must be
very disagreeable
to be close to you

fight and have to stay
living in this awful
haunted house."

Sarah looked rather
shocked at this want of
tact on the part of her
little charge but Jennie
did not seem to mind.

"It isn't so bad when
you get used to it," she
said cheerfully. "All
the priests and Catholics
and even other peo-
ple in the city are
very kind, and do
all they can to help
us."

"And does your brother
and sisters go out
and leave you
every single day?"
Gladys went on "I
not noticing Sar-
ah's warning shake
of the head.
"No-o-o. They

only went out yes-
terday looking for
the arrival of the other
parts of the P. also.
Yesterday a friend of
ours brought my whole
family home in her
auto mobile. We all
thought it was very very
kind."

"And what do you
and your brothers and
sisters do with your
selves all day?" inquir-
ed Gladys with another
glance around the
attic "where do you
keep your toys?"

"We have no any
toys. We left them
in our Palace at home
but we had to leave
them behind when
we came away to
the orphanage as
the girls' outfit was

officials there wouldn't
 use for them in
 the girl scout camp. you
 know. I have my books
 though and I love reading
 better than almost any-
 thing else in the world.

We came here to learn
 your way arithmetic.

Perrod first started
 teaching us at home.
 was not it clever of him.

He teaches us lots of
 other things too. But
 just now we have all
 this work against
 the Gappun.

Gladys looked much
 impressed.

"That must be
 very interesting" she
 said "I should like
 to try to excuse
 them too if you would
 teach me how. But
 you don't really like

learning lessons do
 you?"

"Oh yes we do like
 it very much, as they
 are very interesting.
 We came here es-
 pecially to learn
 the American way
 of arithmetic but
 Papa and Perrod think
 we will master it
 better when we learn
 more about it. We
 continue to study it
 and he still teaches
 us every evening."

"I like lessons, but
 many kids hate
 them" said Gladys
 frankly and now
 it was Gemma's turn
 to look surprised.
 Before she could
 express her sur-
 prise in words
 however there was

a knock at the door. To Gladys surprise there appeared another little girl. All the color had gone out of the child's face.

She walked slowly over to where Jennie sat, then to Gladys amazement she suddenly put up both hands before her face, and burst into a profuse passion of tears.

"Oh - oh what is it what the matter?" cried Gladys running to the new child, and slipping an arm about her waist.

"It was not any thing I said to good princess Jennie that made you cry was it - oh I'm so sorry."

"Oh no, no" sobbed Margaret Masters for it was she "It wasn't that but something awful has come back again, and the princesses will be so dreadfully disappointed."

"What come back Gladys and Jennie inquired to gether, Gladys be coming more and more bewildered "do you mean that parcel a girl just brought in do you" for their early conversation had been interrupted by a brown girl scout entering and depositing a large flat package on the bed saying in a blue-

anman "a boy left it, there's nothing to play".
 "No, no, that's not it, that's her' book a new excursion book that it took them a month to get. The princesses have fought the evil spirits so long and still they cannot do anything. I am so proud of them and I thought they would win but they don't and the evil spirits keep it up so much longer than before, and when I began to hope the princesses were really going to win. And now this has happened, and I think it will almost break their hearts."

"What in the world happened?" cried Gemmie.
 "Oh it's too horrible, what the demons did

I can't tell you. I'm even afraid to speak of it".
 "My papa is a friend of every priest in the city" said Gladys. Have you appealed to him? He's a manufacturer of all sorts of books. He's a publisher."

"No I don't think so" said Gemmie as Margaret made a great effort to check the sobs which seemed choking her. "Do you father 'Wentworth and Company?' Gemmie added with sudden recollection.

"Yes" said Gladys. "A. S. Wentworth and Company that's my papa's firm. His main one is in New York. They've got a big store

both in Broadway New York and in Clark Street Chicago. I go there some time to see papa. I've got a little girl friend whose name is Joy St. Clair and her sister being my mother makes Joy my Aunt. Papa can help you I'm sure."

"Yes, I know" said Jennie "I and my sisters passed the book store once. They published very fine books and we've bought quite a few."

"I'll tell you what" ex claimed Gladys with a sudden inspiration "you let me have your permission and let me take the little girl to see him. He'll help you

I'm sure when he hears her story and how disappointed you are" Jennie gave a little gasp and clasped her hands.

"You will you really will?" she cried, anxiously "and I won't have to tell my sisters about that phenomenon coming back again as I can guess what it is, or was. I kept it a secret the last time for two days and then I had to tell them. Perhaps your papa will see that some one will really come to our help successfully. Violet says she thinks some of the awful happenings are the same as in the house at MacCall's. Run for the big man phenomenon."

are the same and the spirits don't even fear the Paloo sometimes the Paloo looks as if it had been abused. Oh Gladys I can't tell you how much we thank you."

And with a sudden impulse Jennie flung her arms around her new friend's neck, and hugged her.

Gladys was deeply gratified and returned the embrace with effusion.

"Papa will do anything I asked him to," she said confidently. "I'll bring the little girl and introduce her to him the very first thing when he comes home and I'm sure it will be all right." "Miss Gladys" said

Sarah rising nervously just at this interesting moment as she had seen something that made her feel as if a great piece of ice had slide down her spine. "I believe you'd better say good bye now as it will be too late for your walk before lunch."

Gladys looked as if she would like to rebel but then turning her head and seeing the same thing which made her have sudden chills, and Heaven only knows what it was as I don't state it here, she with another good bye wishes and a promise to come again very

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Soon Gladys hurriedly
departed taking along the
little girl.
"Well Sarah isn't she
the very nicest little
girl you ever saw?" ex-
claimed Gladys the
moment the main
gate of Mr. Sessmann's
haunted property was
closed.

She is a very unusual
nice lady like child.
Sarah admitted with
unusual graciousness
"the family surely be-
long to a Royal
but very H. all
generation. And her
golden hair is very
unusual in its
bright color. But
Miss Gladys she
added severely "you
did very wrong
to promise that

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that your father can
gather all priests and
ministers at once
in the city to stop
this trouble. It isn't
at all likely that
he will ever bother
about that crazy house."

"How do you know
it's a crazy house?"
demanded Gladys
indignantly.

"Of course it's a
crazy house" said
Sarah indignantly
herself and with
decision "didn't you
ever hear Detective
Burns and all his
detectives and police
say it is crazy
and that even they
themselves would
never dare go near
the place again
and that B is hoping

and Cardinals had recently refused to allow priests to go there.

Gladys looked a little crestfallen.

"Well I guess papa'll do it" she said hopefully when I told him about this little girl and how she cried at sight of the awful phenomenon.

"Your papa rich or he is hasn't anything to say over any priests" said Sarah dryly. "How ever it's no concern of mine and you can ask him if you wish."

Gladys did choose and when Mr. Wenth's work reached home that afternoon he was greeted at the top of the stairs by his little dau-

ghter holding a little girl by the hand.

"Oh papa" she began scarcely waiting for his kiss. "I want you to do something for me very much indeed will you promise to say yes?"

"I will if I can" said Mr. Wenth with laughing. "What is it little one?"

"I told this little girl her name is Margaret Masters" said Gladys speaking fast and just a little nervously. "Papa Permad and his sisters guard her as princes Gennie is that little Princess human girl in the Crayon house."

as Miss Sarah brought it to me this morning.

you know and when this little girl I brought home with me saw some awful thing while I was there she cried and said it would almost break the hearts of all the little humans. Sarah says I oughtn't to have promised that you would ask the aid of priests because she thinks they won't do it, but Jennie said the Octopus and four priests are fighting for them still and of Papa it was dreadful to see this little girl cry so, so sensitive and fragile, you know she can't stand to see such a dreadful thing. Gladys' eyes were full of tears and her face of a mother who

had been looking rather grave while listening to the story, smiled and patted her head.

"Here, there little woman" he said. "This is the wonderful little girl. Well let me have an interview with her alone in my room and from what I hear from her I'll take the news to Father Scanlon on the south side and petition him to have priests look into the situation and probably examine the crazy building. If it's hopeless we can't do anything worse than give it up as a thing beyond cure." And with his slender consolation Gladys was

faced to be content

Chapter 68

Two letters.

To Pernod and his sisters
this demon poltergeist
nuisance had been going
on at the mansion
for an unusually long
time, five years and
a few months.

Saten is suspected
of being the head of
the poltergeist hellish
gang but there are
certain others against
whom the case is
stronger.

Pernod could not
understand this my
story at all and
its this -

although Abreannia
was given this story

a country of sinless
people, nevertheless
the United States of
America is a Christian
country, and according
to the whole Virrian
family, this country
should be just as free
from possessed places
as Abreannia itself.

Of course on account
of what kind of people
is in Glandelina the
demon poltergeist pro-
blem had become
quite common in all
Glandelinian states
and provinces but es-
pecially in wicked
Glandelina city where
demons of all

rebabers and creatures
have been running
a rampant family
and even acting as sort of
beneficial poltergeist

epedemic. As it is stories
 if a house gets a reput-
 ation of being haunted
 by ghosts, it is harder to
 keep it tenanted than if
 it were infested with
 rats, bats or bed bugs.

But what about a house
 possessed by devils?"

So far Violet and her
 sisters have been fed up
 on this psychic houseplay
 which consisted of all
 the wild phenomena
 tumbling furniture and
 turning things un-
 bearable on
 noses and all that
 had been described
 up to now.

But now they be-
 gan to realize that
 there is not much
 one can do to these
 spirit pests who
 can at be punished
 nor apparently appeared.

Violet and her sisters
 had often remembered
 how the demons en-
 dently enraged by the
 continual exorcisms
 had showed that they
 had powers which all
 (spiritual spiritualistic
 lore attribute only to
 an entirely different
 breed of demons known
 as fire elementals
 or fire elementals.

Spontaneous and
 utterly mysterious
 fires had frequently
 broken out not only
 in their 'our room'
 but all over fires
 different from the
 crazy fire phenom-
 ena.

Researchman spirit
 self had spirit
 which damages
 normal but it was no

vague that the company sent the hardest headed investigator to get the matter straight, and see if it was all right. He reported that he could not get it straight except one thing - it was not all right.

The Fire Insurance Company had to pay Mr. Sersmann \$20,000 to settle a claim for fires set in six rooms, the room then occupied on the second floor by the Uram study and the main dining hall.

After the most thorough investigation they found the fires had not been accidental and yet could not have been set by human

human hands.

"Who did it?"

"Mr. Sersmann crazy demon poltergeists" unanimously answered the learned committee sent by the executive commission to get to the bottom of the matter for the Insurance Company.

So it paid the claim and tried to keep its name and all mention of the demon crime out of the news no doubt to prevent putting bad ideas in the minds of other spirits.

Uolet and her sister had demon heads was broken by disturbed demons and yet they were

were not spiritualists
and never will be.
Yet the investigators
had said they were
not psychic detectives
and had suggested that
one be called in. The
company had thought
it a good idea and
knew just where to
apply for that line of
service. All priests
in the city had re-
cently organized a
special committee to
investigate the epid-
emic of abnormal
appearances in mi-
serable houses.
It led by its
chairman Mr. Roy
Dugan the committee
had agreed to
spend the week end
at the haunted

house. They announced
that in usual they
were arriving with
an open mind. If
so old Satan and
his poltergeist
gang alarmed it
shut in a hurry.
In as fast as they
left a room there
would be a most
terrific rumper be-
hind them.

Rushing back
they would find
most of the con-
tents of the room
piled in one cor-
ner. Looking as if
a mob of syn-
patizers in a mor-
ning man strike
method had looted the
place. Not content
with the furniture

tossing the furniture
the fierce poltergeists
affronted the committee
with more mysterious
fires which caused the
Urians to request that
they go home the very
next morning before
they had made the
spirits any madder.

The committee ob-
liged them partly from
politeness and also
perhaps because they
had to sleep on the
floor due to the fact
that unseen hands
had soaked their
beds.

Before departing
the committee learned
all it could of the
past performance
of the demonical
powers of their tricks

were old stuff such as
they had read in news-
papers and read in the
records of hundreds of
others as usual without
any trace of malice or
destructive intentions.

But beyond this
it was evident that
at least one of the
poltergeists mob had
been depraved demon
from the beginning
deliberately destroy-
ing pictures and
looting and robbing
and abusing and more it
had turned its spirit
on hands to arson, fire
and murder.

Despite the condi-
tion of these men
in a crazy house the
circumstances so
unusually predicted by

was not allowed to drop.
 On the very next
 day which happened
 to be Saturday Sarah
 appeared with the re-
 quest that Pernod and
 his sisters should spend
 the afternoon with
 their new friend next
 door and take a drive
 in Lincoln Park with
 Gladys and her nurse.

Pernod and his sisters
 and flew about to get
 ready with such radiant
 faces that Sarah's own
 face glowed wonder-
 fully and when she
 spoke to the little
 Verrans it was
 time to go that Gladys
 knew the good
 what an after-
 noon that was
 but so much fun.

the little Verrans used
 to think of it and talk
 of it. Never in all their
 lives even in their
 adventurous days in
 the army had they
 dreamed of such a won-
 derful afternoon and
 rich as they were they
 had never before dream-
 ed of such wonderful
 toys as Gladys
 the enormous doll
 house with everything
 apartment complete
 even to a door bell
 and electric lights the
 train of cars absolutely
 the shape of real
 ones the engine
 worked by steam
 or electricity that
 would run on a
 miniature track
 and whistle and
 chime and sleep at night.

beauty and above all
the phonograph to which
they never tired of lis-
tening and which they
privately considered the
most marvelous inven-
tion in the world.

Then the drive in
the luxurious taxi cab
in the bright moonshine
sunshine and the spring
air fragrant with the
perfumes of budding lilacs
and wisteria. Oh it was
all beautiful, beautiful.
Gladys was an ex-
cellent spirits and gen-
tle and more considerate
than Sarah had ever
seen her before.

But she was not
at all a selfish little
girl never even in-
dulged though of
course she was not
always easy to please.

But she had a kind
heart and the sight of
the little Viriams
seemed to bring out
all that was best in her
nature.

It was a very plea-
sant feeling too to know
that she was making
someone else happy
and it required only
one glance at their smil-
ing faces to convince
her of the fact that
her new friends were
very happy.

"Did you remember
about Margaret's
care and of the awful
spasm she had?"
said she. "I saw her
when I had this period
the first moment
with the pain Gladys
was alone together
and it was terrible."

"Yes" said Gladys I brought
 her to Papa who asked
 her a lot of questions and
 from what he heard he
 said he would take her
 before his priestly friend
 and let him hear her
 story. It was a relief
 to me. Gladys are a sign of
 relief. I'm so glad" she said
 "now perhaps the demons
 will soon really be
 driven away, and if on
 good, and no one could
 possibly be doing it
 without finding out what
 a beautiful building
 the Jesuit really
 has. It was so for-
 tunate my sisters
 and Bernad didn't
 ask me last night
 if anything had
 scared Margaret into
 running into your

house. I was so afraid
 they would and I should
 not have known what
 to tell them for I'd rather
 die than tell the small-
 est lie you know for
 that is a sin but they
 never said a word about
 it and now if they
 ask me this even-
 ing if anything
 scared Margaret to-
 day I can just say
 no and they'll go
 on thinking that
 Margaret had not
 been scared by
 anything."

It was after five
 when they came
 back from the drive
 and when Sarah
 took a little
 walk home she
 found that the
 farm people had been

The Empress was very delighted to hear of the pleasures that had come to her little daughters and she thanked Sarah so prettily for her kindness to her little daughters and was altogether so gracious and charming that Sarah's heart was won from that very moment.

Then a real lady a likeness of the "Mother of God" she informed the cook on her return home they have met with very severe reverses in their fight against the demons in Sese-mann crazy house and I dare say they have had hard turns to get along there but I think after

all my experiences of living in the best of families that I may be trusted to know a holy woman whom I see and then children are extraordinary and most wonderful.

That drive was only the beginning of pleasures for Pennod and his sisters. Gladys always an affectionate and full little girl had taken a violent fancy to the eight little Virgins and scarcely a day will now pass on which she will send her new friends to play with her talk a walk on drive in the park.

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a drive up the park,
not with standing.

all the slow and indul-

gence that was lavished

upon Gladys, she had

never really been a very

lonely child and the

new companionship

was a most delight-

ful experience to her.

The Viriams were

always ready always

happy and their sweet

light nature was

uncrossed by bring-

ing a new guest

element into the

big luxurious house

next to Seesman

haunted mansion.

The Viriams

never wanted

to change the old

names to her the

Regerton family were